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ARUNDEL,

A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY

SIR FRANCIS VINCENT, BART.

IN THREE VOLUMES

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ARUNDEL.

CHAPTER I.

ALTHOUGH our hero's arrival in Paris only preceded that of Lafayette by a few days, he had used so much diligence that he was able to make him a very clear and elaborate report. But this report was far from being satisfactory to the General, who had arrived at Paris predetermined to find the authors and instigators of the outrage of the 20th June amongst the members of the Jacobin Club.

Arundel, on the contrary, was of opinion that it had originated with the Girondins; and he cited, in favour of his opinion, the facts of the

Girondins having advocated the admission of the armed mob to the Assembly to present their petition; of the unaccountable absence of the Mayor Petion, a known Girondist, during all the early part of the disgraceful scene at the palace, and the singular apathy he exhibited when he did make his appearance. He added, moreover, that the Royalists, now that it was all over, seemed rather triumphant than otherwise. The King had shown more firmness and presence of mind than they had anticipated; and they confidently hoped that the insult which had been offered him would effect a réaction in the public mind in his favour. Filled with these hopes, they had already begun an offensive warfare.

The Club of the Feuillans had instituted a process against the Mayor and Municipality, and had obtained a decree that, for the future, no armed men should be admitted to the presence of Assembly, or that of any of the constituted authorities. Petion had been insulted by the National Guard on presenting himself at the Tuilleries, and the King had turned his back on him.

“In short,” continued Arundel, “there does appear to be a considerable réaction; but I think it will not last long, nor will it be attended with

any result, for there is no one who seems to know how to take advantage of it."

"But I will take advantage of it," cried Lafayette; "and direct it towards restoring the King to his legitimate authority, and vindicating the constitution, which has been violated in his person. I will demand a strict and searching enquiry into this scandalous event, and woe to the authors of it when they are detected."

"Forgive the liberty I take in entreating you to weigh well what you are going to undertake," said Arundel; "from what I can learn, the Court will not accept your assistance. The Queen is by no means friendly to you; and I am afraid you will find that your popularity is not what it was."

Lafayette, however, was not to be dissuaded from the plan he had formed.

He appeared at the bar of the Assembly, and demanded vengeance on the instigators of the 20th June; but he had the mortification to find all his attempts abortive. He returned in disgust to the army, leaving behind him a letter for the Assembly, explaining his views, and which, when read, excited the most violent murmurs. As a political chief his power was totally gone.

Arundel did not return with him.

In the course of a discussion which took place between them on the evening of Lafayette's visit to the Assembly, the latter, irritated by the bad success of the ill-advised step he had taken, and perhaps recollecting that Arundel had predicted its result, made use of some expressions which his former aide-de-camp could ill brook. The consequence was, that he declined serving any longer under a General who openly avowed his intention of using the army intrusted to him to force the legislature to adopt his views.

Arundel asked, and easily obtained from his angry chief, an unlimited leave of absence; and thus he once more found himself stopped short in his career. It seemed as if he were destined never to succeed in his professional attempts, whatever their nature might be; and as he could not, upon a strict review of his own conduct, attribute these repeated failures to any fault of his own, he was almost tempted to think there was a fatality attending upon all he undertook. The reason of it, however, was not difficult to discover. It required a suppleness of mind and a dexterity of conduct which he was far from possessing, to guide his vessel uninjured through the numerous shoals and difficulties with which the passage of every public man was at that time

beset. As yet only at the foot of the ladder, he ought either to have had no opinions of his own, or to have been at all times ready to renounce them in favour of those professed by his superiors: but the contrary of this prudent line of conduct was the one which Arundel seemed to adopt upon every occasion; and so far from softening down his opinions by any of those smooth oily sentences which sometimes render a dissent less unpalatable, he was too apt to enforce his arguments with offensive pertinacity, not always free from expressions of contempt for those used by his opponent. The fact is, that, young as he was, he was beginning thoroughly and heartily to despise the world and those of whom it was composed: nor, considering with what portion of it he had been living and acting for the last three years, was such a feeling much to be wondered at. Those amongst whom he had been principally thrown were the representatives of the extreme parties which the Revolution had engendered, and he was totally unacquainted with those more moderate, but not less sincere patriots, who sought rather to consolidate the happiness of their country by their unobtrusive exertions, than to force themselves on the public attention as the chiefs of powerful

parties, or the advocates of exaggerated measures.

It must be confessed too, that, although when the States General first met, they contained within their bosom a great proportion of these independent self-denying members, their numbers had gradually diminished ; and as the passions became excited, and party feeling grew more intense, many of them had yielded to the prevailing mania, and had embraced with ardour the doctrines of different factions, of which they not unfrequently became the most furious partisans. Still some few remained firm to their principles of moderation and reconciliation, and were occasionally successful in their missions of benevolence.

One of the most remarkable of these scenes took place shortly after Lafayette's ill-judged visit to the capital, when Lamourette, with a view to put an end to the violent quarrels and disgusting personalities which every day disgraced the Assembly, proposed a general reconciliation, and required those who equally abjured the republic on the one hand, and the formation of two Legislative Chambers on the other, to rise. The effect was electric; in an instant every one started from his seat, and those who a few minutes be-

fore had been the most violent opponents, rushed into each other's arms, swearing to bury all animosity, and forget every thing but their duty to their common country.

A deputation was sent to the King to inform him of the auspicious event, and he came down to the Assembly in person to congratulate them upon it, and to express his own personal satisfaction.

The next day all this was forgotten, and hostilities recommenced between the different parties with as much violence as ever.

Was this then only a scene well acted? Most assuredly not. At the moment they were sincere. A few words of touching eloquence had had their effect upon men, who appear on all occasions to have listened to nothing but their feelings and their passions; but when the string that had been so skilfully touched ceased to vibrate, they resumed their respective schemes and intrigues; and distrusting perhaps the sincerity of their opponents, struggled to be the first in the field, and thus secure the vantage ground for themselves.

Such is the view which offers itself to us at this distance of time; but Arundel, who saw all these things on the spot, and who, not belonging

avowedly to any party, fancied that he was able, calmly and dispassionately, to form a deliberate judgment upon them, remarked with disgust the intrigues to which Royalist, Girondin, and Montagnard by turns resorted, in order to secure the triumph of their respective parties. He felt, too, indignation at seeing how completely the real interests of the nation were neglected amidst these internal dissensions.

The people, who had in the first instance made, and since had so nobly supported, the revolution, seemed totally forgotten, or at best only remembered to be made use of as a watchword for faction. The revolutionary movement, like wine in a state of fermentation, seemed to have thrown all the scum and froth to the top, while the really generous and precious parts of it lay beneath, hidden from view.

What was the exact state of Arundel's political feelings, it might be difficult to say. He saw that nothing but a government strong enough to repress faction within, and to defend the kingdom from its external enemies, could save France from destruction and dismemberment ; and that government, he was reluctantly forced to acknowledge, could not be hoped for as long as Louis XVI. remained even nominally at its head.

Whichever party obtained the ascendancy, the King would only figure as its tool. He foresaw that, before long, his resignation, either forced or voluntary, was to be expected; and reasoning upon it not as a matter of abstract right, but as a question involving the salvation of the nation, he considered such a measure necessary and justifiable. How he was to be replaced was another question, and one which nothing but time could solve. If the Girondins prevailed, they would undoubtedly introduce their favourite scheme of a federation. If, on the contrary, the Mountains obtained the ascendancy, they would probably proclaim the Prince-Royal King, under a regency; and for this reason did Arundel, who, from birth and education, as well as conviction, was attached to a monarchical form of government, feel inclined to side with the latter rather than with the former party. But the future was involved in such obscurity, that, not feeling himself called upon to take a decided part in the struggle, although he saw men more insignificant and less known than himself eagerly pressing forward on both sides, he carefully abstained from giving publicity to his opinions. The inactivity to which he was condemned became every day more painful to him, and he was

anxious to escape from it by again resuming his active military service; but Lajard, who was then minister of war, did not seem at all disposed to gratify his wishes, although the war which had just been declared against Prussia, seemed to impose upon every one capable of serving his country the necessity of taking arms in her defence.

The ministry actually in power, however, seemed to think otherwise; and as they had been called into office on the dismissal of the Girondist cabinet, and were consequently objects of dislike and suspicion, not only to that party, but to all the enemies of the court, there were not wanting those who asserted that their intentions were to offer as little resistance as possible to the invading armies, whom they were supposed to consider rather in the light of friendly allies, than in that of enemies. However this may be, certain it is, that the forces employed on the frontiers were quite inadequate to the task imposed upon them. They were out-numbered upon every point. The fortresses were completely out of repair, and the royalists seemed to have some grounds for the confidence with which they spoke of the speedy restoration of the royal authority.

But the Prussian General himself did more

towards rousing the energies of the French nation, and calling into action that enthusiastic and heroic spirit which at this time saved their country from conquest, and, a little later, led the revolutionary armies of France, as victors, from one end of the continent to the other, than could have been effected by any effort of the government, however well-disposed it might have been towards the national cause.

The brutal and impolitic proclamation of the Duke of Brunswick filled all France with indignation and rage. In this feeling Arundel fully participated; and he once more went to the minister of war, determined, if he could not obtain employment suited to the rank he had hitherto held in the army, to announce his intention of joining, as a volunteer, one of those numerous bands who were hastening from all parts of the country, to combat the enemy, who had threatened every Frenchman with death, and every town with subversion, if they should dare to oppose the progress of their arms. But the aide-de-camp of Lafayette, and the saviour of Robespierre, had not much to hope for from the royalist minister, who listened with coldness and indifference to his complaints and representations; and, although he treated him with

civility, gave him clearly to understand that he had nothing to hope for at his hands. Indignant at such a reception, Arundel hastened to see Robespierre, in the hopes that through him he might be assisted in his plan of marching to the frontiers with the first body of volunteers that passed through Paris. Robespierre received him, and listened to his statement with his usual phlegmatic calmness, and seemed neither surprised at the repulse he had met with from Lajard nor at the resolution to which it had given birth.

“If you had consulted me,” said he, “I could have told you before-hand what would have been the result of your interview with Lajard. The day on which the Prussians enter Paris will be the happiest day of his life, though I think he will have to wait some time longer than he expects for that event; and he will therefore, naturally enough, do nothing to retard it. If you were to see, as I do, the complaints that are sent to Paris every day, of the complete destitution in which the army is left, and of the insufficiency of our means of defence, you would be convinced that there exists a preconcerted plan between Austria, Prussia, and the Tuilleries. To me it is as clear as the light of heaven. But they will find themselves mistaken. The

traitors who would, without remorse, sacrifice a whole nation to secure the success of their ambitious projects, will find that they have at least roused the lion, and that those whom they have robbed, deceived, and trampled upon, for centuries, are as mighty in their wrath, and as terrible in their justice, as they have hitherto been patient and confiding. But let us consider your plan of marching as a volunteer. I confess I do not approve of it, though I admire and honour the spirit which dictates it. In less than a month we shall have soldiers enough on foot to purge the French territory of every foreign and domestic enemy ; and the want of one volunteer more or less will not be perceived. Your time and talents may be much better employed than in bearing a musket on the frontiers. I know you to have a hand to execute, and I believe you to have a head to plan. Give up your visions of military glory, in which, I tell you fairly, you will find too many competitors to be able easily to distinguish yourself. Join us, heart and hand, and you will find no reason to repent the exchange. We must soon get rid of the Legislative Assembly, for a National Convention, invested with full powers to tranquillize the country ; and, if you wish it, I will undertake to gaurantee your

election for one of the divisions of Paris, on the understanding, of course, that you will vote and act with me."

"I am fully sensible of the kindness of your offer," said Arundel, "but I must decline it, for many reasons. I have already meddled too much with your internal politics, perhaps, considering that I am a foreigner, and I have determined to have nothing more to do with them. Still less would I bind myself implicitly to follow the beck and order of any one, or to support plans without knowing what they are."

"You are too scrupulous," said Robespierre. "I could name to you several foreigners—Paine, and Anacharsis Clootz, who is pleased to style himself the orator of the human race, for instance—who will most undoubtedly have seats in the next Assembly upon the terms I have offered to you. With regard to our plans, I have no hesitation in telling you, and I do not even exact a promise of secrecy—you may repeat to the whole world if you please—that we mean to save France in spite of the King and the Girondes; and our first step will be to dethrone the former, and our second, to clip the wings of the latter."

"Good heavens!" cried Arundel, who, although he had long since come to the conclusion

that such would be the inevitable result of the present state of things, could not master a feeling of deep emotion and horror at the idea, when placed before him so plainly and with so little reserve, as if it were a matter fully and irrevocably decided. "What will you do with the royal family, and who will you place in his stead? Surely not the Duke of Orleans?"

"Certainly not. *Egalité* is a great friend of mine, but not suited to such a task; and I never allow my private feelings to interfere with my public duties. In fact, what is to come after Louis is not yet decided; perhaps the republic—not a federative republic, like that which Brissot raves about, but a republic of the whole nation, one and indivisible.

"Why, I thought you were the determined opponent of every thing but a constitutional monarchy?" said Arundel, more and more astonished.

"So I am still; but the first object is to save France. The country is in danger, and it is the duty of every good patriot to sacrifice his own particular predilections for the one paramount object of rescuing her from the fate with which she is threatened. Most of my friends are in favour of a republic. I am in favour of a mo-

narchy; but as long as we have a vigorous national government, I confess it seems to me to be a matter of secondary importance what form or name it assumes, and I will not throw obstacles in the way of our principal object, by inopportunistly insisting upon speculative doctrines. Let tranquillity and peace be once more reëstablished, and it will be time enough then to fix the form and title of our rulers. Besides, just now we can do nothing without the Girondins, who are at this moment negotiating with the court; we must keep them in good humour, till we are strong enough to do without them."

"But how do you propose to drive the King from his throne?" asked Arundel. "He will never yield except to force; and then the issue of the contest will be uncertain, for every impartial person will look upon it as a direct violation of the constitution, and I should hope would take arms in his defence; at least, I know I would for one."

"You are a bold man to tell me this," said Robespierre, half smiling; "but, however, I hope we shall manage it quietly; if not, we must take our chance, notwithstanding the arm of citizen Arundel will be against us."

"That it most assuredly will," said Arundel, whose indignation was considerably increased by

the ironical smile he saw playing on Robespierre's lips; "that it most assuredly will, and I hope that of every honest man in France."

"Well," rejoined Robespierre, "we must all do the best we can in the cause we think the best. If we come to blows, and you get knocked on the head, I shall be sorry for it. If you are defeated, and summoned before the revolutionary tribunal, you will probably be guillotined, and I shall not be able to prevent it; but, if you escape all these dangers, and I can be of any use to you, come to me openly, and I shall not ask you on which side you fought. To speak seriously about the business that brought you here, I should be very happy to forward your views if I could, for I see you will be getting into some scrape if you remain at Paris; but at present I am completely powerless. In a few days, perhaps, I may be in a different situation, and if so, I will not forget your wishes."

Arundel withdrew in great perturbation of mind; it was evident that a blow was preparing to be struck which would decide the fate of the royal family and of France; and as he was bound down by no tie of secrecy, considered himself not only fully at liberty, but imperiously called upon to divulge his suspicions to those

whom it most concerned. But was it prudent to do so? Robespierre had expressly told him that he might do so if he pleased, and from the manner in which he had spoken, Arundel felt convinced that he wished him to avail himself of that permission, and coming from a person of Robespierre's character, it was not easy to analyse the motives of that wish. It certainly could not be from any desire to serve the King by putting him on his guard; it was more probable that his intention was to frighten him into a resignation, or taking some violent step which might serve as a pretence for depriving him of his crown. It seemed to Arundel that it would require something more than plausible reasons to reconcile the French nation to the dethronement of the last of a long line of kings, who had himself, but a short time since, so strong a hold on their affection and loyalty. There had been petitions presented, it was true, to the Legislative Assembly, calling on them to depose Louis XVI., but as yet they had been but few, and those scantily signed, but their numbers would probably be increased by any hostile appearance on the part of the court. At present there seemed no excuse for attacking them; but preparations for defence might be interpreted

into preparations for attack, and be used as a powerful instrument for exciting the populace of Paris against the Tuilleries and its inmates. But on the other hand, should the King and his family, for want of due warning and preparation, fall a defenceless prey into the hands of their enemies, Arundel felt he could never forgive himself for having been in any way instrumental in bringing about so dreadful a catastrophe. His situation was most embarrassing; he had no one whom he could consult, or to whom he could confide his uneasiness, and after much deliberation he determined to go to the Tuilleries that evening, and state not only what he had heard, but the different conclusions which might be drawn from it. He found, however, the doors of the Tuilleries closed against him. He was told the King and the Queen received no one; and on his insisting to be admitted, as he had matters of urgent importance to communicate, the officer who took the message returned accompanied by the old Maréchal de Mailly, who said that he was deputed by his Majesty to receive Mr. Arundel's communications, being himself engaged in matters of importance with his family and friends, and consequently unable to receive a stranger; and the Maréchal, who knew

Arundel, and had witnessed the familiar footing on which he had been formerly received at court, took care to word his message in such a way as to make him to whom it was addressed fully sensible of the difference of feeling with which he was now looked upon at the Tuilleries. Arundel took no notice of it, however; and proceeded to say that he was anxious the King should be informed, that an attack upon his palace by an armed force was openly talked of, and that he ought to be prepared for such an event.

“And do you know, sir,” said the Maréchal, “on what day this attack is to take place?” Arundel said that his information did not go that length. “Then you are not as well informed as we are, for we know the day, the numbers, and the chiefs of the rebels; and you may tell them, if you should happen to meet them, that we are prepared for their reception.”

This last remark was so offensive, and so evidently intended to be so, that Arundel had need of all his self-possession, and the respect with which the grey hairs of the Maréchal inspired him, to prevent himself from resenting it; he did contrive, however, to stop the answer that was rising to his lips, and merely observing

that in that case his business was ended, withdrew. If he had felt any surprise at finding that the court were acquainted with the intended attack, and were prepared to repel it by force, that surprise soon ceased, or rather changed its direction, when he found that it was the common topic of public conversation, and every place of public resort resounded with the different opinions expressed by the partisans of the insurgents, and those attached to the royalist party, as to the probability of success, and which were as various as the wishes and hopes of the speakers. In fact, at that time Paris presented a spectacle which the civilised world had never yet witnessed. In the midst of a great city, two parties were preparing to decide, by an appeal to arms, the fate of a contest in which they had now been engaged for three years, whilst a great proportion of the population appeared to take little or no interest in the struggle, or at all events, seemed determined to keep aloof and quietly acknowledge the authority of the victor. The only way in which this seemingly inexplicable apathy can be accounted for, is by the supposition, that the mass of the nation were weary of these continual struggles to retain authority on the one hand, and to seize it on the other—

struggles which not only weakened the kingdom, but which had already brought it to the brink of destruction—and that they had the good sense to see that nothing but a vigorous government, unembarrassed by turbulent and audacious opponents, could restore the prosperity, or ensure the safety of the country. At the same time they did not place sufficient confidence in the professions of either party, to risk their lives and the safety of their families, by taking an active part on the one side or the other. However, be this as it may, certain it is that the insurgents made their preparations for the attack, and the royalists theirs for the defence, with the utmost publicity, and without the slightest interruption from any of the constituted authorities. Repeatedly had a day been fixed for the contest by the leaders of the mob, but either from some accidental cause, or from a distrust in the sufficiency of their means of attack, it had been as often postponed. The proclamation of the Duke of Brunswick had gained them many partisans, but the circumstance that was most favourable to them, by exciting a feeling of popular indignation and desire for revenge, was the decision that the Legislative Assembly came to on the 9th August,

that there existed no grounds for putting Lafayette on his trial. The debates on this subject had been long and violent ; and as it was considered as a trial of strength between the royalist and the democratical part of the Assembly, the latter availed themselves of their defeat to rouse the passions of their adherents, and enable them to strike at once a vigorous and decisive blow. The next day had been appointed for the discussion of the petitions praying for the deposition of the King ; and it was quite evident to the popular leaders, that, unless they adopted some decisive measure, they would receive a still more severe check than they had done in the case of Lafayette. Influenced by these considerations, they made all their preparations for an instant attack upon the palace ;—and certainly never was an insurrection better concerted, or carried into effect with greater order and regularity. The different sections of Paris named commissaries, to whom the most extensive powers were given, and who, assembling at the Hotel de Ville, displaced the regular functionaries, and usurped the whole of the municipal authority. From thence they issued their orders, and there they received reports of the different events of the day.

In the mean time, those to whom the de-

fence of the palace was confided had not been idle. Every preparation was made to receive the rebels ; and the bolder adherents of the court rejoiced that the time had at length arrived when the quarrel was to be decided by the sword. If successful—and they were not without good reasons to hope for success—the revolution would be finished at one blow, and the King, restored to his pristine authority, would be unable to refuse any demand from those who had risked everything in defence of his life and crown. The golden times of a feudal aristocracy would again dawn upon France, and the power of which they had been deprived by the subtle policy of Richelieu and Louis the Fourteenth would be restored to them by a grateful monarch. Such were the dreams—such the hopes, which induced the nobility who were then assembled at the palace, to view the coming contest with joy rather than alarm. A new project for the escape of the King, which was to have taken place about this time, and which they were to have protected, had induced vast numbers of them to come to Paris ; and there were not fewer than seven or eight hundred of them within the walls of the Tuilleries on the eventful night of the 9th of August, 1792. For the most part, how-

ever, they were inadequately armed, many of them having only a small dress sword, and not a few of them being without weapons of any sort or description. In addition to these, there were nine hundred and fifty Swiss Guards; and the National Guard of Paris were warned by their commander, Mandat, who was devoted to the King, to hold themselves in readiness, at a moment's notice, although it was very doubtful how far their fidelity was to be depended on.

CHAPTER II.

As we have before stated, the day for the attack had been repeatedly fixed and changed; and, therefore, when the night was already well advanced, and no extraordinary bustle or noise in the streets gave the note of preparation, Arundel, who had remained at home the whole evening in order to be prepared for the first summons, began to hope that some new occurrence had deranged the plan of the conspirators, and that the threatened attack would be again postponed. He was preparing to go to bed in this persuasion, when the discharge of the alarm gun, which was almost instantaneously followed by the sound of the tocsin from every quarter of the city, convinced him that this time his hopes would be deceived. Hastily seizing his mus-

ket, he rushed out of the house, and made with all possible dispatch for the place appointed for the rendezvous of the battalion of National Guards to which he belonged. The Rue St. Honoré, in which he resided, seemed completely deserted: not a soul was to be seen in it: not a sound was to be heard; but as he hurried along, the distant noise of assembled multitudes in movement, struck on his ear, and made him aware that he had little time to lose, if he wished to avoid the risk of being intercepted. At the corner of a street, however, his speed was somewhat checked by coming in contact with a man of large stature, who was advancing with equal rapidity in a contrary direction. The shock was so violent, that Arundel would have fallen, had not the stranger caught him by the arm.

“ Good morning, my friend,” cried he. “ You are in a great hurry. Who are you? I think I have seen your face before.”

Arundel, whose senses had been a little bewildered, now looked at his questioner, and, by the light of the *reverbere* hanging at the corner of the street, recognised Danton. “ My name,” said he, “ is Arundel; and I once saw you in the house of Robespierre.”

“ Ah! I remember. You were the person

who rescued him from his assassins. No wonder I thought I knew you. But where are you going in such haste, and in that uniform?"

"I am going to join my battalion, which is that of the Filles St. Thomas."

"The devil it is!" said Danton. "I hear but bad reports of the state of its public spirit. I hope you do not intend to oppose the march of the sections."

"I certainly hope that my comrades will unite with me, in opposing any attack upon the Tuilleries," replied Arundel.

"Here is a young cock to crow so loud," said Danton, turning to a person who accompanied him, and whom, in the obscurity, Arundel had not till that moment noticed. "What shall we do with him?"

"Do with him?" cried the person thus addressed.—"Arrest him, to be sure; or cut him down, if you think that best. And so saying, he drew a sabre from the scabbard that hung to his side, and advanced towards Arundel; but the latter, who, disliking the *rencontre* from the first, had kept himself on his guard, started back, and put himself in a posture of defence.

However, there was no occasion for alarm; for Danton, catching hold of his companion's

arm, drew him back, and said, "No, Westerman, there is no necessity for either. One antagonist more or less will not make much difference; and," whispered he, "enemy though he seems to be, he may be of use to us even as such. Listen, sir," said he, turning to Arundel. "I respect every man who dares to avow his conscientious opinion, and therefore I can find no fault with you for so doing, although perhaps it would have been more discreet, on your part, not to have done it so unreservedly. But, however, we will say no more on that head. Are you likely to be admitted to the presence of Louis?"

"I should say most likely not," said Arundel: "I am going, as I before said, to join my comrades; and most probably I shall not quit their ranks."

"Well; but you must find some means of telling the King what I say.—Forty thousand citizens of Paris, weary of his treasons against the nation, are approaching the Tuilleries, for the purpose of demanding his abdication. Have it we will, either by force or by his own consent. If he gives it voluntarily, he will spare the shedding of much innocent blood. If he does not, that blood will rest upon his head. Will you undertake to tell him this?"

“I will endeavour to let him know what you have said,” answered our hero; “but if he consents to do as you require, I shall think him worthy of the fate to which his acquiescence will probably consign him.”

“By heavens!” cried Westerman, “this insolence is too much. Let go my hand.”

“Hush! Not so violent, my friend,” cried Danton. “The issue of a struggle between you is doubtful—for I certainly should not interfere between two brave men—and you are wanted elsewhere. Indeed, if we do not wish Mr. Arundel good night at once, we may find ourselves exposed to delay that would be inconvenient. Listen to that!” At that moment the measured tread of troops was heard at no great distance from the place where they stood; and a minute after, their shadowy forms became visible as they passed near some dimly lighted lamps at the other end of the cross street.

“Come,” cried Danton to Westerman, “come!—and you, Mr. Arundel, remember.”

In another second the darkness concealed them from Arundel’s eyes. The latter felt not a little relieved by their departure; and, concluding that the advancing body of troops could only be his own battalion, he quickly walked towards them,

and found that he was correct in his conjecture. Having taken his place in the ranks, they marched rapidly forward towards the palace; and he could not help remarking, from the observations which fell, from time to time, from his companions, that though they expressed feelings of loyalty, and in some instances of attachment to the monarch whose throne they were summoned to defend, they by no means seemed to like the idea of fighting against their own countrymen; and there were some amongst them who did not even conceal their determination, not to be induced, by any circumstances, to fire on those with whose feelings they sympathised, although they did not in everything approve their measures.

“ Good heavens !” thought Arundel, “ if such are the sentiments of the battalion which is supposed to be the most attached to the cause of the monarch, what can they expect from the others ?” But he had not much time for reflection of this or any other nature. They were now in the court of the palace; and having been hastily reviewed by Mandat, occupied the post he pointed out to them. In a few minutes he returned, and calling Arundel out of the ranks, told him that he wished him to act as his aide-de-camp that night. Arundel endeavoured to

excuse himself, saying that he had much rather remain in the ranks of his battalion; but Mandat would not listen to his excuses.

“If,” said he, “we had to choose, I suppose we should all prefer being in our beds at this moment; but we are here to do our duty to the best of our power, and yours is to obey me. I want some active men about me as aides-de-camp; and I know you have already acted in that capacity to Lafayette, and are perfectly qualified for it. So lay down your musket and follow me into the palace.”

Arundel obeyed; and, calling to mind his interview with Danton, was not sorry that an opportunity presented itself of delivering the message with which he was charged.

It was not without some feeling of embarrassment that he again found himself in the presence of the King and Queen. At first, however, no notice was taken of his entrance. The apartment was filled with persons of every rank and condition, belonging to the household, or attached to the court; and the council which was sitting, if council it could be called, was composed of men, who certainly, at any other time, would have been very much astonished at finding themselves invested with such responsibility. The King was sitting at a table, cutting up pens with

a penknife, yawning from time to time, and listening, with a careless air, to a very animated discussion which was carried on between the Queen and Petion, the mayor of Paris, who had been summoned to the palace to give an account of what was going on, and of the measures which he had taken for preserving the peace of the city, and securing the Tuilleries from the assaults of the insurgents.

The inflamed look of the Queen—her flashing eyes, and nostrils swelling with repressed anger, plainly showed that the explanations she heard were anything but satisfactory, while the loud murmurs and half-uttered threats of the royalists, with whom the apartment was filled, were sufficient to convince Petion that he had placed himself in a situation of no common difficulty, and one from which it would require all his dexterity and presence of mind to extricate himself. Having answered, as well as he could, the various questions which were put to him, he asked permission to retire, alleging that his presence was required elsewhere; but this was positively refused, and he was clearly given to understand that he would be detained in the palace, to serve as a hostage; and in case of the threatened hostilities taking place,

it was pretty plainly intimated to him that his life would answer for those which might be sacrificed in the contest. Indeed, some of the more ardent and imprudent of those by whom he was surrounded were of opinion that they ought to take that opportunity of punishing his conduct on the 20th June, when he had so feebly reprov'd the excesses of the mob which had broken into and defiled through the palace. The cooler heads, however, remarked that his life would be of more service to them at that juncture than his death could be; and, by their arguments, they succeeded in tempering the impetuosity of their younger companions.

During the whole of this discussion, which was not carried on in so low a tone but that Petion could hear every word of it, he never once changed colour, or lost his coolness and self-possession. At length, under pretence of suffering from the heat of the room, which was intense, he asked and obtained permission to go down into the garden. Here he remained, walking up and down, for some hours, calmly conversing with some persons who joined him, although he never expected, as he afterwards confessed, to go out alive. After some time, however, Vergniaud, the president of the Legislative Assembly, which had hastily met upon hearing of the insurrection,

learning his situation, sent to summon him to the bar of the Assembly to give an account of the state of Paris, and the Court, not daring to refuse, reluctantly saw themselves constrained to allow him to depart.

It was just after he withdrew from the presence of the royal family, that Mandat presented Arundel to them as an aide-de-camp he had just selected; and the Queen, giving him her hand to kiss, said, in her most gracious manner, “Your presence here, sir, to-night, convinces me of what I have long thought—that the accusations of treason and disaffection brought against you were not founded on truth. If we have latterly treated you with injustice, remember how difficult it is for princes, at any time, to learn the truth: in times like these it is almost impossible. Let this be our apology. The King is as happy as myself to number you amongst our champions. Is it not so, sir?” continued she, turning to Louis.

“Certainly: I am very glad to see Monsieur Arundel,” replied the monarch; “but I am so very sleepy, I think I shall go and lie down on my bed for an hour or two, and I advise you to do the same.”

“Surely, sir,” cried the Queen, “you will not

retire at such a moment as this, when we may be attacked every minute?"

"I have heard nothing else but that," replied Louis, "for the last month; and it is my belief that they have given up all idea of attempting it to-night. At all events, I will lie down in my clothes, and I can be called in a moment, if there is any occasion for my presence." And so saying, he retired to an inner room; nor did the Queen, who probably saw it would be of no use, make any further attempt to detain him.

He had not been long gone, when Mandat received a summons from the Hôtel de Ville, requiring his immediate attendance. As if he had a presentiment of the fate that awaited him, he was for a long time undecided as to whether he should obey the order or not; and his hesitation was still further increased by the anxious entreaties of the Queen, that he would not abandon his post, though but for a second.

"They can want you for no good purpose," said she; "most likely it is only a plan to get you into their power, knowing what influence you have over the troops, and that as long as you are at their head they will do their duty; only consider what would be our situation if any thing were to happen to you, on whom all our hopes depend."

“I hope, madam,” replied the Commandant, “you exaggerate the dangers of your situation ; yet if I thought there was a chance of my being detained I certainly would not go ; but it is very improbable that such is their intention. I have many friends amongst the Municipality, and I think it more likely they wish to concert with me measures for putting an end to the insurrection, and restoring tranquillity, if possible, without bloodshed. I am but their servant, and I am bound to obey their orders.”

“The General is right,” interposed Arundel ; “but why could not a middle course be adopted ? Why should he not send some person invested with his confidence and belonging to his staff, to ascertain what it is they require. If you approve of my suggestion, and will make use of my services, I shall be most happy to carry any message ; and if their purposes are hostile, they will most likely not commit any violence on one of so little importance as myself, while I should be able to judge of their intentions. At all events, if any thing happens to me, it will be but of little consequence to any one ; while, as her Majesty justly observes, your loss might be attended with the most fatal consequences.”

The Queen warmly seconded this proposal, in

which she was joined by most of those by whom she was surrounded; and Mandat himself seemed to reflect upon its expediency, but he finally determined upon rejecting it and going himself.

“No,” said he, “I will not accept your generous offer; I do not believe there exists any danger for me; but if there does, I will not send another to confront it for me. My duty is to go, and that is sufficient. If, however, any thing should happen to me, I leave officers who are capable of replacing me, and who enjoy the confidence of their comrades; but before I depart, let me entreat you once more, Madam, to dismiss the Royalists whom you have about you. They can be of no use, badly armed as they are; and I assure you that the zeal of the National Guard has been very much damped by their appearance.”

“Why so?” replied the Queen; “they are here for the same purpose that you are—to defend us against a rebellious mob.”

“That is true, Madam, but a great prejudice exists against them; they are looked upon as aristocrats and partisans of the *ancien regime*, and that being the case, the citizens of Paris will not feel any great ardour for a cause which

the gentlemen are ready and desirous to defend. I have no doubt their suspicions are ill founded, but still they exist, and it would be prudent to dispel them."

"That may be all very true, sir," said the Queen, sharply; "but these gentlemen are come here to defend us, and we can rely upon them; we will not dismiss them, so it is useless to say any thing more upon the subject."

Mandat attempted no reply, but making a low bow, left the apartment, and beckoned to Arundel to follow him. "I wish you to accompany me round the posts," said he, "before I leave the palace, that you may see how the force is disposed; though I confess, as the moment approaches which is to decide the fate of the monarchy, I feel more and more doubtful as to the result. However, happen what may, I have done my duty; but it is disheartening to work for those who not only will not listen to advice that is contrary to their desires, but impute it to underhand and dishonourable motives. You heard what I said about that royalist mob which is assembled up there, and the way in which my suggestion was treated. I dare say the Queen is at this moment endeavouring to find out the reason why I urged her

to dismiss them ; and she will never believe it was the very simple one of having myself overheard expressions of discontent, and almost of mutiny, from every battalion about the palace. I pray God she may not repent her error when it is too late."

Arundel had opportunity enough to convince himself that Mandat had only stated the fact when he spoke of the disaffection which was fast spreading through the troops. At almost every step they were asked whether the aristocrats still remained in the Tuilleries ; and every where was the answer received with murmurs, and sometimes with threats. One man went so far as to say, that if one of them showed himself at the windows, he would himself fire upon him.

" You see," said Mandat, " I do not exaggerate ; but what can I do alone and unassisted ? I am weary of the scenes which are occurring every day. But here we are at the wicket. Adieu. If all goes right, I shall be back in an hour."

But he never returned ; in an hour he was no more ; he had already fallen a victim to the fury of the people. He arrived at the Hôtel de Ville, quite ignorant of the change that had taken place there, and expecting to find the same municipal authorities sitting whom he had seen

in the morning. They, however, had already been displaced; and in their stead he found a committee, deputed by the insurgents, to seize upon and administer the government. As soon as he entered, and perceived into whose hands he had fallen, he gave himself up for lost. For a moment this terrible discovery overpowered him; but he soon recalled his courage, and prepared boldly to answer the questions that were put to him. His examination took but a short time. He was accused of ordering the troops to fire upon the people, and sent to the prison of the Abbaye. He had, however, hardly reached the steps of the Hôtel de Ville, when he was assailed by the mob, and instantaneously murdered.

When the intelligence of this disastrous event reached the palace, every one present seemed to consider it as decisive of the struggle. No one trusted himself to comment upon it; but the consternation that was depicted on every countenance showed how deep was the impression it had made. It was now about five o'clock in the morning; and the King, who had again made his appearance, with the hopes of reviving the enthusiasm of his troops and animating them in his favour, determined to review them at their

different posts. He was followed by the Queen, the Dauphin, and Madame Elizabeth ; but his disheartened looks, and the few words he uttered, proved that he did not expect any good result from the measure.

“ I will not separate my cause,” said he, “ from that of all good citizens. We will live or die die together.”

The Queen, a little paler, it is true, than usual—but this might have been occasioned as much by fatigue and anxiety as by fear—seemed to have lost nothing of her majestic deportment ; and her dignified demeanour bespoke in her the resolution and determination which were wanting in her husband. Not that he was deficient in courage—it would be doing him an injustice to say so : his conduct on the 20th of June, and, subsequently, at the last trying scene of his existence, proved that he could look on death in its most frightful shapes without blenching ; but it was purely of a passive nature, and unaccompanied by that activity and decision which could alone have enabled him to oppose an effectual resistance to the revolutionary torrent.

After having visited all the posts in the interior of the palace, which were occupied by the

Swiss guard and the troops who were most devoted to him, and where consequently he was received with respect, if not with enthusiasm, he descended the great staircase into the court; but here the scene was quite reversed. The drums beat to arms, it is true, and military honours were paid him, but the few and faint cries of *Vive le Roi*, were drowned by shouts of *Vive la Nation*, and he had the mortification of seeing two fresh battalions pass by him. to occupy the terrace of the garden nearest the river, filling the air with cries of *Vive la Nation! Vive Petion!* The two battalions of the *Filles St. Thomas*, and the *Petits Pères*, showed him marks of devotion and loyalty, but these were solitary instances. All the rest of the National Guards, stationed in the garden, insulted him with shouts of *Down with the veto! Down with the traitor!* and some of them, quitting the ground which had been assigned to them, pointed their cannon against the palace, and openly assumed every appearance of hostility. This completed the King's discouragement, and on his return to his own apartments, he was in a state bordering on despair.

“I see,” said the Queen, “all is lost; this sort of review has done us more harm than good;” and none of those present ventured to

contradict her ; not one of that numerous body of royalists, of those courtiers, who in former days had filled the galleries and halls of Versailles with the praises of her beauty, her grace, her power, now found one word of consolation to whisper to her in her distress ; and how could they ? The sun that was to see the downfall of the French monarchy had already risen ; the hour that was to witness the dethronement of a monarch, the descendant of sixty kings, had already struck, and the conviction of the fatal truth had penetrated every heart, and tied every tongue.

A dread and ominous silence followed this last remark of Marie Antoinette, and each one looked upon his neighbour as if oppressed by some dreadful nightmare, which it was impossible to shake off. Various were the feelings and emotions depicted on the countenances of those who composed that desponding, that awe-stricken assembly ; some there were who seemed positively paralyzed by terror ; near them perhaps stood one, whose stern brow and compressed lip showed that, though doomed to perish, life would not be resigned without a struggle ; many—ah ! how many—seemed to have lost all personal feelings for their own safety in the deep, the all absorbing interest, which the pro-

bable fate of their sovereigns excited in their breast ; and many a grey head was turned aside to conceal the tear which no personal suffering or privation could have wrung from them. The great majority of the nobility of France who had not emigrated, were there, prepared to shed the last drop of their blood in defence of their monarch. Noble, gallant, generous band ! if your errors were great, fearfully did you expiate them !—if the prejudices transmitted to you by your ancestors, strengthened by education and example, and defended with so much egotism and obstinacy, contributed to the catastrophe which destroyed you and the monarchy, at all events you sealed your political faith with your blood, and mine shall not be the pen that will seek to insult your memory or detract from the devoted heroism of your last effort !

At length the approaching sound of the drums and cries of the populace, roused the inmates of the palace from the state of stupefaction in which they were plunged, and Roederer, the *Procureur Syndic* of the department, who had been in attendance at the Tuilleries the whole night, reminded the King of the necessity of taking some immediate resolution. While he yet spoke, some battalions of insurgents, composed of federalists

from Brittany and the South of France, defiled through the Rue St. Honoré, and formed themselves in battle array on the *Carousel*, pointing their cannon against the palace. The danger was imminent, and no one seemed capable of giving an opinion as to the best means of averting it. In vain the King and Queen appealed to those around them for advice; no one chose to take on himself so great a responsibility. At last Roederer offered to go down to the insurgents, to learn what it was they required, and to endeavour to induce them by his personal influence to retire. This offer was accepted: indeed, no other resource offered itself at the moment, though nobody seemed to entertain an expectation that the experiment would be attended with success.

Roederer, however, tried it; and having advanced to the first corps, he told them that so great a multitude, assuming so hostile an appearance, could not have access to the King or the Assembly, and that in consequence he invited them to name twenty deputies, who should be admitted into the royal presence to explain their wishes. But Roederer's popularity, though great, was quite inadequate to obtain even a hearing. After several ineffectual attempts, during which his voice was

completely drowned by the vociferations of those he addressed, he retired into the court of the palace, and harangued the National Guards who were there assembled; he read to them the article of the law, which authorised and enjoined them to oppose force by force in case of an attack; but he had the mortification to find that but a very small proportion seemed disposed to obey. In vain he pointed out to them what their duty required, and exhorted them to perform it. In vain some of their officers joined their solicitations to his; their efforts only excited the distrust and the suspicions of their soldiers, and the artillery-men, instead of replying, coolly unloaded their guns. One man, a respectable shop-keeper, with whom Arundel had had some dealings, and to whom he had been able to do some little service, said to him, in answer to his pressing entreaties to cry *Vive le Roi*, and thus set an example to his comrades, over whom he exercised considerable influence:

“I beg, sir, you will urge me no more. Our resolution is taken. We came down here with every disposition to defend the King, and to sacrifice our lives, if need were, in his behalf; but when we see that he places his confidence in

foreign mercenaries, and a band of aristocrats, at all times the deadliest enemies of the revolution, it is clear that, if through our means he vanquishes his assailants, he will be constrained to use his victory, whether he wishes it or not, for the subversion of all we have been struggling for three years to obtain. Our brethren outside the palace have judged the designs of the court better than we have, and we will not add to our error of judgment, the crime of firing on our friends and relations. For you personally I entertain the deepest sentiments of respect and gratitude. I am sorry to disoblige you, but our first duty is to our country; we will not plunge her into a civil war, to protect those who are eternally deceiving and betraying us, and we will not cut each other's throats to reëstablish the nobles in their privileges and abuses."

A considerable crowd had collected round the speaker and Arundel, during this conversation, and the attention with which he was listened to, and the applause which saluted him at the conclusion, plainly showed that he had been giving utterance to the feelings of his comrades, as well as to his own. It was clear that nothing was to be expected from the great proportion of the

national guard. The inmates of the palace might think themselves fortunate, if those on whose cöoperation they had relied, consented to observe a strict neutrality. The insurgents were evidently every where triumphant, and Roederer, seeing this, and that they were masters of the municipality, seconded by the populace, and even by the troops, returned to the palace, accompanied by the officers who were still attached to the cause of the sovereign.

An officer of the municipality had just preceded him, with the intelligence that fresh columns were arriving every instant, and that all their preparations were completed for an assault upon the Tuilleries. Although this had been anticipated, and therefore could take no one by surprise, the fact that the fatal instant had really arrived seemed to fill every body present with increased dismay. Joly de Fleury, the keeper of the seals, was the first to break silence.

“ Well,” demanded he, “ what is it they require ?”

“ The deposition of the King,” replied the other.

“ Why then,” asked the minister, “ do they not apply to the Assembly to decree it? They

have no power, no authority to pronounce it themselves."

"But after the King's dethronement," asked the Queen, anxiously, "what will happen?"

The officer to whom she addressed herself, contented himself with making a low bow, without attempting to reply to a question which it was not easy to answer. At this moment Roderer entered, and by his report increased the consternation of the court; and after exposing the total impossibility of making a successful defence, and the certain extermination of the royal family, should the palace be carried by storm, he urged the necessity of their instantly taking refuge in the midst of the Legislative Assembly. This proposal was succeeded by a momentary silence, which was interrupted by Arundel, who, advancing into the middle of the circle, said, "I trust the King will forgive me, for not having sooner informed him of a circumstance that happened to me this evening, and which he ought to be made acquainted with;" and then he related his meeting with Danton, and the conversation which had taken place between them. When he had concluded his narration, the Queen inquired what answer he had

made Danton. "I promised him, Madam, to deliver his message; but I said, that were I King, as such I would die."

"And you said right—you said nobly, sir," exclaimed the Queen; "I will rather allow myself to be nailed to the walls of this palace than leave it. Come, sir," said she, turning to the King, and putting a pistol into his hands, "this is the moment for you to show yourself, to strike a blow for the throne of your ancestors, the inheritance of your son."

But to this appeal the King returned no answer; and Roederer said, "You wish, then, Madam, to take upon yourself the responsibility of the death of the King, of your own, of that of your children, and of all those who are here to defend you; and you, sir," added he, turning to Arundel, "who know the absolute impossibility of defending the palace for one half hour, instead of uttering unmeaning bravadoes, would do better if you were to occupy yourself in endeavouring to save the lives of the royal family, while it is yet time."

Arundel felt the justice of this somewhat harsh reproof, and acknowledged that what Roederer had said respecting their means of defence, was strictly true. The King was decided by this

short conversation, and rose to go to the Assembly, merely observing to the ministers, and those about him, that there was nothing more to be done there. Accompanied by his family, and some persons belonging to his household, he crossed the garden between the ranks of the Swiss guards, and two battalions of the National Guard, who yet remained faithful to his cause. But when they arrived at the gate, an immense mob blocked up the passage, and seemed determined to prevent their egress. The grossest abuse, mixed with menaces and murmurs, assailed them in every direction. It was with the greatest difficulty that the troops who escorted them could clear a passage. This, however, was at length effected, and the doors of the Assembly opened to receive them. As they closed upon them, Arundel felt that probably he had seen for the last time, those who had exercised such a powerful influence over his destiny.

CHAPTER III.

UPON the King's departure, every motive for hostility between the assailants and garrison of the Tuilleries had ceased; and Arundel, conceiving that his duty for the day was over, and not sorry to obtain a little rest after the fatigue and anxiety to which he had been all night exposed, had already turned in the direction of his lodgings, when a single shot, followed immediately by a general discharge of musketry, struck upon his ear and arrested his steps. Not knowing what to think, and desirous of rejoining his battalion, which was one of those stationed in the garden, in case they should be required to act, he hastily retrod his footsteps, and endeavoured to force his way through the dense mass

with which the gates of the garden were thronged. This, however, he soon found to be impossible; and unable to obtain any information as to the cause of the firing, which still continued, and of which all those around him seemed to be as ignorant as himself, he determined to go round, and endeavour to obtain admittance by the Place du Carousel. The repeated discharges of musketry and artillery told him that the contest had begun in earnest, and that the palace was attacked and defended with equal vigour and determination. If he had reflected for a moment, he would have availed himself of his absence from his corps to keep clear of a struggle for which there was now no motive. The contest must be ended in a short time. He could only obtain admittance along with the assailants through the court on the side of the Carousel, and the corps to which he belonged, being in the garden, was most probably not engaged. Any one of these reasons would have been sufficient to have restrained one less ardent or daring; but impelled by that restless agitation, which so frequently urges men into scenes of danger where they have no business, and where they can be of no use, he rushed forward, goaded almost to madness by the noise of the

battle and the shouts of the combatants, which he could hear, although the walls of the building hid them from his view. Almost in less time than it has taken to recount it, he found himself in the Carousel, in the front of the building; but in that short time all the external signs of the combat had ceased. The roar of the cannon was hushed, and only an occasional musket shot gave notice that the work of death was not yet over. On every side was abundant evidence of the sanguinary nature of the contest; heaps of dead and dying were to be seen in every direction, while the agonising groans of the wounded were hardly drowned by the triumphant shouts of their victorious companions. Without stopping to give more than a momentary look at the horrors by which he was surrounded, Arundel rushed forward, and was soon in the midst of the crowd that was pressing onwards to the entrance of the palace. His heart sickened as he from time to time saw the mangled body of some Swiss or noble thrown out of the windows into the court below. He recollected the number of women who were in the palace, and had been unable to accompany the Royal family in their retreat; and he shuddered as he called to mind the scenes of the 6th October at Ver-

sailles. The furious imprecations of the mob by whom he was surrounded—the appearance of some bleeding heads raised up on high as trophies of their victory, convinced him that nothing short of the extermination of every one connected with the court would satisfy the conquerors; and he almost repented of being again dragged into a scene which presented nothing but the most ferocious barbarity on the one hand, and defenceless victims on the other, who in vain sought for mercy from those to whom the meaning of the word was unknown. At length the torrent, by which he was borne along, arrived at the doors of the palace; and here the work of destruction was carried on with a fury that threatened, in a few hours, to leave hardly a vestige remaining by which posterity might know that here had once stood the palace of the Kings of France; and to complete the horrors of the scene, it was soon afterwards discovered that the building was in flames.

It was not till this time that the Assembly sought to interfere to prevent the total destruction of the Tuilleries; but finding that the whole quarter of the city was in danger of being destroyed by the increasing fury of the flames, they sent a deputation, who at last succeeded in stopping the mischievous frenzy of the

mob, by assuring them that the Tuilleries had been declared by the legislature to be national property, and calling upon them to save it as such from further damage. The fire was extinguished by great efforts, but every article susceptible of being destroyed had been broken to pieces. Furniture, hangings, paintings, all were involved in one common ruin; in fact, nothing but the bare walls were left standing, and even these were perforated in every direction by cannon balls. All this, however, Arundel had not time to remark at that moment, for the stream which had carried him along with it into the vestibule of the palace forced him out through the opposite door into the garden, where there was, comparatively speaking, more room. As soon as he could extricate himself from those by whom he was more immediately surrounded, he endeavoured to reach the spot where his battalion had been posted; but it was no longer there, and on the ground which it had occupied were to be seen some men armed with pikes and sabres, glutting their rage on the dead bodies of two or three of the Swiss Guard, whom they were hacking and stabbing with the fury of cannibals, while some women of the lowest class were standing on the terrace, encouraging and exciting

them by peals of ferocious laughter and ribald jests.

His great anxiety now was to get out of the garden as fast as he could; but he found the gates closed, and was informed by the sentries who were placed over them, that their instructions were to let no one out till further orders, which, they added, would not be given till the last of the aristocrats was exterminated. Arundel began to feel some doubts as to his personal safety, because, although the uniform he wore was to a certain extent a protection to him, yet it was very possible that he might be recognised by some one or other as having occupied a place among the defenders of the court, and done his utmost to induce the troops to perform their duty. Seeing, however, that there was no help for it, he endeavoured to withdraw into some part of the garden where he would be less exposed to observation. In pursuance of this plan, he had reached an alley, which appeared quite deserted, and was beginning to congratulate himself on his good fortune, when an individual, with his clothes cut and torn, and the blood streaming from his body in every direction, rushed out of a clump of trees in front of him, closely pursued by a band of pikemen.

As soon as he perceived Arundel, he ran to-

wards him, imploring his protection, probably conceiving that his uniform might give him the power of defending him. He was so exhausted by fatigue and loss of blood, that had not Arundel caught him in his arms, he would have fallen to the ground before he reached him. It was in vain, however, that he endeavoured to save him from the fury of the monsters who pursued him. In an instant he was torn from him and despatched with innumerable wounds; and Arundel himself received a blow on the head from the butt end of a musket—whether designedly or not it was impossible to say—which stretched him senseless on the ground. How long he lay in that state he could not tell, but it must have been many hours, as when he recovered his senses, the twilight was deepening into night. It was some time before he could recall his recollections sufficiently to be aware of the place in which he was lying, and the events of the day. His mind was completely bewildered, and it was not till he attempted to rise that the violent pain in his head, and a numbness throughout his body, gradually reminded him of all that had occurred, and suggested the idea that caution might still be necessary on his part to enable him to reach home unmolested. On looking about him, how-

ever, the garden seemed quite deserted, except by a few sentinels who were pacing up and down before the different gates of the garden, which had been reopened, and were not yet closed for the night. Arundel did not much like the idea of having to pass under the scrutiny of these guardians of the palace, who, judging from their pikes and other accoutrements, evidently belonged to the lowest class of the insurgents. However, it could not be avoided; night was fast approaching; and the increasing pain in his head and a slight shivering fit convinced him of the necessity of having recourse to medical assistance with as little delay as possible. He had just made up his mind to go out by the gate on the *Terrace des Fleuillans*, as being the one nearest his lodgings, when a sudden dizziness came across him, and he would have fallen, but for the support of a tree against which he had reeled. A young man in uniform, whom he had not till that moment noticed, although they had been walking in the same alley at a few yards distance from each other, ran up to him and tendered his assistance. It was so much Arundel's desire, if possible, to escape without observation, that he at first declined it, saying that it was only a slight dizziness, to which he was occa-

sionally subject, and which he would soon go off; but while he was yet speaking, he sunk, fainting, to the ground. The young stranger was soon relieved from the embarrassment into which this new incident threw him, by the approach of a piquet of the National Guard, who were making their rounds through the garden, previous to the gates being closed. Amongst them were some to whom Arundel and his residence were known; and by their assistance he was put into a hackney coach, and conveyed home in a state of insensibility, still accompanied by the young man who had already been of so much use to him. Fortunate was it for him that he had so efficient a protector near him; for, on their arrival at his lodgings, his servant was so much alarmed at the state in which his master was brought home, that he was almost incapable of rendering the slightest assistance.

The stranger, however, took upon himself the direction of everything; and while Arundel was being put to bed, sent for a surgeon, who soon arrived, and ascertained that, notwithstanding the shock which his whole frame had received, there was no fracture anywhere, and that nothing but repose and care were necessary to restore him to perfect health. As a measure of precau-

tion, he took some blood from him ; and having given him a composing draught, took his departure, accompanied by the young officer, whose name Arundel was too languid to ask.

The next morning he awoke, greatly refreshed by a good night's rest, and was much annoyed at recollecting the omission of which he had been guilty. As, however, he did not doubt that the stranger would call to ask after him in the course of a day or two, he contented himself with the anticipation of being then able to express his gratitude to him ; but this hope was not realised. The stranger never again made his appearance ; nor did the surgeon know his name. As soon as Arundel was well enough to go out, he sought him out in every place of public resort, but without success ; which is not very surprising, inasmuch as he had not had time accurately to remark his features, or even his uniform, before he lost his senses. The National Guards who assisted him, and who took care to make themselves known to him, received the recompense to which they were so well entitled ; but they, too, were unable to assist his researches, further than that one of them maintained that this mysterious personage wore an artillery uniform, while another was equally positive that it was that of an

officer of voltigeurs. Arundel found himself compelled to abandon the task as hopeless, trusting that time, which generally gives the man who watches patiently for it, the opportunity of returning both good and evil services, would afford him the means of discovering who it was to whom he was so much indebted.

A few days after the 10th August, Arundel was surprised to receive a visit from Robespierre, who came, as he said, to see if Arundel had survived the attack upon the Tuilleries. He expressed as much concern as it was, probably, in in his nature to feel, for Arundel's mischance. "But," added he, "you may think yourself lucky it was no worse. I warned you of what would happen."

"Yes, you did," was the reply; "but if the National Guard had done their duty, or if the King had but shown himself capable of heading them, you may depend upon it, the result would have been very different."

"If! if!" exclaimed Robespierre. "I know it was in the power of *ifs* to have defeated us; but we knew what we were about, and who our opponents were. But we will not talk over what is past. I am come to tell you that now I have some little influence; and if I

can be of any use to you with it, you may exert it in any way you like."

"You know my wishes," replied Arundel. "I have attained the rank of major in the French army; and nothing would gratify me more than to be reinstated, and appointed to active service. I was Lafayette's aide-de-camp, and—"

"Hush! hush!" interrupted his visitor. "The less you talk about him the better. We have just received intelligence that he has deserted his army after trying to induce it to march against the Assembly, and taken refuge on the enemy's territory."

"Oh! that is impossible. Lafayette would never abandon his command with the enemy in front of him," exclaimed Arundel.

"It is even so, though. Here is the official account of it. Read it, and convince yourself." And so saying, he put into his hands the official report from the army, stating that Lafayette, and most of his staff—amongst whom de Beauvoisin's name stood conspicuous—had crossed the frontiers, after making vain efforts to seduce the troops. "Well, what do you think of it now?"

"I am too much shocked—and I will add, grieved—to make any comment upon it," replied

Arundel. "But, after all, you have only yourselves to thank for this. Your violent measures have destroyed the constitution, which he had sworn to defend. You have dethroned the monarch, to whom he had plighted his allegiance; and, though I will not attempt to defend his conduct in abandoning his army, and leaving the frontiers confided to him exposed to the invasion of an enemy superior in numbers, yet I own I think much may be said to excuse him."

"Perhaps so. As we have got rid of him, I care but little how his conduct may be judged by a few private individuals, as long as they do not give publicity to their opinions. I say this, because you must perceive that, if once such an opinion as that which you have expressed were to be adopted by the public, we should see the Duke of Brunswick at the gates of Paris in a fortnight. Lafayette fancied he could direct the revolution, and make the people stop when they had got as much liberty as he thought was good for them. As well might he have attempted to stop the tides of the ocean. He found out his mistake; and his vanity would not allow him to acknowledge it at once, but prompted him to try violent means to reëstablish his influence. Had he succeeded, the Jacobin club was devoted

to extermination. As it is, he has failed ; and we will take very good care to improve our good fortune to the utmost ; and if ever he sets his foot in France again, his head will pay for his presumption. He is a traitor ; and those who would seek to excite a public feeling in his favour, will be looked upon as his accomplices, and treated as such. Mark this for your own guidance. With regard to what you say about our violent measures, remember they were forced upon us ; and when the proper time arrives, we shall lay such irrecusable documents, which have fortunately been discovered in the palace, before the public, as will convince the world that, from the meeting of the States General to the present moment, Louis has been engaged in one continued conspiracy, by means of the nobility and priesthood within the kingdom, and the emigrants and foreign powers abroad, to destroy the constitution he had sworn to maintain, and enslave the nation he had sworn to protect. It has become a duel, *à mort*, between the nation and a vile faction. We sought it not ; but having had it forced upon us, we accepted the challenge with its conditions ; and in such a quarrel, we can only say *væ victis*."

"But what do you mean to do with the unfor-

tunate King and his family?" asked Arundel. "I hear it rumoured that a National Convention is to assemble to put him on his trial; but surely you will not venture upon such a step, which is no longer in accordance with the spirit of the times, or the inclination of the French nation."

"I hope we shall not try him, in the common acceptation of the word," replied Robespierre; "for I am as ready as you can be to allow that we have no legal right to sit as judges on him; but, as a body of legislators, the representatives of the French nation, we have a great duty to perform, a more important question to examine, than the mere value of the life of an individual. We have proclaimed the republic; and we have to consider how far the freedom, or even the existence, of a man who once reigned over us as an absolute monarch—of one whom no promises or oaths can bind—of one convicted of treason and perjury—is compatible with its permanent security. It may also be considered in another point of view: it will strike terror into the hearts of our foreign enemies, and teach them how little they have to hope for from their aggressions upon a people, who, with hostile armies on their territory, do not shrink from so bold an act of severe justice. But I wonder that you, an Englishman by

birth, with the example of Charles the First before you, should seem to disapprove an act ten times more justifiable, and more expedient, than that of your king's execution."

"It is precisely because I have that page of our history present to my recollection," replied Arundel, "that I am more than ever convinced of the impolicy of such a measure. Of its injustice I will say nothing, because you admit that. Recollect the fate of our so-styled republic, and of all those who were the most prominent actors in establishing it ; and perhaps it may serve as a warning to you and your friends. I do not believe a republic can ever be permanently established in France, or in any other old European state. The very feelings, the very prejudices of the people themselves, fostered during a thousand years, are opposed to it."

"Oh, bah ! The age of prejudices is passed ; but I must observe, that for one seeking to serve in the armies of the republic, your language is very extraordinary. How can I know that you will faithfully serve a cause you so strongly condemn ?"

"The cause I seek to serve," rejoined Arundel, "is one which not only I do not condemn, but which I consider to be the most honorable, the

most legitimate, in which a man can shed his blood. It is to prevent foreign powers from interfering with the internal affairs of the country I have adopted. Every nation has an indefeasible right to choose its own form of government. I may not approve of it: I may not approve of the measures which have been made use of to establish it, or of the men to whom its exercise may have been entrusted; but when once adopted by my fellow citizens, I give it my adhesion and respect, and am prepared to defend it from all enemies, internal as well as external. These are my sentiments; and the frankness with which I have not hesitated to express my opinions, may be a guarantee of their sincerity."

"It is well," observed Robespierre; "but what would be your conduct, should Louis be condemned and executed? I speak merely hypothetically; for his fate is as yet undetermined."

"It would still be the same. I should condemn it as a crime which would reflect eternal dishonour on those who had contrived it, and deplore it as a political fault which would entail a long series of calamities on the nation that had sanctioned it; but I would never admit the right of foreign powers to intervene by force of arms to prevent it, still less to avenge it. I have

nowhere read that the massacre of St. Bartholemew, or the *dragonades* of Louis XIV., were followed by an invasion of France ; nor do I ever remember to have heard that, when a capricious despot, such as our eighth Henry, for instance, has sported with the lives of the wisest and most virtuous of his subjects, it ever gave rise to any remonstrances on the part of his brother potentates ; and, thinking, as I do, that the life of one man is as precious as the life of another, I do not conceive they have any right of interference to exercise, further than by negotiation, now that the existence of a king is at stake. I have long foreseen how all this was likely to end ; and therefore it was that I withdrew entirely from all connection with any of the contending parties, whose conduct seemed to me to be equally open to blame. Thank God ! I can wash my hands of all the crimes and intrigues which have been made use of on all sides. My course is quite clear. My services belong to the French nation ; and to her I am anxious to devote them."

"In other words," said Robespierre, "you prefer being the hand instead of the head. Well, be it so. Perhaps, with your feelings and prejudices, you have chosen wisely ; though I

could have wished to have had you for a colleague. But let me again warn you to keep your opinions to yourself. I will take care you receive the commission you wish for in a day or two. There is another subject I wish to speak to you upon. I believe you know the Marquis de Romainville?"

Arundel started at the name ; but Robespierre, without seeming to notice it, continued, "Do you know where he now is?"

"I do not know the Marquis personally," replied Arundel ; "and for some time I have heard nothing of him, or—" he was going to add, "his daughter," but he checked himself, and added, "or his family."

"If you are interested about them, you will be sorry to learn that the Marquis and his daughter are at this moment prisoners in the prison of *la Force*."

"Good God !" exclaimed Arundel ; "prisoners ! Mademoiselle de Romainville at the *Force* ! And with what, then, are they charged ?"

"Why, there is nothing, I believe, to give their friends any serious uneasiness," said Robespierre, pitying the increasing agitation of his companion. "The Marquis, I suppose you know, is a rank royalist and ultra, who does not

even take the trouble to conceal his opinions ; and having, on several occasions, expressed himself in the most imprudent manner on political subjects, the mayor of his village, as a measure of precaution, caused him to be arrested and sent to Paris. His daughter entreated not to be separated from him ; and, in consequence, they are both imprisoned together. There is no charge against her ; and the Marquis himself will probably escape with a short imprisonment, and perhaps the confiscation of his property, or that part of it which is not settled upon his daughter."

"Robespierre !" cried Arundel, "if, as you say, you feel yourself under obligations to me, this is the time to repay them. There is no person in whose fate I am so much interested, as in that of the Marquis de Romainville. It matters not what the tie may be which exists between us ; but it is such, that I would joyfully lay down my life to save his. You must assist me in so doing ; for I tell you fairly, I cannot indulge in your anticipations of his escaping so easily. Remember all the innocent blood that has been shed in the last three years. Delaunay, Flesselles, Foulon, Berthier, and a host of others, have been sacrificed by the mob, encouraged and

instigated by those who ought to have been the first to restrain them. Who knows what may happen next? No, I will not trust to such frail security; you must enable me to get him out of prison; you have authority, and can do it, and I will take no denial."

"You are alarming yourself needlessly, and I will add, foolishly," said Robespierre. "The persons you mention, whom you term innocent, in my opinion were guilty, though illegally punished for their crimes. But that is nothing to the purpose. They fell into the hands of an excited mob. The Marquis, on the contrary, is in a strong prison, the walls and barriers of which will protect his person as effectually as they will prevent his escape. Putting all this on one side, however, you really are mistaken in supposing I have such authority."

"No refusal," interrupted Arundel, fiercely; "I told you I would take none. Do this for me, and not only all your obligations to me are cancelled at once, but I shall remain your debtor for ever. Deny me, and all intercourse ceases between us from this moment, and in me you see your bitterest enemy."

"I wish you would allow me to finish my sentence," said Robespierre. "I was about to add,

that although personally I have no authority, I would introduce you to Danton, the Minister of Justice, in whose department this business more particularly lies, and I will urge him to do all he can for your friends ; more than this I cannot do: will this satisfy you ?”

“ It must, I suppose. When will you accompany me to Danton’s ?”

“ This instant, if you please ;” and in a few minutes they were in Danton’s presence.

“ Ha ! Robespierre,” cried he, “ what brings you here ? Can I be of any use to you, or have you had a fresh attack made upon you ?—as I see you are accompanied by the same gentleman who was of so much use to you on a former occasion.”

The person thus apostrophised, did not seem much to like the allusion, or the half laugh with which it was accompanied. “ No,” said he, “ I am come on no business relating to myself personally, further than the interest which I feel for every thing relating to Mr. Arundel. We are come together to intercede in favour of the cidevant Marquis de Romainville, who has a warm advocate in my friend here ; and as I believe the accusation against him is of a very trifling nature, I hope you will take our word for his future good behaviour, and order him to be released.”

“ Romainville, Romainville !” said Danton, who, while Robespierre was yet speaking, had taken up a bundle of closely written papers, and was busily occupied in turning them over ; “ I remember the name well enough, and, if I mistake not, we shall find something about him here. Ah ! yes, here it is,” said he, selecting a paper from the mass ; “ now we shall see all about him.

“ The cidevant Marquis de Romainville, aged fifty-seven, and so forth, supposed not to be of French origin, though established some years in France, where he possesses immense property, a violent aristocrat, friend of Bouillé’s, and vehemently suspected of being engaged in every conspiracy against the liberties of the nation, persists in retaining the title of Marquis, and compels his servants to address him as such, uses the most treasonable and seditious language against the representatives of the people, and was preparing the means of resistance when arrested.

“ Gertrude de Romainville, his daughter, aged eighteen or thereabouts, till very lately in the service of the Austrian, political sentiments not clearly known, inasmuch as she possesses a cunning above her years, but little doubt can be reasonably entertained that they are of

the same nature as those of her father and late mistress.—Well, upon my word, you have come to intercede for a most interesting couple; you might as well ask me to sign an order for the liberation of Louis and his family. There is enough in that paper to send them to the scaffold to-morrow, if supported by evidence.”

“And do you,” exclaimed Arundel, unable any longer to contain himself, “do you dare to call yourself Minister of Justice, and in the same breath anticipate the condemnation of two persons upon such trash as that testimony?—testimony, as you call it, upon which no honest man would venture to chastise a dog. France will indeed have cause to rue her revolution, if the names of justice and patriotism are to be thus perverted.”

“And who are you,” shouted out Danton, “who presume thus to takè us to task? I know you; you are one of those butterflies of the court, who participated in all its follies, and perhaps engaged in all its intrigues. You forget our meeting on the night of the ninth. You forget I know the part you took in that struggle between the sons of freedom and the minions of despotism. I think it would be as well, if, instead of coming here to intercede for others, you solicited forgiveness and oblivion for yourself.”

“A pardon from you, and for doing my duty!”

cried Arundel; "I would sooner bite my tongue off than ask it. Yes, I was amongst the defenders of the Tuilleries on the 10th, against the hordes of assassins let loose against us; and I only regret that I had not an opportunity of testifying, with my blood, my attachment to that constitution which was there destroyed. Send me to prison. Send me to the scaffold, if you please. I despise your threats as much as I abhor the sanguinary acts of your satellites."

"I thought, Mr. Arundel," interposed Robespierre, quietly, "we were come here to solicit a favour of one of the ministers of the republic. Do you imagine you will do yourself or your friends any good by these violent and personal invectives?"

"Why," said Danton, who by this time had recovered his composure, and seemed as calm as if nothing had been said to ruffle it—"if it had been our friend Marat, or even Desmoulins, I would not give much for his chance of sleeping out of prison this night; but your friend has done me no more than justice, in supposing that I can bear to hear, I will not say truths—that I cannot admit—but expressions of opinion, without seeking to repress them by means of the authority with which I am armed. Pshaw! I am ashamed of

the warmth I have already displayed. There was more excuse for Mr. Arundel ; he is interested in the fate of some friends whom he thinks are unjustly detained by my orders. It was natural enough he should be excited. I am not offended at it, so we will say no more about it ; and to prove that I know how to esteem a brave man, though an opponent, I will see what I can do for him. Let me hear what he has to say in favour of his friend—I am ready to hear him.”

Arundel had had quite time enough to perceive the folly of his conduct, and could not but feel the generosity of the man into whose power he had so completely thrown himself. His angry feelings gave way to sentiments of admiration for the magnanimity thus displayed ; for nothing is more difficult than to pardon political opposition so unsparingly and offensively expressed, and, with the natural ardour and frankness of his character, he expressed his sorrow for having been betrayed into language apparently so unjust and unmerited. “ You cannot regret,” said he, “ more than I do, what has passed between us ; though you have yourself suggested the only excuse I have to offer—the excited state of my feelings, alarmed as I am for the safety of my friends. I am no enemy of yours personally ;

nay, more, I have always done justice to your abilities and good qualities, though I confess I have often condemned the unscrupulous manner in which you proceed to your end. I am as much attached to the principles of the revolution as you or any man can be, though perhaps we do not understand them alike. You think me too moderate; I think you go too far, certainly too fast; but I am convinced we have both but one wish, the happiness and prosperity of France. With regard to what I can say in favour of the Marquis, you must be aware I can only speak negatively; I believe he is attached to the royal family, from whom his daughter experienced great kindness; perhaps he retains some of the prejudices of his birth and education, but this can be no crime. You cannot condemn a man for his opinions, and except by his opinions it does not appear that he has any way offended. One proof of patriotism he certainly has given—he did not emigrate when all his friends were doing so in thousands; and his constant residence in the country on his estates would seem to imply that he could have nothing to do with the conspiracies of a court, from which he was always absent. But after all, no man can be called upon to prove his innocence, till something like

guilt is laid to his charge ; and surely you will not consider the report you have just read, as ground sufficient to send a man to prison ?”

“ Why, I confess,” replied Danton, “ it is rather vague ; but it may be substantiated, and till time is given for that, I do not see how I can, consistently with my duty, order his liberation.”

“ I think,” said Robespierre, “ if you would let me speak to you for a few minutes alone, I could throw more light upon the subject. Excuse me, Mr. Arundel, if we leave you to your meditations for a short time : it will not do to talk of state-secrets before one of the defenders of the Tuilleries ;” and so saying, he took Danton by the arm, and both left the room together. In less than a quarter of an hour, which to Arundel, however, seemed an age, Danton returned alone. “ Robespierre had some particular business,” he said ; “ and could not wait any longer ; but we have discussed what is best to be done ; and to say truth, it is not very easy to fix upon a plan which will satisfy you without compromising me ; however, I think we have hit upon one which will do. I cannot release the Marquis at once ; I tell you fairly it is as much as my head is worth ; you seem incredulous, but it is a fact. It is true that at my call all Paris would rise up as

one man. I am their idol at present; but you know not how easily the people break the very idols they have set up and worshipped. A suspicion, a mere whisper would be sufficient; and if I was to show favour to a man so enormously wealthy as de Romainville is known to be, it would be instantly said that I had received a bribe; and perhaps before twenty-four hours were passed I might occupy his place at *La Force*. You cannot expect me—I am sure you would not wish me—to run such a risk as this. The only way in which he can obtain his liberty is by being tried and acquitted. As yet we have no proofs against him; but it is probable, notwithstanding all you have said, that in a short time we should find some, or those who arrested him would easily fabricate them if they wished to get rid of him. We must, therefore, hurry on his trial. I will send this day for the *Accusateur Public*, and direct him to draw up the act of accusation directly, and I will at the same time intimate to him that I wish it to be done in such a way as to insure the prisoner's acquittal."

"But is that possible? How can you be sure the Revolutionary Tribunal will not condemn him without evidence, or even against it?" asked Arundel, not a little astonished.

“ Oh ! now you are asking questions I cannot answer; there are secrets in all trades, you know, and this is one of them. Let it suffice that I pledge you my word of honour that he shall be acquitted. With regard to his daughter,” continued he—and he avoided looking at Arundel as he said it, that he might not add to the embarrassment which he supposed the latter would naturally feel at the mention of her name, for Robespierre had informed him during their private conference of every particular which Arundel imagined was unknown to every body except himself and two or three other individuals—“ with regard to his daughter, her imprisonment is her own act, for there is no accusation against her, and she may come out whenever she pleases; though I believe she will not leave her father.”

“ I am sure she will not,” cried Arundel.”

“ The rules of the prison,” continued Danton, “ just now, are very strict; but if you wish it, I will give you an order to be admitted, and you can see her and speak to her, though I cannot extend that indulgence to her father.”

Arundel hesitated for a moment, for the temptation was powerful. “ No,” said he; “ it would be useless, and I should wish my name even never to be mentioned in this affair.”

“Of that you may be sure,” said Danton, laughing, “for all our sakes.”

“Still,” said Arundel, “I should like to write one line, if I was sure no one employed in the prison would see it; it might diminish the horrible anxiety which she must be suffering. And if they are in want of any thing you will allow me to send it them. Good Heavens! when I recollect the first time I saw her at Versailles, surrounded by every thing luxury could desire, or money could procure, and now the inmate of a prison!—I dare not think of it.”

“You need not annoy yourself on that head,” said Danton; “money has its value in a prison as well as elsewhere, and depend upon it, the Marquis has every comfort that can be procured by it. Moreover, I will give instructions to allow him every thing he requires, compatible with his safe custody. With regard to your letter, I will take care and send it—only no treason in it, I hope.”

“You shall see it.”

“No, I only want your word.” But Arundel hastily wrote in French one line. “Be under no anxiety for your father’s fate or your own—a friend watches over your safety;” and put it into the Minister’s hand, who merely said:—

“ Write ‘*Destroy this*’ under it, and she shall have it this night.”

Although relieved by this conference from all immediate apprehension of danger to Gertrude or her father, Arundel’s mind was a prey to a thousand conflicting sensations, which in turn engrossed his thoughts. Gertrude, so long, so devotedly, though so hopelessly beloved, presented herself to his imagination, not as he had once known her, glowing with health and radiant with youthful beauty, but pale and wan, oppressed with grief and terror, the trembling inhabitant of a dungeon. Her father, too! Certainly Arundel had no reason to feel much sympathy for his fate; but still his present misfortunes seemed almost to have effaced all recollection of his harshness and arrogance. He was Gertrude’s father—his sufferings and afflictions were hers, and would wring many a bitter drop from her eyes. There came, too, a feeling of pride and satisfaction at the noble revenge which he was thus enabled to take for the insolence of the father and the inconstancy of the daughter. True, they would probably never know to whom they were indebted; he fancied he had taken care to disguise his hand-writing in the line of comfort which he had sent her, and yet something

seemed to whisper to him that she to whom it was addressed could not fail to pierce through that disguise and penetrate his secret. Could she doubt for a moment whose was the voice raised to comfort her, or whose the arm stretched out to assist her? Be that as it might, the consciousness that he had again befriended her at so critical a juncture, in part dispelled the gloom which a knowledge of her situation had cast over his mind. The principal source of his anxiety arose from the delay which must inevitably occur before the Marquis could be brought to trial. Danton had told him that a few days must necessarily intervene before that took place; and, although he had promised to hurry it forward as much as possible, the delay, though short, might be fatal. There was no help for it, however, and he had soon plenty of occupation, which left him but little time for melancholy forebodings.

He received his commission according to Robespierre's promise; but instead of being immediately sent to the frontiers, he was ordered to remain at Paris, to assist in forming and disciplining the numerous bodies of volunteers who were pouring into that city from every quarter. This was a task for which he was particularly well qualified, having, ever since his entrance

upon a military career, laboured diligently and successfully to instruct himself in all the details of regimental duty, as well as in the higher branches of his profession. A more laborious and thankless office, however, cannot well be conceived than licking into shape the raw recruits who, a few years later, overran Europe, and filled the world with the fame of their exploits. The ardour and enthusiasm which they manifested, and the zeal with which they laboured to second the efforts of their instructors, contributed much to lighten the task ; and, day after day, reinforcements took their departure for the army, filling the air with their patriotic songs, and were replaced by fresh thousands from every part of France.

In this occupation a fortnight had passed away, and the day for the Marquis's trial was already fixed, when one morning (it was the second of September) just as Arundel was preparing to set out for the plain of St. Denis, where the corps which he was more particularly appointed to superintend was bivouacked, he received a message from Danton, desiring to see him without a moment's delay. Trembling with apprehension, though he hardly knew what it was he feared, he flew rather than ran to obey

the summons. He found Danton surrounded by persons of every class and description, all talking at once, and with great vehemence, while the Minister himself seemed to be endeavouring to listen to every thing that was said. As soon as he saw Arundel enter, he made his way through the crowd, and without saying a word led him into his private room.

“I have sent for you,” said he, as soon as he had shut the door and satisfied himself that there was no possibility of being overheard, “that you may save Mademoiselle de Romainville.”

“Save——”

“Silence—do not interrupt me; this is a moment for deeds not words; for coolness not passion. The mob, furious at the delays which have necessarily occurred in bringing the prisoners to trial, have broken into the prisons, and are at this moment trying and executing those whom they condemn. Stop,” said he, laying his powerful hand on Arundel, who had turned to leave the room with the intention of flying at once to *La Force*. “Stop, hear me out, or you will be able to do nothing. I cannot prevent this. The National Guard are unwilling to act, and before we get sufficient force together to restore order, much blood may be shed. The office Mademoi-

selle de Romainville held at the court may be fatal to her, and I see but one way to rescue her should she be put upon her trial. You must claim her as your wife."

Arundel started.

"Or, as that would be easily disproved, as your affianced bride. Here is a letter to Hébert certifying the fact, with my signature, and desiring him to give her up to you upon your demand. He will not refuse. Go, you have no time to lose."

"But where shall I find Hébert?" said Arundel, with a calmness that seemed preternatural, so true is it that in moments of imminent danger real courage shows itself by a more composed demeanour and an acuter intellect than at other times.

"True, I forgot," said Danton, visibly embarrassed; "I believe—that is I am told—indeed I know it for a fact, that he is a member of the tribunal they have erected at *La Force*."

"And the Marquis," cried Arundel; "if you save one, you can save all."

"Fool!" shouted Danton, "do you stand there talking when every moment is precious—when you may even now be too late? The Marquis must take his chance." And the words

had hardly fallen from his lips ere Arundel was in the street.

“ I like that man,” said Danton to himself, as he slowly left the room ; “ I trust he will be in time to save her : if he does, she must marry him, and I shall have done something towards making him happy, which by all accounts he would never have been as long as her father was in a condition to oppose it. Well, it will not be the worst action of this day’s work. ’Tis an ill wind which blows nobody good.”

CHAPTER IV.

It is time we should return to Gertrude, whose existence during the last year had been passed at Romainville, whither her father had returned as soon as he found himself secure from any further attempts on the part of Arundel, in complete solitude ; for not only was her father no companion to her, but his presence inspired her with a feeling which was akin to terror. But solitude she could have borne, had not her heart told her that Time, the great consoler, would bring no consolation to her.

The few lines which she had a second time written to Arundel, to break off all farther communication with him, had sealed her fate ; and as the feelings of terror for his safety, by which his dismissal had been extorted from her, faded

from her recollection, she condemned herself for her weakness in having thus abruptly, and, as it appeared now to her, so ungratefully broken with her preserver. But whatever she felt, her outward manner gave no signs of the inward workings of her mind. The dreary future, which she was conscious she had in a great measure prepared for herself, she was daily acquiring fresh strength to bear. She endeavoured to arm herself with resignation ; and, cut off from earthly consolation, she sought it from that source where it is never sought for in vain. No vain repinings passed her lips ; no tear fell from her eye ; there is a grief beyond tears ; a sorrow too sacred to be made the subject of idle complaints. At times, when quite overcome by the intensity of her thoughts, and despair seemed advancing to claim her as his own, she would throw herself on her knees, and pour out her soul in prayer to that Father who chasteneth those whom he loveth ; and never did she arise without feeling calmed and strengthened afresh to sustain her daily combat. Even her father, sharp-sighted as he was and accustomed to penetrate the recesses of the human heart, was deceived, and flattered himself that by his decision and energy he had, if not destroyed, at least sub-

duced, her secretly cherished passion. On one point, however, he could not deceive himself—and that was the total estrangement of his daughter's affections ; and bitterly did he feel the loss. Too proud, too unbending, to attempt to regain by conciliatory measures that which he considered was his by right, every day increased the coldness between them, which was rendered still more apparent, and to Gertrude more irksome, by the punctilious and somewhat old-fashioned civility with which her father invariably treated her. To her it seemed a bitter mockery that one who had shown himself so obdurate, when the happiness of her life was at stake, should, upon all the trivial incidents of every-day life, seem to take delight in anticipating her slightest wish ; and this idea, to which indeed the Marquis's haughty and sarcastic manner to the world in general lent strength, contributed to feed her irritation. But she was wrong in attributing it to such a motive. If the Marquis loved anything upon earth, it was his child ; and strange to say, his affection for her had increased almost in proportion to the harshness with which he had treated her. His whole happiness seemed to consist in gratifying every wish, and encouraging every fancy she might express. Perhaps also he sought to alleviate a feeling, not

unlike remorse, with which he was occasionally visited, when he considered his conduct towards her and Arundel.

On one point he would never yield : on every other her will was law. Every day made her dearer to him ; but dear as she was to him, he would have sooner seen her dead at his feet, than have retrod one single step in the course he had pursued. That which at first might have been merely a dislike to a connection with any one of the family of Arundel, had been converted into an intense hatred against Arundel himself. He cursed him as the cause of disunion between his daughter and himself, and would have asked no greater boon from Heaven, than the opportunity of wreaking his vengeance upon him. And yet, with all this, he was not essentially a bad man. In all the relations of life he had ever shewn himself to be most honourable. Haughty, and sometimes overbearing to his equals, he was not unkind to his inferiors ; and, though carrying his ideas of justice to the most rigorous extreme, he was considerate and humane to his dependents ; but he could not brook opposition, and the slightest occurrence which thwarted his will was sufficient to throw him into paroxysms of passion nearly approaching to insanity.

Such was the person to whom Gertrude's destiny was confided ; and with something similar in their dispositions, as far as regarded the courage and determination of their characters, it is not surprising that the breach between them should every day become more and more difficult to heal. In addition, too, to her own private causes for sorrow, almost every post brought her intelligence of the increasing embarrassments and difficulties to which the royal family were subjected. She entertained the most sincere and ardent affection for the Queen ; and every fresh popular encroachment to which she was forced to submit, Gertrude felt as if it had fallen upon herself. She had retained one or two correspondents among her former companions at court, and, while she shuddered at every new danger to which they were exposed, she could not participate in the hopes which the royalists so sanguinely entertained to the very last, that the day of their victory and triumph was approaching. At length came the catastrophe of the 10th August, and she instantly wrote to offer her services to the Queen, in any way in which they could be available. This letter, however, never reached her to whom it was addressed, having been intercepted on the road ; and Gertrude had no time to wonder

at its remaining unanswered, as her father's arrest took place two days afterwards. He had long been concerting measures, in conjunction with many others of the nobility resident in the provinces, for a general rising of the whole country, in order to facilitate the progress of the Prussians and emigrant princes, and thus to effect the King's deliverance; and although his measures had been so well taken, and his secret so well kept, that no certain information of his projects had reached the revolutionary authorities, yet rumours had got abroad that some movement was in agitation, of which the Marquis was the principal leader; and his violent and unguarded expressions against the Assembly and every one professing similar opinions, would have afforded sufficient grounds for his arrest, even had others been wanting.

Upon the first appearance of the Municipal Officers, accompanied by a detachment of the National Guard, he had endeavoured to prevail upon his servants to assist him in defending the castle, but they all alleged various excuses for leaving him to his fate; and he had the mortification of seeing the gates opened to the armed force by the only male domestic who remained in the house—a fearful example that though mo-

ney may buy service, kindness alone will ensure devotion. When he saw that all hopes of resistance were in vain, he surrendered himself up to the authorities with a composure and dignity that inspired them with respect. The Mayor alone, who for a series of years had been upon bad terms with him, and at whose instigation it was that the present step had been taken, seemed determined to make him feel the full weight of his petty vengeance.

This man, whose dislike to the Marquis originated in some hostilities which he had committed against the game of his noble neighbour, and for which he had been rather severely punished, had never lost an opportunity of gratifying the resentment he felt : at first by all sorts of petty annoyances, and latterly, since the events of the Revolution had clipped the power of his adversary, by more serious and malignant attacks. It was not, however, till he had succeeded in getting himself invested with the principal municipal dignity of his *commune*, that he had ventured to give full scope to the schemes which his inventive mind had conceived for the annihilation of his enemy ; and he now seemed to be in a fair way of realising a wish which he had often expressed to his associates—to drive the Marquis

out of the country, and to take possession of Romainville in his stead. But if he had hoped to feed his malice upon the Marquis's terrors, or attempts at justification, he was completely disappointed. To all the reproaches and threats vented upon him he listened with stoical apathy, and without condescending to return an answer. He merely said that he was ready to submit to the violence offered to him, having no means of resistance; but that he appealed to the national honour for vengeance against so gross an outrage.

It was only when Gertrude, who had been walking in the park, and who was only just apprised of what was passing, made her appearance, that he seemed for a moment unmanned.

"My daughter," said he, as she entered the room, "at all events, is innocent of any crime against the state; and therefore, I presume you do not mean to include her in the violence you offer to me."

"Your daughter," brutally replied the Mayor, "I have nothing to say to; though I believe that the strict discharge of my duty would require me to arrest her also. When the old wolf is caught, it is but bad policy to leave the cub at large."

“ Insolent ruffian !” exclaimed the Marquis ; but before he could add another word, he was stopped by the officer commanding the National Guard. His name was St. Firmin, the only son of an officer of the navy long since dead, leaving a widow and three children to eke out a scanty subsistence with the help of a trifling pension from the state, and a small farm joining the Marquis’s domain. Briefly apologising for his interruption, he said :—

“ One word, sir, before you proceed ;—you are a prisoner, and whatever you say can have no other effect but to aggravate your present position, and that of those about you ; but as I am not in that predicament, I will take the liberty of telling *Monsieur le Maire*, that if he permits himself one word of impertinence against that young lady, I shall, without hesitation, cut his ears off, as soon as he lays down his municipal scarf. We are here to see the law respected, but not to insult the unfortunate.”

The Mayor, furious at this check, turned to the National Guards, desiring them to arrest their commander, and naming one amongst them to take his place ; but they one and all declared their concurrence in every word St. Firmin had uttered, and some went so far as to intimate,

that unless he altered his manners and language, they would leave him to execute his job by himself.

Thus baffled on all sides, he made a merit of necessity, and approaching the Marquis, asked him in a more civil tone of voice when he would be ready to go.

During this short time, the Marquis had been stating to his daughter the facts of the case, and explaining to her what he wished her to do during his absence from home, which he strove to persuade her would be but of short duration; but Gertrude was in no condition to lend an attentive ear to his directions. As soon as she found that her father was arrested, and about to be sent to Paris as a prisoner, a total revolution took place in her feelings towards him; he was no longer the domestic tyrant to whom she owed the destruction of her hopes—the utter annihilation of her earthly happiness. Every recollection that could embitter her feelings towards him faded away at once from her memory: she thought of him only as the kind, the indulgent parent of other and happier days, and throwing herself into his arms, she burst into tears. It was at this moment that the Mayor asked him when he would be ready to depart.

“As soon as I have seen this poor child,” said he, “sufficiently recovered from her present agitation; in the meantime, I will, with your permission, ring for my servants, to take leave of them, and inform them that I leave my daughter mistress of the house.”

“That is out of the question,” said the Mayor. “I am instructed to take provisional possession of the house and everything in it, in the name of the nation.”

“God help her, then! What is to become of her?” said the Marquis, for a moment overpowered by this new calamity, which evinced a serious intention to proceed against him with the utmost severity.

“That I really cannot tell, as I find nothing respecting it in my instructions,” replied the Mayor; “unless, indeed,” added he, with a sneer, which even his fears could not suppress, and half turning to the captain of his escort—“unless, indeed, this gentleman should wish to give her a further testimony of the interest he feels for her, by offering her an apartment at his house.”

“And by heavens!” cried the person alluded to, “if the Marquis will condescend to trust his daughter to the care of my mother and sisters,

they would treat her with as much respect and attention as she has ever found in her own house. For myself," added he, with a slight blush, "I fear I could not be of further service to her, as I march for Paris to-morrow, on my way to the frontiers."

"And to no one would I sooner trust her, brave young man, if necessary," said the Marquis. "I hope, however, I shall be able to make some arrangement which will be burdensome to no one."

But as soon as Gertrude was aware of the nature of the discussion, she declared that no power on earth should prevent her accompanying her father, and sharing his fate. In vain the Marquis endeavoured to reason with her; and represented that it would be an aggravation of his own misfortunes to see her perpetually exposed to the hardships and misery of a prison life; and should her delicate frame sink under them, as was but too probable, what bitter and unavailing sorrow it would heap upon the few remaining years of his life. But she was resolute; and to every objection furnished a ready answer, or had recourse to the most earnest and pathetic entreaties to accompany him.

"Surely, my father," said she, "you will not

deprive me of the only means in my power of proving my affection to you, and endeavouring to atone for the uneasiness I have at different times caused you. If I have not totally lost all claim upon your heart, you will not make me so utterly miserable as to refuse this prayer. Say you give your consent, and it will be the greatest favour you have yet conferred upon me." And she hung upon his neck, in trembling anxiety for his decision.

In the mean time, during this scene, the Mayor and his assistants had retired to put seals upon everything in the castle, leaving his prisoner in the custody of the military ; but their commander, having received the Marquis's word of honour that he would not attempt to escape, withdrew into an adjoining room with the soldiers under his command, unwilling to add to the distress of his prisoner by staying to witness it.

As soon as he had withdrawn, and the Marquis found himself alone with his daughter, he seated her gently by his side ; and, taking her hand, " Before I give an answer," said he, " you must promise to answer me truly one question."

With a voice scarcely audible from agitation, she gave the promise required.

" Tell me, then : is it a feeling of duty, or of

affection, that prompts you to accompany me? Remember, you have promised me the truth."

"Oh, my father!" said she, taking his hand and kissing it, "can you really doubt, for one moment, that it is the most sincere, the purest love? If you could see into my heart, you would not have asked such a question."

Her manner—the tone of her voice—everything proved that she was indeed sincere; and the Marquis, inexpressibly touched by such unequivocal tokens of an affection which he felt he had not deserved, and which, a few minutes before, he thought was lost to him for ever, for a moment hid his face in his hands, to conceal the tear which fell from his eyes. An instant after, catching her convulsively to his arms, and covering her forehead with kisses,—“Do you then really love me so very much, my child?” exclaimed he. “You cannot tell the happiness I feel. Prisoner as I am, my property doomed to confiscation, perhaps my life forfeited, I would not exchange the feelings of this moment, to be seated on the throne of the universe! Say once more that you love me, Gertrude—and you ought to love me; for never did father return his child’s affections more ardently than I do yours. If you would but yield to me on one

point, how perfect would my happiness be !” But the words were scarcely out of his mouth, before he repented having so unguardedly uttered them ; for Gertrude turned deadly pale, and her whole manner changed in a moment. She appeared as if, by the wand of an enchanter, turned into stone.

“ Forgive me, my child !” cried her father. “ It is a subject I shall never mention again. I was in hopes—but no matter. It is over. You know my wishes ; and to prove to you how completely I confide in you, I release you this moment from every promise you have made me. I trust entirely to your good feelings.”

Gertrude attempted to say something ; but her voice failed her, and her father, anxious to change the subject, said, “ Well then, now that we understand each other, let us make arrangements for our departure. I should be sorry to lay myself under any obligation to such *canaille* as our worthy Mayor and his deputies. It grieves me to see that fine young man who commands their escort imbued with such mistaken principles. His mother is a most respectable woman ; and his father was an excellent officer, and a man of honour. It shows how little dependence is to be placed on appearances. I

should have as soon thought of my becoming a revolutionary leader myself. To be sure I am of noble blood, and he is but a roturier: probably that may account for it." Satisfied with this philosophical way of solving the problem, the Marquis summoned the young officer to his presence, and begged him to make the necessary preparations for his departure. These were soon completed; and, by the interference of St. Firmin, they were allowed to take the linen and clothes they required; and one of the Marquis's carriages was selected for their conveyance.

Thus equipped, they commenced their journey to Paris, escorted by St. Firmin and the detachment under his command. Thanks to his attentive care, they experienced no further annoyance on the road than that of being the objects of general curiosity. Once only did the populace evince a disposition to proceed to acts of violence against them; but the firm attitude of the troops, and the prompt measures taken by their commander, speedily convinced the leaders of the mob that any attack upon the prisoners would be vigorously repulsed; and they quickly abandoned all further idea of it. This little incident, however, and the length of time required for the journey—for, on account of their escort,

they could advance but very slowly—tended to produce an intimacy between St. Firmin and his charge, which proved, on all sides, an agreeable relief to the tedious monotony of the road. He contented himself with taking the Marquis's parole that he would remain in his custody, without attempting to escape; and instead of lodging them every night in the prison of the town in which they slept, according to the tenor of his instructions, he allowed them to take up their abode at the inn, without imposing any further restraint upon them than that of placing a sentry at the gate, more with a view to insure their safety against any popular commotion, than for any other purpose. The Marquis fully appreciated the delicacy of his conduct; and moreover, touched by the deferential tone in which he invariably addressed him, insisted on his joining their party every evening—an addition which was not disagreeable to Gertrude; for no young lady sees with an unfavourable eye a handsome, well-informed, gentleman-like young man who is evidently ready to do homage to her attractions. But to St. Firmin himself the effect was almost magical. At no time, and in no country, perhaps, was the distinction of manner in different gradations of society so marked, as in France

during the last century. There was a something which distinguished the manners of the court and those who were admitted to its intimacy, which was completely unattainable by those who did not enjoy the same advantage. A man might have the most elegant manners, the most refined tone of conversation; but still, to a practised observer, there would be a sort of indefinable polish wanting, which distinguished the *grand seigneur* from his fellow-men; and no one possessed this distinguishing mark in greater perfection than the Marquis de Romainville. As for Gertrude, St. Firmin's feelings towards her resembled rather those of adoration for a superior being, than of earthly admiration. To think of her with feelings of love would have seemed to him an act little short of profanation; and he fancied that his happiness could admit of no addition, when gazing on her loveliness, or listening to the soft melody of her voice. He could not forbear drawing comparisons between that class of society to which he was accustomed, and the one into which he was thus adventitiously thrown; and he was compelled, somewhat reluctantly, perhaps, to admit that it was all to the disadvantage of the former. There are few sensations more enchanting to a young man

capable of appreciating the refinement of good society, but who has been debarred by circumstances from enjoying it, than to find himself suddenly and called upon to play a part in it. Under such favourable auspices, as his timidity gradually disappeared, St. Firmin's well-informed mind and natural wit came into full play, and rivetted the attention of Gertrude in a manner that would not perhaps have been altogether pleasing to Henry Arundel, could he have witnessed it ; while his acute and well-timed remarks were not unfrequently honoured with the approbation of the Marquis himself. But with all his respect for the Marquis, and his admiration for his daughter, he did not scruple to defend the political principles he professed, with all the frankness and ardour of his character.

“How is it possible,” exclaimed the Marquis, one evening, when the discussion had been carried on with more than usual warmth—“how is it possible that so sensible a young man as you appear to be upon all other points, should be the advocate of such an unjust, such an unrighteous cause? Your father is to be envied that he has been spared the pain of seeing such a spectacle. He was as loyal a subject as he was

a brave officer ; and that is saying much. I well remember, during the last war between England and France, that it was owing to his skill and gallantry that the frigate in which he was first lieutenant made her escape into Brest, after an engagement with two British vessels of superior force. Ah ! he was a fine fellow. Would to God the King had a few more servants like him at this moment !”

“ And do you know his reward, Monsieur le Marquis ?” replied St. Firmin. “ He died of his wounds, neglected and unpromoted, because he had obtained the highest rank to which *roturiers* could aspire. His captain, who had never appeared upon deck during the whole of the action to which you have alluded, received the cross of St. Louis, and shortly afterwards was made an admiral. I said he died of his wounds ; but God knows how much a broken heart had to do with it ! It is true my mother receives a pension of four hundred francs a year ; but can that replace a husband to a widow, or a father to his three orphan children ? No, sir. If you reflect for one moment upon my father’s story, you will no longer wonder at our embracing with ardour a revolution which opens to us the door to honour and distinction. Merit is all our country will

consider for the future ; and the proudest noble in France may live to be commanded by the son of the peasant who tills his land."

"God forbid !" said the Marquis, with a sort of involuntary shudder.

St. Firmin could not refrain from a smile at this exclamation, and even Gertrude half yielded to the contagion while she answered—

"But surely, papa, if you were in a battle, you would rather be under the orders of a peasant who could gain it than of a *Duc et Pair* who would be sure to lose it."

"My dear child," replied the Marquis, "you are talking of what you do not understand. There is something in the profession of arms which seems to point it out as one peculiarly, and almost exclusively, adapted to those of noble blood; and accordingly you will scarcely find one single instance of a man rising to any great distinction or eminence in it unless he was a gentleman."

"Perhaps," rejoined St. Firmin, with a smile, "the law which limited the superior grades of the army to gentlemen might have had something to do with that fact; but whatever the cause may have been, it is, thank God, altered now, and we have an equal chance with the rest ;

though I am afraid I can hardly hope for the good wishes of Monsieur le Marquis for my success in this career."

"Indeed, sir, you have them. Though I may regret changes and innovations which have reduced France to the brink of ruin, from being the first and most powerful kingdom in Europe, I should be sorry to think that some partial benefit, at least to individual classes, might not arise from them, though even that I think you are inclined to overrate; and it would give me sincere pleasure to find that you have been one to profit by them, though I may be permitted to wish that you had drawn your sword under another banner."

"It is that of my country," warmly replied the young officer, who, with an enthusiasm not uncommon at that time in France, looked upon the tricolour flag almost as an object of worship, as a sort of palladium to which was attached the destiny of the Revolution. The Marquis made no reply except by a low formal bow, and taking his daughter's arm, retired for the night to his own apartments, leaving St. Firmin to his meditations.

They were now approaching Paris, and on the evening before that on which they were to enter

that city, and on which St. Firmin would have to surrender up his charge to other hands, he showed such evident uneasiness, and was altogether so changed in manner, that his companions could not avoid taking notice of it, and anxiously inquired if he was ill. At length, unable to parry their questions any longer, he confessed that he had that morning received instructions to convey his prisoners to the prison of *la Force*.

“Is that all?” said the Marquis; “to me it is a matter of indifference where they send me to.”

“But Mademoiselle,” rejoined St. Firmin; “what an abode for her!”

“True,” replied the Marquis; “it is impossible she can go there—she must go——”

“Do you forget your promise?” interrupted Gertrude—“your solemn promise, that I should not be separated from you, wherever I might be sent to; and you, sir,” continued she, turning to St. Firmin, “I do not thank you for endeavouring to make me desert a path pointed out to me alike by affection and duty. Nay, do not look so profoundly miserable,” added she, giving her hand to St. Firmin, who seemed thunderstruck by her reproof; “I feel the kindness of your

motives, and I thank you for them ; but, believe me, whatever hardships I may have to undergo, whatever trials I may be exposed to, they will be as nothing compared to the misery I should endure, were my father in prison and I separated from him ; therefore let us say no more about it. I have my father's promise, and by that I abide." St. Firmin could not repress an exclamation of admiration ; but Gertrude said, " Indeed you are mistaken. I am afraid there is nothing to admire or praise in my conduct ; there is a great mixture of selfishness in it."

" No, my own Gertrude," said her father, " you may try to deceive yourself, but I know the magnitude of the sacrifice you are making ; I have not been a happy man through life, Monsieur St. Firmin ; but to have such a daughter, is a compensation greater than I deserve."

St. Firmin's looks proved that he fully concurred in the eulogium ; " And, good Heaven," cried he, " what can you think of me, to have been the instrument of your arrest and confinement ?—I must ever be an object of dislike and abhorrence to you."

" Not so, indeed, my young friend," replied de Romainville ; " you have had a duty to perform, as irksome to yourself as it is undoubtedly

disagreeable to me ; but I can only remember that you have discharged it with a delicacy and kindness impossible to be surpassed. If my good wishes can be of any avail, I hope that if your revolutionary friends should think the dignity of Marshal of France compatible with the republic they are doubtless about to found, you will obtain it as speedily as possible."

"Thank you, sir; but my ambition does not soar quite so high," replied St. Firmin; "and you, Mademoiselle, do you forgive me the trouble of which I am the involuntary cause?"

"My daughter, I am sure," said the Marquis, taking the words out of her mouth, "fully concurs in my feelings; is it not so, Gertrude?"

"It is, indeed; I shall never think of Monsieur St. Firmin but with feelings of friendship and gratitude."

Adversity had not been without its use to the mind of the Marquis, or he might have favoured his auditors with a lecture on the impropriety of such expressions from a de Romainville to a St. Firmin; as it was, though he certainly winced a little, he said nothing for a moment, and then making a violent effort, as if struggling to conquer his nature, he said, "Right, my child; we are under great obligations to Monsieur, and

I know nothing more becoming than to acknowledge our gratitude where it is due. As for the friendship of a prisoner, it can be but a mere phrase, though I hope the time will come when we shall be able to give it a substantial meaning." At this ambiguous speech, Gertrude and St. Firmin became scarlet, though from different motives, and the latter quickly replied, "The only meaning it ever can have to me, it has already; it encourages me to hope that if hereafter my name is mentioned in the presence of the Marquis de Romainville, or his daughter, they will call to mind that it belongs to one, whose chief pride it was, that he had been of some trifling service to them in a moment of anxiety and distress."

"But that is not the meaning I attach to it," said the Marquis, seeing the interpretation St. Firmin put upon his words; "I mean that should our fates be reversed, should the monarchy be restored, and its enemies overcome, as I trust in Heaven they will soon be, you will find me eager and desirous to return you the good office I have received at your hands. But come, Gertrude, you can at least reward our friend with something better than words: have you no remembrance to bestow on him?—the gift of a

fair lady should ever be dear to a soldier ; give him that ring you have on your finger," and he fixed his eyes on the ring Arundel had given her, and which was the only ornament she wore.

Gertrude bent down her head as she said, " I will look for one, sir, when I go up stairs, if M. St. Firmin will accept of one from me."

" And why not that one?" said her father ; " I am sure it is fitter for a gentleman than a lady."

" I cannot part with this one, sir," said Gertrude, faintly ; " it is a present."

" Who gave it you—the Queen?" asked he, rather sharply.

St. Firmin, who perceived there was something wrong, though he could not conceive of what nature, attempted to interfere, and was beginning some common-place speech about the impossibility of his depriving Mademoiselle of any thing she appeared to value, when Gertrude, who had recovered her spirits, answered her father's last question in a manner that showed she was not disposed easily to give up the contest. " No, sir," said she, " it is not the gift of the Queen, though it was with her sanction that I accepted it from a very dear friend ; if I am not more explicit, it is because I am unwilling to bring upon

the *tapis* a subject which we have mutually agreed never to allude to, and which certainly could not be very interesting to Monsieur St. Firmin. With your permission I will retire, and seek for something better worthy his acceptance."

The Marquis, who, whilst she was speaking had gazed upon her in mute astonishment at what he deemed her unparalleled boldness, commanded himself, however, sufficiently to refrain from any intemperate reply, and merely saying, "Do as you please," threw himself into an arm chair, and before she returned was apparently buried in sleep. Gertrude soon made her appearance, with a very handsome ring, which she presented to St. Firmin, who received it with all the outward acknowledgments proper upon such an occasion, and an inward feeling of joy which he dared not encourage, but could not entirely suppress.

The next day was a painful one to all parties, but to none so much as to him who had the least apparent cause for affliction. St. Firmin, as the massy gates of the prison closed upon the Marquis and his daughter, felt his heart die within him, and would gladly have changed places with the most miserable of its inmates, rather than give up the society of

those who had in a manner opened to him a new existence. He had not even the melancholy satisfaction of taking leave of them, for while he was going through the necessary formalities of giving up his charge to the authorities of the prison, they were hurried into the interior, where no one was allowed to penetrate except those who had duties to perform there.

And what were the sensations of those who were thus abruptly separated from him? The gloomy aspect of the prison, its pestilential atmosphere, the long dark corridors, the damp walls and narrow cells, and above all the number of unfortunate wretches crowded together into a space barely sufficient to accommodate one fourth of the number, were circumstances from which the stoutest heart might well have been excused recoiling with terror and disgust. The Marquis, however, strode on after his conductor, apparently indifferent to his own fate, and not without the hope that his daughter, when she saw the miserable abode of filth, misery, and vice, which he was to inhabit, would yield to his intreaties and consent to leave him to his fate. But he did not yet know the strength of Gertrude's mind; for although, when actually within the prison, she found the reality so much worse than any thing her imagination had pictured to

her, her resolution still remained unshaken, and she endeavoured to strengthen herself for the part she had undertaken, and which she was determined to persevere in, by struggling against the momentary feeling of terror and dismay with which she was assailed at her first entrance.

At length, after traversing an almost interminable labyrinth of passages and galleries, the gaoler stopped at the door of a room, if room that could be called which consisted of nothing but the four walls and one small strongly grated window, looking into one of the inner courts, and serving merely to make darkness visible. In different parts of the room were heaps of straw, which had evidently been used as beds; and when the eye got a little more used to the obscurity, four or five individuals, the previous inmates of the cell, might be discovered, looking with curiosity upon the new-comer who was to be added to their number.

“This, sir, is your sleeping room,” said the gaoler, who appeared to have as much civility in his composition as his profession would allow of. “I am afraid you will be a little crowded, but we are very full just now, and this is one of the best and most airy rooms in the *hôtel*.”

“Now, Gertrude, that you see what a prison

really is," said the Marquis, "I trust you will listen to reason, and not persist in remaining here, where I tell you fairly you can be of no use to me, and where your presence will add considerably to my uneasiness." What more he might have added is uncertain, for the gaoler, interrupting him, said, "I beg your pardon, sir, but I am afraid the young lady ought to have considered that before; her name is entered in the register, and I cannot let her out without an order from Monsieur Manuel, which cannot be obtained before to-morrow."

At this news the Marquis seemed stupefied, but Gertrude exclaimed, "Thank you, sir, from the bottom of my heart; all I fear is being separated from my father."

"Well, well, Mademoiselle," replied the concierge, "we will do the best we can for you; you are not charged with any crime, and I will make you as comfortable as I can."

"Do that," cried the Marquis, "and you will have no reason to tax me with ingratitude. I have money," said he, producing a purse filled with gold, "and I have the means of procuring more."

"And you are not over wise in telling me so before so many witnesses," said the concierge,

looking impatiently at the group of prisoners by whom they were by this time surrounded.

“ Ah, bah ! my friend,” exclaimed a young man amongst them ; “ I wish you would endeavour to forget that you have been gaoler to convicts and galley slaves, and only bear in mind that at present you are maitre d’hôtel to the most select society of Paris ; but,” added he, turning to his companions, “ as our presence may be a constraint upon their conversation, let us retire,” which proposal was immediately adopted.

“ Now, sir,” said the gaoler, “ I will tell you fairly, that in my situation I cannot refuse money, from those who have it to give, for any extra accommodation I afford them ; but I prefer leaving it to your generosity to making any demand. As for the young lady, she shall have a bed in my apartment, where my wife will attend to her, and where she will find companions better suited to her. The Princesse de Lamballe and the Marquise de Tourzelle are at present under my care ; during the day you may visit her in my salon ; at night, I am sorry to say, you must share the accommodation of the other prisoners.”

“ Well, since it must be so, we will make the best of it,” said the Marquis ; “ in the mean

time, accept this purse and my thanks for your civility, and be assured that my gratitude will not stop here. And now, Gertrude, as the evening is fast wearing away, you had better go to your own quarters, and I will make the acquaintance of my companions in misfortune. Good night, my dear child: God bless you, and reward you for the devotion you have shown me. I will see you early to-morrow, with the permission of Monsieur le Concierge."

This painful moment was soon over, and Gertrude allowed herself to be led away to the apartment of the gaoler. Here she found the two ladies already mentioned, and whom she had been intimately acquainted with, while forming part of Marie Antoinette's household.

"Good gracious, Gertrude!" exclaimed the Princess, "you here, my poor child?—what pretence can the monsters have devised for imprisoning you?"

Gertrude soon explained the circumstances that had brought her there. "But surely, Madam," added she, "I might ask the same question of you and Madame la Marquise; you, in particular, who have so carefully avoided taking the least part in politics—who are only known to the public by your numberless acts of

charity, and whose name has been spared by writers of all parties. What can they accuse you of?"

"Alas! my child," replied the Princess, "the fate of the King and my unfortunate friend is a proof that the most sublime virtues have no longer any merit in the eyes of the people. My crime is my attachment to the Queen. You have nothing to fear; Madame de Tourzelle will also escape; but for me, my fate is sealed."

"Oh, say not so, Madam!" cried Gertrude. "The people are just, and although abused and misled by a faction for a moment, they will not be long before they open their eyes, and seek to repair the effects of their injustice."

"I hope it may prove so," replied Madame de Lamballe, calmly; "but that moment will come too late for me. I feel I shall never leave this prison alive. My wealth has raised me up a powerful enemy in one who ought to be my protector, but who has ever been my bitterest persecutor through life, as he has been of everything noble and virtuous. My brother-in-law is anxious for my dowry; and, after all, why should I wish to live? I have seen everything I venerate, every person I love and esteem, in-

volved in the general wreck. Even my good old father-in-law perhaps will not escape."

It was in vain that Gertrude and Madame de Tourzelle endeavoured to combat these melancholy forebodings. They had obtained fixed possession of her mind; and since the 10th of August a death by assassination was ever present to her imagination; though even that could not pourtray the atrocious circumstances with which it was actually attended. Madame de Tourzelle, who had been governess of the royal children since the emigration of Madame de Polignac, was only known to the world by the exemplary manner in which she had discharged the duties of her situation. On appointing her to it, the Queen had said, "Till this moment I have confided my children to the care of friendship, now I trust them to that of virtue." And well had the trust been discharged. Notwithstanding her age and delicate health, she was still calm and even cheerful; and from her conversation Gertrude derived more consolation than she had received for many months past. From her also she learnt all the particulars of the fatal 10th of August; in short, the whole history of the royal family since she had left the Tuilleries.

CHAPTER V.

THE night passed away less wearily than Gertrude had anticipated. The next day her father was admitted to see her, and while they were together the gaoler came in with Arundel's note, and said, with a smile, that he was happy to be the bearer of good news; "For," added he, "I have received the most positive instructions from the Minister of Justice himself, to treat you with every attention compatible with your safe custody. I shall, therefore, endeavour to give you a room to yourself." But when the Marquis, upon inquiry, found that this could only be effected by distributing its inmates amongst other cells already over-crowded, he positively refused to avail himself of the gaoler's offer, saying, that

he should be ashamed of himself if he sought to procure any comfort at the expense of his companions in misfortune. This remark was received by him to whom it was addressed with a shrug of the shoulders, which seemed to imply anything but admiration of the Marquis's self-denial. "As you please, sir," said he; "if there is any other way in which I can make you more comfortable, perhaps you will be good enough to mention it."

The Marquis having assured him that at that moment nothing occurred to him, but that he would think about it, the man made what was intended for a bow, and withdrew. In the meantime Gertrude had opened the note, and read the few words it contained. Either Arundel had been at no great pains to conceal his handwriting, or sharp-sighted love, who, we are told, can see through stone walls, taught Gertrude to penetrate the secret. Be that as it may, certain it is that she instantly recognized the characters of her former lover. The audible beating of her heart, and her heightened colour, were sufficient tokens that this fresh proof of his affection was anything but indifferent to her, and sinking into a reverie, her thoughts again retraced to her memory those scenes in which he

had acted so prominent a part. From this waking dream she was roused by the voice of her father, who, having dismissed the concierge, asked her what she had found in her note to make her thus pensive? For all reply she put it into his hand.

“Well, indeed,” said he, when he had read it, “things look a little better for us; we shall yet be able to confound the malice of my enemies. But whom can this friendly notice come from? I do not know the handwriting. Ah! I will tell you; it must be from that excellent young man, St. Firmin. He has, no doubt, got access, by some means or other, to Danton, and represented the hardship of my case to him. It shows his delicacy not to have signed his name.”

“I have no doubt, sir,” said Gertrude, who could not brook to hear the merits of her lover attributed to another, “I have no doubt that if Monsieur St. Firmin had had the power, he would have acted in the same way as the writer of this note; but it is not from him—it is from Mr. Arundel.”

The Marquis started up at these words, and began pacing up and down the room with a gloomy brow, and in evident agitation. His daughter, apparently, noticed it not, but relapsed

into that train of ideas from which his voice had so lately roused her ; and as she thought of all Arundel had done for her, the steady affection he had shown her for so long, and which still seemed to triumph over the repulses and the mortifications he had been subjected to in consequence, she could not avoid contrasting it with her own conduct towards him, which to him, who was necessarily ignorant of the circumstances by which it had been occasioned, must bear the appearance of fickleness and ingratitude. Her eyes filled with tears at the thought that perhaps she was already discarded from his affection as unworthy of it, and that this last proof of interest he had given her, might have originated merely in a feeling of pity for one whom he had once so fondly loved ; how willingly would she at that moment have sacrificed life itself, if by so doing she could have convinced him of her unalterable constancy.

While buried in these reflections, her father, stopping short before her, said, in a voice that had nothing harsh in it, “ Can it be possible, Gertrude, that you still love him ?—or is it only the recollection of your former intimacy that wrings these tears from you ? ”

There was something in the Marquis’s manner

that seemed to invite confidence ; it was the first time that he had alluded to this forbidden subject without some marks of anger ; and Gertrude, encouraged by this circumstance, or unable to conceal any longer the workings of her mind, threw herself at his feet, and taking his hand—

“ Yes, my father,” said she, “ though your anger should kill me, I confess it ; I love him more at this moment, when every thing is at an end between us, than I did when seeing him every day, and permitted to acknowledge my attachment to him. Would to God I could convince him that I am not unworthy of the interest he still appears to take in the welfare of me and mine !”

“ Unworthy ! what do you mean ?”

“ Do you forget then,” replied Gertrude, “ the cold unfeeling note I wrote him when he was in the neighbourhood of Pau ? What can he think of a woman who owes her life to him—who is bound to him by every tie of honour and gratitude—who has accepted his faith, and plighted hers in return, and can then coolly dismiss him without one word to explain her conduct, or soften the misery she is inflicting ? Other parts of my conduct may have been imprudent—thoughtless—for I never made an effort to

conceal from him the love I felt for him—and why should I have done so?—for there was no fault in it; there was no cause for concealment; but that last act was culpable in the highest degree, and bitterly I have expiated it, for I have not known a moment's happiness or peace of mind since."

Her father, who listened to this confession in silence, raised her from the ground, and after intreating her to calm her agitation, said—

"The patience with which I have listened to an avowal which I confess has given me indescribable pain, is a sufficient guarantee that I am no longer influenced by any angry feeling. I will not attempt to conceal that I had entertained hopes that time and your own good sense would have eradicated a passion which I so entirely disapprove; but since that is not the case, since it appears to have identified itself with your existence, I will no longer attempt to contend against it. You are no longer a child, to yield to a caprice. If you are satisfied that the happiness of your life depends upon Mr. Arundel I will not any further oppose your union. My dislike to it is as strong as ever, but I cannot forget that the affection you have shown me during the last fortnight demands a more than

common return ; and I know not how I can better evince my sense of it than by sacrificing to it feelings, which probably you may call prejudices, but which have become a part of myself. I have heard a good deal about Mr. Arundel since I came here from my fellow prisoners, and it has all been in his favour. Every body admits that, though by some means or other entangled in the nets of the revolutionary party, he is far from embracing their principles to their full extent ; and strange to say, although he has abandoned the court, no one attributes his change to unworthy motives. At such a time as the present it can be no common man who inspires his adversaries with respect. You see I am willing to do him full justice ; and that the measure may be complete, I will now tell you what I thought it needless to mention while I was ignorant of the force of your sentiments for him, that from circumstances which lately came to my knowledge, I am inclined to believe he was not so much to blame in that affair which first led to your rupture."

"Oh, papa," said Gertrude, "I have long been sure of that ; how I could have believed it for one moment I know not ; poor Henry, I have been always so unjust to him!"

“ Well, but let me finish what I have to say ; though I have said I consent to your marriage, it is not without conditions ; the first is that he shall immediately quit the party which he has so foolishly embraced, and if he will not join us, at least that he will leave France till order is reëstablished ; and the second is, that my consent shall not be announced to him till I am restored to liberty. He or his friends might suppose that I was endeavouring to obtain my liberation at the expense of my principles.”

The latter of these conditions appeared to Gertrude’s sanguine hopes as requiring a delay of a few days only, or weeks at the utmost ; but the first one seems to involve more difficulty ; and while she was pouring out her thanks to her father, it was evident there was some *arrière pensée*, which checked the full expansion of her heart.

“ Well, my child,” said her father, “ if you are happy that is all I ask for. But you are thinking of something else, what is it ? the time of mystery between us is passed, I hope for ever.”

The question was a delicate one ; for though on the one hand it was advisable that the Marquis should be informed of her doubts, yet on the other, it was necessary to do it in such a manner as should not shock his opinions, or

make him recall a consent evidently given with reluctance.

“I was thinking, papa,” said Gertrude, “why people should think that Mr. Arundel had changed his opinions; for, though he was a great deal at the Tuilleries, he never took any part in the discussions which were going on, or at least very rarely, and then always to oppose the plans proposed. I have heard him myself often blame them to the Queen with much more freedom than I ever heard from any one else; and sometimes she used to get very angry about it, but he did not mind that, and went on in the same way; though his manner was always most respectful, he never gave up his opinion; and I remember once her Majesty asking me why I did not use my influence with him better.”

“How!—did the Queen say that?” exclaimed the Marquis, to whom this observation was a ray of light, which explained to him much that he had not been able to understand in the Queen’s conduct towards Arundel and his daughter. “But no matter whether his opinions were those of the king’s advisers or not—and I must allow that many of their projects had not even common sense to recommend them—I presume at least that he is not an enemy of the monarchy.”

“ Oh no, sir, that he is not. He was in the palace on the 10th, and only left it when the King retired. Madame de Tourzelle says the Queen gave him her hand to kiss, and went so far as to make a sort of half apology for the cool manner in which he had been latterly received at the Tuilleries. Oh no, sir!—he is no enemy of the monarchy, for he was the only person who ventured to support the Queen in her endeavours to make the King put himself at the head of the troops.”

“ Well then,” said the Marquis, who could not help smiling at the eagerness with which she vindicated her lover’s conduct, “ I suppose he will make no difficulty about abandoning a cause he condemns, and which in the eyes of the world he seems to sanction by his support; for amongst such a band of blackguards the adhesion of one man of honour has a great moral effect on the public mind.”

“ But, sir,” replied his daughter, “ Mr. Arundel no doubt considers that he is in the service of France, and not in that of any particular party; and as long as we are at war with foreign powers, I am sure, from what I know of him, he will think it his duty to remain in the ranks of the army—certainly as long as the Prussians are in France.”

“And as it is upon their remaining in France,” replied her father, “that our best, I may say our only hopes depend, you will see how impossible it is for me—for any royalist, to give him his daughter as long as he bears arms against our cause. This, therefore, is a *sine quâ non* with me, a condition from which nothing will induce me to depart. Methinks a very small share of affection for you should suffice to induce him to accept it.”

Gertrude made no reply, but she thought how little right she had to ask for such a proof of attachment; and then the chilling apprehension again came across her mind, that perhaps she was no longer dear to him, and that this offer, which at one time he would have almost died to obtain, might be rejected with scorn and contempt.

“At all events,” continued the Marquis, “we have time enough before us, as no step can be taken till my fate is decided, and it shall then be my task to ascertain how Mr. Arundel is disposed to act. If I die, you will be your own mistress, and can act as you please; you know my wishes, but I have no disposition to extend my authority beyond the grave.”

At this idea, which recalled to her their pre-

sent situation, and the uncertainty of her father's fate, Gertrude could not avoid taxing herself with selfishness in being so completely absorbed by the contemplation of her own possible disappointment, as to have forgotten the nearer and more pressing dangers by which the Marquis was threatened.

“ True, my dear father,” said she; “ let this subject be banished from our conversation, and, if possible, from our thoughts, till you are released from this horrible place. How unfeeling must I appear to you for having dwelt upon it so long !”

Her father endeavoured to reassure her ; and certainly never was the old saying, that a good action brings its own reward, more perfectly exemplified, than the Marquis found it to be on the present occasion. He had completely regained the affection and confidence of his child, who endeavoured to show, by a thousand little endearments and nameless attentions, how sensible she was of his kindness, and how well she appreciated the strength of his love for her, which had effected such a conquest over himself. It cannot be denied that it had required no common effort of magnanimity to bring it about. But the Marquis was an altered man. All his plans,

whether of a private or political nature, had failed ; all his hopes for the restoration of the monarchy had vanished ; for he was too sagacious not to see that the utmost efforts of the Royalists could only tend to prolong the contest a little longer, without the slightest chance of ultimate success. Nor could he conceal from himself, although he did so most carefully from his daughter, that his offences against the revolution were sufficient to put his life in great jeopardy ; and from the first moment of his arrest, he entertained but little expectation of escaping from the vengeance of his adversaries. Death he was not afraid to face, but he could not endure the idea of dying an object of fear, perhaps of hatred, to his child ; and when he saw that all his efforts for many months, to wean her from an attachment which literally poisoned his existence, had proved abortive, he yielded to the force of a sentiment he felt he had no longer any hopes of eradicating. Perhaps, too, he was not sorry to leave her to the protection of one who stood well with the reigning powers, and through whose influence it was possible that his immense possessions might be preserved to her. By degrees he accustomed himself to the idea of seeing in the son of his old enemy the future husband

of his only daughter ; and when he witnessed, day after day, the rapid and almost miraculous change for the better in Gertrude's appearance, caused by renovated hope and the assurance of her father's sympathy, despite the gloomy walls and unwholesome atmosphere of a prison, he fairly congratulated himself upon the happy results of the sacrifice he had made of his own feelings to her happiness.

Thus passed away the last days of the month of August, without any thing occurring to vary the tedious monotony of their existence, with the exception of an intimation to Monsieur de Romainville, that his trial would be brought on as soon as possible. This was hailed by Gertrude as a favourable omen, and even added to the cheerfulness of the Marquis, although he was by no means so sanguine as his daughter ; but to a man in his situation, the worst certainty is less torturing than suspense. But while the Marquis and his daughter found within the walls of a prison an union and concord to which they had been strangers in the magnificent abode of Romainville, events were preparing that were destined completely to overthrow the plans of future happiness in which they had been indulging, and which strikingly illustrated the futi-

lity of human projects. The terrible days of September were at hand. On the second of that month, while the Marquis was paying his usual visit to his daughter, the gaoler came into the room with an air of the most extreme consternation, and told the Marquis that he must retire immediately to his own room. For some time he would give no answers to the numerous questions put to him by those present—for the salon served as a sitting room to the other female prisoners, some of whom happened to be there at the time—as to the cause of this new arrangement. At length he said, “Why, if you must know, Verdun is taken by the Prussians; and the people, before marching from Paris to exterminate their foreign enemies, talk of first judging and punishing those they have within its walls, and we are in momentary expectation of their attacking the prisons. Come, sir,” said he, and at that moment the report of the alarm gun was heard, and the terrible tocsin began to sound. “Come, sir, do you hear that? I cannot be distracted from my duties at such a moment, by having my prisoners all over the hotel.”

“At least, say,” exclaimed the Marquis, “are these ladies safe?”

“I hope you will be all safe,” exclaimed the

man; "but I have no time for more idling." And, assisting to disengage him from Gertrude, who had thrown herself into his arms, he hurried him from the apartment; but not before he had whispered to his daughter, as he kissed her, perhaps for the last time, that this was the moment to show her courage and self-possession. Nor was the appeal made in vain. An instant after the door had closed upon him, she was as cool and collected as if she had been doing the honours of her own house to a party of her friends. Her example was not thrown away upon her companions, who, with hardly an exception, gave proofs of fortitude and resignation, such as earned for the early martyrs of our faith the crown of immortality.

Meantime, the discordant sound of the tocsin, the drums beating to arms, the occasional shots heard, at first from afar, but now evidently approaching, and at last the furious cries and imprecations of the populace, as they rushed up the narrow streets leading to the prison, told them that the hour of their trial was at hand. Simultaneously falling on their knees, they implored the protection of heaven on their defenceless state; or, if death was at hand, that they might be enabled to face its terrors with Christian piety.

The windows of the apartment in which they were assembled looked upon one of the inner courts of the building, and the sound of numberless footsteps rushing into it, accompanied by savage yells and the clashing of arms, announced that the assailants had experienced no difficulty in obtaining an entrance. Impelled by that extraordinary curiosity, which in a manner compels us sometimes to look upon objects most repugnant and distasteful to us, two or three of the ladies had placed themselves in such a position near the window, as to enable them to see everything that passed in the court, at the same time that they themselves were sheltered from observation. Eagerly were their observations listened to by those who, less courageous, or possessing a more refined feeling of delicacy, remained grouped together at the further end of the room. Amongst the last mentioned were to be seen the *Princesse de Lamballe*, *Madame de Tourzelle*, and *Gertrude*, occupied in addressing words of consolation to their terrified companions, or mutually endeavouring to arm each other with courage against the fate which seemed inevitable.

“ Good heavens ! ” cried *Mademoiselle de T—*, who was one of those who had posted themselves

at the window, "what a horrible set!—and women, too, amongst them! Surely, if they meant to murder us, persons of our own sex would never allow it. And yet there is nothing feminine about them but the dress. Ah! see, what are they doing now? They seem to be selecting some amongst them for some purpose. One, two, five—there are twelve who have laid down their arms, and are going into the inner building of the prison. Now they put sentries at the door; and the others seem eagerly watching it. It opens. They are pushing some one out.—It is Monsieur de la Chenaye!"

She gave a loud scream, and rushed towards the interior of the room, while another voice from the window, scarcely audible from her sobs, said, "Yes, they have killed him! There is no hope for any of us. The very women trample upon him, as he lies bleeding!" A violent hysterical laugh prevented the poor girl's continuing, and added to the terror of her auditors.

"For the love of heaven!" cried Gertrude, who ran towards her, "leave the window."

"I cannot, I cannot," cried the unhappy girl. "See how his blood streams. And now there are two bleeding. How happy those women seem! I wish I was with them. Let us all go down and

join them. It will be much pleasanter than staying up here and doing nothing. I should so like to have a lock of that nice grey hair !”

The shock had been too much for her. Her reason was lost for ever. With the utmost difficulty could her wretched companions, partly by force, partly by soothing and caressing, withdraw her from the fatal window, and persuade her to retire into one of the inner rooms, appointed as their bed-rooms. There she remained, under the care of some of her friends, till she fell asleep. Late in the evening she awoke, in a fit of raving madness, which continued till she expired, early on the following morning.

They were still occupied with this distressing circumstance, when the door of the apartment was opened, and a man of a most forbidding countenance, whom they had never seen before, entered, holding in his hand the register of the prison, and attended by two *gens d'armes*. His appearance redoubled their affright; and they huddled together in one corner of the room, like a flock of sheep threatened by the wolf.

Without taking any notice of this, or even raising his eyes from the book, he said, in a hard voice, “ Marie Louise, ci-devant Princesse de Lamballe.”

The Princess stepped out from the circle, and replied, in a firm tone of voice, "I am the *Princesse de Lamballe*. What do you want with me?"

"The Commune have decided that you should be transferred to the prison of the *Abbaye*."

"If I am to remain in prison, I would rather remain where I am. I will not go out of this room; and so you may tell your employers. All the favour I ask is to be left quiet here."

Upon this, one of the *gens-d'armes* approached her, and said, roughly, "Come, Madam. You must obey: your life depends upon it."

"If I must obey," replied she, "I will not degrade myself by attempting to oppose what I cannot effectually resist. Adieu! my friends," continued she, turning to the other prisoners who surrounded her, while their tears and sobs evinced the melancholy interest she excited amongst them.—"Adieu! This gentleman assures me I am going to the *Abbaye*. If so, we may all meet again in happier times: if not, remember me in your prayers." And with these words, taking the arm of one of the *gens-d'armes*, she left the room.*

"They will kill her! They will kill her!"

* The *Princesse de Lamballe* was not murdered till the following day, the 3rd of September.

cried Madame de Tourzelle. "Oh, that I had but courage enough to ascertain her fate!"

"I will look," said Gertrude; and calmly placing herself at the window, she fixed her eyes on the fatal door through which the victims were given up to their assassins.

She might have been in this situation perhaps a quarter of an hour; and they were beginning to indulge in hopes that the Princess had been dismissed through some other entrance, when the door was slowly opened, and the unfortunate woman appeared, supported by two men, one on each side of her. Hardly was her foot over the threshold, when she received a blow from a sabre, which covered her with blood.

Gertrude saw no more; but saying, "All is over! Let us pray for the repose of her soul," fell upon her knees—an action in which she was joined by her fellow-sufferers.

They were not allowed, however, much time to give to the misfortunes of others. Again the door opened, and the same ill-omened individuals made their appearance. This time it was Gertrude's turn. With a slight flush on her cheek, but without any perceptible agitation, she rose from her devotions, and merely saying, "I am ready," embraced her companions all round, and

followed the man who had summoned her. She soon found herself in a small, low, ill-lighted room, crowded with the lowest rabble, through whom it was with difficulty that her conductors made way for her to a long narrow table, at which were seated the self-constituted tribunal, who judged the prisoners as they were successively brought before them. It consisted of two municipal officers, who wore their official scarfs and acted as judges, and twelve men, who performed the functions of jurymen, and decided upon the condemnation or acquittal of the prisoner. On either side, through the obscurity, might be seen, eagerly pressing forward to catch a glance at her whom they hoped soon to see delivered over to their tender mercies, savage-looking men, stripped to their shirts with the sleeves rolled back, whose faces, hands, and garments, smeared with blood, proclaimed the part they were acting in the tragedy. One of them, in particular, who appeared to be a leader amongst them, was perpetually occupied in making observations or suggestions to some one or other of the individuals composing the tribunal ; and from the sort of deference with which his remarks were received by them, it was evident that he was a person of no small importance.

This man was Chauchat—the same, be it remembered, from whose hands Arundel rescued Gertrude at Versailles, and by whom he had afterwards been denounced to Robespierre, the result of which accusation the reader is already acquainted with. This man's presence was in itself of bad augury for Mademoiselle de Romainville. On being brought up to this table, Gertrude almost fainted; more from the heat and closeness of the atmosphere, rendered still more oppressive by the fumes of wine and blood which were exhaled on every side, than by finding herself in the presence of those whom she already considered as her assassins. Speedily recovering herself, with the aid of a glass of water, which she received from some one near her, she was allowed to seat herself; and her interrogatory commenced. After answering the preliminary questions as to her name, age, and so forth, she was asked for what cause she had been arrested?

“I never was arrested,” replied she; “I came hither to attend upon my father, but I am not a prisoner.”

“Is that so?” said the President; “let me look at the register. Yes,” said he, after examining it; “I see you came in voluntarily, but

I find a note made against your name to the effect that you are violently suspected of intrigues against the people, and ought not to be set at large without enquiry. What have you to say to this?"

"I have only to say," replied Gertrude, who felt her courage rise with the occasion, "that if I am to be deprived of my liberty upon the suspicions of an anonymous accuser, no person in France is safe."

"Is the note not signed?" asked one of the judges.

"It is signed with initials only," replied the President; "but the hand-writing is known to me, and I can take upon myself to say it is that of a good patriot."

"Still, Monsieur le President," said the judge who had put the last question, and in whose breast Gertrude's youth and beauty, or some other motive, had excited a sort of interest; "we cannot detain, much less condemn any one upon such vague evidence as this."

A sort of approving murmur was heard amongst the jury, but it was speedily stifled by a menacing growl which proceeded from the sanguinary band grouped round the table. Chauchat stooped down and whispered something in the President's

ear. “ *C’est juste,*” said he; “ I will proceed with the examination, and no doubt we shall soon ascertain whether there are any grounds for this accusation or not. You formed part of the household of the Queen; were you aware of the intrigues of the court, and their conspiracies against the liberty of the French nation?”

“ I have not formed part of the royal household, or even been in Paris, for a year and a half. If there were intrigues or conspiracies, I had no knowledge of them, nor was it probable that they would have been entrusted to one so young.”

“ But you must have had some knowledge of the plots for which your father is now detained in this prison.”

“ I believe my father to be quite innocent of any thing of the sort.”

The President seemed puzzled how to proceed; again his officious adviser whispered to him. He consulted for a minute with his colleagues, after which, addressing himself to Gertrude, he said, “ Well, Mademoiselle, I am happy to say the tribunal, ever ready to distinguish between guilt and innocence, is about to pronounce your acquittal. You will first take an oath of liberty, equality, hatred to the King, the Queen, and Royalty.” Every sound was

hushed ; every head stretched forward to catch her reply to this insidious proposal. Gertrude mildly answered, " To the two first I will swear willingly ; to the last I cannot—it is not in my power ; the Queen was my benefactress, and treated me like her own child ; I love her as my mother." The man who had before seemed to advocate her cause, stretched forward and whispered to her, " Swear it, or you die." Gertrude made no reply, but mechanically rose, and turned towards the door. The President said, Take Mademoiselle to the Abbaye.* And in a moment Chauchat, his face lightened up with an expression of joy worthy only of a cannibal, was at the side of his victim.

We left Arundel, just after he had quitted Danton, on his way to the prison, where the scenes we have just been relating were enacted. The fear of arriving too late lent him wings, and he flew rather than ran till he came to the *Rue*

* In order to avoid any violent scenes in the interior of the prison, it was agreed not to pronounce the word, Death, before the prisoner. The words of condemnation at the Force were, " *à l'Abbaye ;*" and vice versâ, at the Abbaye the form was " *à la Force,*" and so on with the other prisons. An acquittal was pronounced to cries of *Vive la Nation*, and the liberated prisoner carefully escorted to a place of safety.

St. Antoine ; here his progress was checked by the mob, which choked up the *Cul-de-sac des Prêtres*, a narrow passage which leads from the street to the prison of *La Force*. It was only by dint of the greatest exertion, and announcing himself as charged with a message from Danton to the tribunal, that he could effect a passage. At last he forced his way into the court yard, and for a moment he stood stupefied by the spectacle that presented itself to his eyes. In the centre of the yard lay a heap of dead bodies, or rather mutilated remains, some of them yet palpitating with the last efforts of vitality ; while around them were tables covered with bottles of wine, at which men and women, covered with blood, were abandoning themselves to every sort of excess, while the building rang with their bacchanalian laugh, their atrocious remarks and licentious jests. They were reposing for a moment from their sanguinary labours ; but the instant they perceived Arundel, they started up, and surrounding him, asked if he had any wish to share the fate of the aristocrats, that he thus presumed to intrude upon them. With some difficulty restraining his indignation and disgust, he gave them to understand that he had a letter for Hébert, upon which two of them, who seemed a

little more sober than the others, begged his pardon for their mistake, and offered to conduct him to the tribunal, while one of the *ladies*, reeking with the smell of brandy and tobacco, insisted upon bestowing upon him the kiss of fraternity.

In the entrance to the low room before mentioned, in which the trials were going on, they were suddenly met by a party coming out with such rapidity and violence that Arundel was pushed behind the door, and thus he was fortunately spared the sight of the unhappy *Princesse de Lamballe*—for it was she and her escort, as she was led out to execution. After they had passed, Arundel and his conductors gained the room, and upon his making known the object of his visit, he was courteously invited to take his seat behind the tribunal. In the mean time Hébert had read Danton's note, and beckoning Arundel to him, took him by the arm into a recess formed by one of the windows.

"Danton's wishes are law to me," said he; "you may therefore rely upon my assistance; but I tell you fairly, we shall have some difficulty in this matter, for there is here a man of the name of Chauchat, determined to have her life, if he can. Danton's name, however, can do much, and I am not without some influence

with my colleagues. You must, however, give me your word of honour to remain perfectly quiet, and not to interfere till I think the proper time has arrived. Danton is desirous that his name should not be used, except in the last extremity ; and we must, therefore, endeavour to acquit her upon the merits of her case. Now sit down quietly in this corner, and keep yourself concealed from Chauchat, till it is necessary to show yourself. He is not in the room at present, but will return, no doubt, as soon as the *Princesse de Lamballe* is disposed of."

" Good God ! the *Princess de Lamballe* !" cried Arundel, in a tone of voice so loud as to attract the attention of some of those near him.

" Hush !" cried Hébert, putting his hand on Arundel's mouth : " do you want to destroy yourself, your bride, and me ?—Hear all, see all, but say nothing. Sit down ; I must return to my place ;" and so saying, he almost pushed Arundel down in a chair in the corner, where he was completely sheltered from observation.

Hébert returned to the table, and began opening the subject of his conference to some of his colleagues, in whom he had the most confidence. In a few minutes Gertrude was introduced, and Hébert had but time to give Arundel

a sign of caution before her examination commenced, as we have already seen. Hébert himself took no active part in it ; but at his suggestion one of his friends had endeavoured to make an impression in her favour, and they were internally congratulating themselves upon the favourable result of their attempt, when the oath offered to Gertrude, and rejected by her, showed that they had nothing to hope for, except from a vigorous effort in her favour. The fatal words, “à l’*Abbaye*,” had scarcely passed the lips of the President, before Hébert rose and said—

“Stop for one moment; bring back the prisoner; here has been some mistake in this ; we are not here to judge opinions, but the result of opinions; and we are not authorised by the constitution to propose any such oath. Nay,” said he, turning to the audience, who, excited by Chauchat and some of his satellites, were beginning to murmur, “hear me out before you decide. This young *citoyenne*, accused of no crime, comes into prison to attend upon her father; she is examined before you, and no offence proved against her; you propose to her an oath, which she could under no other circumstances be called upon to take ; and because she refuses an oath which the constitution does not sanction, you

condemn her. And do you know who it is you are condemning? She is the affianced wife of one of our best patriots, an Englishman, long since naturalized amongst us, who has left his own country to assist us in our efforts for freedom and liberty; one, in short, who has the happiness to be the friend of Danton, and who had the glory of saving Robespierre from assassination. The name of Arundel, who comes here to claim his bride at your hands, is dear to every lover of his country. Here is Danton's certificate of the facts as I have stated them. Now decide; are you desirous of sullyng your patriotic labours by what would be the murder of an innocent person?"

Loud shouts of approbation followed this speech. The names of Robespierre, Danton, and Arundel, were declared to be sufficient guarantees for the patriotism and civic virtues of Mademoiselle de Romainville. In vain Chauchat, boiling with rage at his disappointed vengeance, threatened to denounce every one present to the Jacobins, as the abettors of treason against the people; the tide had turned against him; he was either not listened to, or only laughed at. Arundel, who had approached the table during Hébert's speech, received the formal

certificate of Gertrude's acquittal and liberty, accompanied by a paternal exhortation from the President, carefully to eradicate any lingering affection for royalty that he might hereafter perceive in his wife.

During this scene, the person whom it most nearly interested was totally unconscious of what was passing around her. Death she had faced without any external symptom of fear; but this sudden return to life when all hope was apparently lost, proved too much for her agitated frame; and when she saw Arundel in the midst of those on whose fiat her fate hung, overcome by a multitude of conflicting sensations, she fell fainting back in the chair which she had previously occupied. Arundel was at her side in a moment, but all his attempts to recall her to herself were in vain. He was hardly in possession of the important document confirming her liberation, than, lifting her up in his arms, and assisted by those who but a few moments before had been the most eager for her blood, but who now vied in care and attention with each other towards Arundel and his precious burden, he traversed the terrible court-yard beneath a vault of sabres and pikes, whilst their bearers almost stunned him with their shouts of *Vive la nation*,

and their wishes for his prosperity. Even the purse of gold he put into the hands of one of their chiefs as he entered a hackney coach with Gertrude, was returned to him, nor could they be prevailed upon to accept the slightest mark of his generosity.

The agitation of Arundel's mind had been such, that hitherto he had not thought of the next steps to be taken, now that he had succeeded in his enterprise. Gertrude's protracted fainting-fit, too, gave him not a little uneasiness; though in one respect it was a relief to him not to be obliged to answer her questions, and give an account of all that had passed till he had had time to collect his thoughts. He determined to convey her, in the first instance, to his own apartment, and take up his own quarters at some hotel in the neighbourhood. Since he had found himself in possession of a good income through the legacy of his friend the Sergeant, Arundel, who had no objection to the comforts and even the magnificence of life, had taken an apartment, and provided himself with an establishment on a much larger scale than generally belongs to a batchelor. Thither he took Gertrude, and having carried her up stairs, and given her in charge to a respectable old woman

who officiated as his housekeeper, to whom he briefly explained what had occurred, his next care was to seek out a physician, for he began to be seriously alarmed at Gertrude's prolonged state of insensibility. From this cause for disquietude, however, he was relieved by the medical man he had sent for, who, upon hearing all the circumstances of the case, assured him that repose and tranquillity would restore her to perfect health before the morning; and to quiet all his fears he promised to remain in the house till her recovery was completed.

CHAPTER VI.

ARUNDEL now had to seek out some lodging for himself; and as he was descending the stairs for that purpose, a note was put into his hands from Danton, begging to see him immediately. Accordingly he hurried to the minister's hôtel, agitated with fear, lest some new evil should be hanging over their heads. This feeling was soon dissipated by the sight of Danton's cheerful countenance, and the cordial welcome he gave him.

"I congratulate you," cried he as soon as Arundel entered the room: "nothing could have succeeded better; and what is still more curious, though I do not know whether you will consider it also as a subject of congratulation, that wrong-

headed old fool, the Marquis, has also got off. It appears that he was summoned before the tribunal immediately after his daughter, and every body present, judges and audience, in the enthusiasm of the moment, unanimously acquitted him. They say, poor old fellow, he cried like a child, when he was assured of his daughter's safety. Hébert, however, took care not to tell him the particulars of her liberation, but merely assured him that she had been reclaimed by an individual who had taken her away."

"I am sorry for that, though," replied Arundel; "she will naturally be anxious to rejoin him, and we may have some difficulty in finding him out."

"Oh! not at all; let her marry you to-morrow, and she shall see her father before night."

"But as that is an event which will never take place, I should like seriously to know how I can discover him."

"Never take place! Pooh! pooh!—timidity is very engaging in a lover, I dare say, but there is a time and place for all things, therefore make up your mind to be reasonable at once. Obtain her consent to-night, and marry her to-morrow."

“What you say is very witty, no doubt,” said Arundel, coldly; “but, as you justly observe, there is a time and place for all things, and I am in no humour at present to bandy wit with you; let us therefore understand each other. I am not Mademoiselle de Romainville’s lover, and I never will marry her.”

“Not her lover!—not marry her!” cried Danton, with an air of consternation. “Why, Robespierre told me—that is, I thought you were desperately in love with each other, and that the Marquis was the sole obstacle to your marriage.”

“What may have been the lady’s feelings towards me, I will not undertake to say,” said Arundel; “for myself, I certainly was at one time very much attached to her. But all that has long been over.”

“Good God! what an unfortunate error!” cried Danton, whose agitation seemed to increase with every word he heard, and which Arundel’s composed manner assured him contained the exact truth; “What an infernal scrape we have all got into! I thought I was doing you the greatest service in the world, in making this marriage unavoidable, and I have—ass that I was—taken

my measures so well, that unless it takes place all our lives will probably pay the forfeit. Chau- chat has been here, furious, and swears that he will keep a strict eye upon us, and if he discovers that the tribunal has been imposed upon, he will denounce us all to the *Commune* ; and he is just the man to do it. I laughed at what I deemed his impotent malice ; but *nom d'un nom*, it has become no laughing matter."

By this time Arundel's agitation was as great as his companion's, for he saw and could appreciate the full extent of the danger to which they were all exposed. "What on earth is to be done?" said he.

Danton sat for a few minutes in deep thought. "Listen to me," he said at length. "You will do me the justice to believe, that in this unfortunate affair I have been influenced solely by a desire to serve you to the best of my ability ; and although I have not succeeded as I could have wished, yet I trust you will give me credit for my intentions : and I will observe, *en passant*, that I very much doubt whether we could have saved Mademoiselle de Romainville's life, if we had not made use of the pretext we did." Arundel made a motion of assent to this observation. "I need

not tell you," continued Danton, "how perilous is the position in which we stand; you know the people of Paris quite well enough to perceive that in the humour they are now in, our lives are not worth two days' purchase, if they take it into their heads that we have been deceiving them. I cannot quietly consent to sacrifice my life, and those of my friends, without an attempt to save them; and that I am determined to make. It is not asking you too much, I think, to require your consent to this marriage, provided I obtain that of *Mademoiselle de Romainville*?"

"Certainly not," replied Arundel. "You have a right to dispose of me as you please; but the consent you speak of will not be so easily obtained."

"Leave that to me; but I must see her myself. Do you think she would receive me to-night?"

Arundel explained the impossibility of making this attempt, and described the state in which he had left her.

"Poor thing!" said Danton. "I am sure I do not wonder at it. Well, then, I will call on you to-morrow at ten o'clock, and we will visit her together. Where are you to be found?"

Arundel told him the name of the hotel he intended to sleep at.

“Now then,” said Danton, “I must dismiss you ; for I am going to the Council.”

“Stop one moment,” cried Arundel. “For all you have done for me I am grateful—deeply grateful ; but let me entreat of you to use your influence to put a stop to these dreadful massacres, which you are, tacitly at least, sanctioning. How can you, with so much good feeling, bear to think of your name descending to posterity coupled with those of murderers and robbers ?”

“Monsieur Arundel,” replied Danton, “what I do I am prepared to justify before heaven and earth. I wish you good evening. I shall be with you at ten to-morrow.”

Arundel hurried back to his own lodgings, where he was received by the physician, who said, “I have only been waiting for your return, to take my departure. The young lady is as well as we could expect, though her mind is dreadfully agitated. Her anxiety for her father—”

“I have brought a cure for that,” cried Arundel. “Pray inform her that he is liberated, and in safety, though I have not yet been able to discover his abode. That I hope to do in the course of tomorrow. In the mean time, present my respects to her, and ask her if she will honour me by receiving me to-morrow, soon after ten o’clock.”

“That I will do. I think you wise not to ask her to see you to-night.” In a few minutes the physician returned. “Your remedy,” said he, “has indeed effected wonders. You never saw such unaffected, genuine happiness as she showed when she heard of her father’s safety. As for you, you are a happy man; for she desired me to tell you that she should think every minute an age, till she can in person express her gratitude to you.”

A frown and a sigh was the only answer this information elicited from Arundel; and the physician, internally wondering at his *bizarrierie*, took his leave, followed shortly after by Arundel himself, who only stopped to give every direction which he thought would conduce to the comfort of his guest.

It would be a hopeless task to attempt to describe the various sensations that chased each other through Arundel’s mind during the remainder of the night. Sleep he could not; and after making a vain attempt at it, by lying down on his bed for an hour or two, he rose and dressed himself, and passed the tedious hours in pacing up and down his room. That the next day would see him the husband of Gertrude he could not doubt. He felt certain that, called

upon to preserve from the scaffold those to whom she owed her life, she would not hesitate for a moment; and that certainty, which, a few short months back, he would have regarded as the consummation of earthly bliss, he now contemplated with fear and trembling. In vain he endeavoured to arrange his ideas, and determine upon some line of conduct; but his mind, torn by contending passions, was unequal to the task; and when Danton arrived, punctually at the hour he had named, he found Arundel rather resembling a condemned criminal than an expectant bridegroom. He could not avoid making the remark.

“And I had a thousand times rather be in his situation than in mine,” exclaimed Arundel, impetuously. “Could you but know the miserable situation in which I am placed, you would not wonder at such a declaration.—But no matter. I have no choice; and am prepared to play my part. Let us go.”

Without waiting for a reply, he took Danton by the arm, and hurried him forward with a sort of desperation, as if afraid of trusting himself to reflect upon what he felt was inevitable. His whole thoughts were bent upon endeavouring to conceal from Gertrude the agitation of his spirits, deter-

mined to be guided in his conduct towards her by the feelings she should herself display. But the task was not an easy one ; and, afraid of doing too little, he over-acted his part, and assumed a cold and repulsive manner, which, assuredly, was not calculated to excite confidence.

A few minutes brought them to the door of his lodgings. The answers to his enquiries respecting Mademoiselle de Romainville's health were most satisfactory ; and having arranged with Danton that he should first see her alone for a few minutes, he sent to know if she would admit him.

Nor had the night been passed by Gertrude in greater tranquillity, though her feelings partook much more of happiness than pain. Anxiously had she reflected upon the conduct to be pursued by her ; and she had made up her mind to inform Arundel of all that had passed between her father and herself, without reserve. Her obligation to silence being dissolved by her father's liberation, she hoped that the events which had occurred in the last twenty-four hours, and the peculiar circumstances in which she had been placed, would be deemed a sufficient apology for her speaking. True, there was much in this proceeding which maidenly delicacy

would shrink from. It was offering herself to a man of whose actual sentiments she was ignorant ; but how could she doubt his love ? Had not the note she had received the day after her arrival in Paris shown the interest he still felt for her ? Had he not a second time rescued her from a death which seemed inevitable ? His love must still exist in all its former force ; and ought she, with this conviction, allow her scruples of ill-timed delicacy to interfere with and prevent their mutual happiness ? It was a sacrifice, certainly ; but she felt happy that she had thus an opportunity of showing how complete was the devotion she still felt for him who had been her first, her only love.

On receiving his message, she desired him to be admitted instantly. His footstep was heard on the stairs, and she ran to meet him ; but when his hand was on the lock of the door, her heart failed her, and she sunk into a chair. His flushed cheek and contracted brow, as he entered, chilled her to the very heart ; but again she made an effort to rise, and, holding out her hand, said, “ Oh ! Mr. Arundel, how can I ever find words to express my gratitude ! ”

Never had she looked so lovely. Her heightened colour, contrasting with the transparent whiteness of her skin, the liquid softness of her

eye, her faultless figure, now just expanding into the full perfection of womanhood, the graceful dignity of her demeanor, the melodious tones of her silvery voice, made her seem a being to kneel down before and worship; at least so thought Arundel, as for a moment he stopped to gaze on her with admiration. It was but for a moment, however, that he yielded to this feeling; and, indignant at what he termed his weakness, he sought to impose upon himself and upon her by redoubling the severity and harshness of his manner.

“Forgive me,” said he, without allowing her to finish her sentence, “for interrupting you, Madam; I must entreat you not to overwhelm me with expressions of a gratitude I do not deserve; nay, had I a right to do so, I would ask as the reward of any services I may have been fortunate enough to render you, and which you greatly over-estimate, that they might never be alluded to. It can only add to the embarrassment of an interview which, to me at least, is already sufficiently painful.”

“If you wish it, Mr. Arundel, I will be silent; but is it not a little selfish to deprive me of the pleasure of expressing my thanks to one who has twice saved my life?”

“You need not fear my doing injustice to your feelings on that account,” replied Arundel; “I perfectly remember the expressions you were kind enough to use on the first occasion—I will imagine them repeated upon this. Thus you will be spared the trouble of speaking them, and I the pain of hearing them.”

This brutal speech quite destroyed the little courage Gertrude had hitherto preserved. All her hopes vanished — all illusion was over — she was the object of dislike, of contempt, to him whose love alone could make life sweet to her. Past, present, future, all was chaos. Still with this came a feeling of pride, a wish to preserve her secret; and struggling to assume an indifferent air, she said, after a minute’s silence—

“Well, sir, be it as you will.”

“I ought,” said Arundel, anxious to quit the subject, “to apologise for having, as it were, forced myself upon your presence; but in addition to the wish I had to assure myself that you were not suffering from the agitation and terrors of yesterday, I have to ask a favour of you, which is that you will admit Danton, who is desirous of seeing you, to your presence.”

“ Good God ! must I see that horrible man ? ” cried Gertrude, in whose mind his name was associated with every horror she had witnessed or heard of.

“ Madam,” said Arundel, severely, “ in this apartment you are the sole mistress of your own actions ; you will see him or not, as you please ; but before you refuse, reflect that to this horrible man you owe your life and that of your father, for without his interference, and the active interposition of his friends, I might have shared your fate, but no efforts of mine could have saved you. I think, under these circumstances, even the daughter of the royalist Marquis de Romainville may, *sans deroguer*, admit to her presence Danton, one of the ministers of the French Republic. He has a communication of importance to make to you.”

“ To me ! is it about my father ? I will see him directly.”

“ Tranquillize yourself, Mademoiselle ; it relates solely to you ; your father’s abode as yet, I believe, is undiscovered, but Danton has promised me to find out where he is in the course of the day. If you will see Danton, he is now in the house. Shall I go for him ? ”

“ Yes, I am ready to receive him.”

In a few minutes they returned together ; and after the first ceremonies of introduction were over, and Gertrude had warmly thanked the minister for what he had done for her and her father, which, by-the-bye, seemed to embarrass him not a little, Arundel walked to the window, and left Danton to make his own explanation. But this he found no easy matter. The man who quailed before no antagonist—who recoiled before no danger in his aspiring path, felt embarrassed before the genuine simplicity and noble bearing of a mere girl. He felt at once, as if by instinct, how far different she was from the greater part of her sex—at least from that part of it with which he was best acquainted ; and although from this very circumstance he augured favourably of the result of his mission, he knew not how to approach the subject of it without wounding her delicacy. It was Gertrude herself who, after a few minutes of awkward silence, was the first to speak.

“ I understood from Mr. Arundel,” said she, “ that you had a communication to make to me. Will you have the goodness to let me hear it.”

“ Madam, I have,” replied Danton ; “ and I

have been seeking in my own mind the best way of opening it to you ; I find none so proper, or at least so suitable to my disposition, and I conjecture to your own, as to make it at once without further circumlocution. I know not if you are aware of the circumstances attending your liberation ?”

“ I remember nothing further than that I was carried out to what I considered instantaneous death ; and then I think I was brought back again before the judges, but how or by whom I know not. It also seems to me as if Mr. Arundel was there too ; but more than this I do not remember, till I found myself in this apartment.”

“ Your recollection, Madam, as far as it goes,” said Danton, “ is perfectly correct. You were snatched from inevitable death by Mr. Arundel, and I may be permitted to add, by my assistance and that of some friends of mine. But it was no easy task to effect. The people, justly irritated against their enemies, were incapable of accurate discrimination ; and I am sorry to say, the name you bear, and the unfortunate circumstance of your having held a situation in the Queen’s household, added to the difficulty.

But one expedient suggested itself to my mind; and that was, that Mr. Arundel, whose patriotism no one can contest, should claim you as his affianced bride. This he did, and was successful; and I now ask you to sanction the deceit by becoming his wife."

After this abrupt declaration, which he had hurried through, as if distrusting his own resolution, he paused for her reply, evidently relieved at having delivered himself of his proposal, though he did not venture to look at her to see how it was received. Arundel, from an invincible feeling of anxiety, turned slowly round, and walking up to the table, confronted her. For a moment she was silent, scarcely believing that she had heard right; but when she could no longer doubt it, a feeling of indignation and disgust took possession of her; the idea that the man who had won her love in former days by the ardour of his attachment and the delicacy of his feelings, who had received her faith, from whom circumstances over which she had no control had for a time separated her, but whose suit she was now at liberty again to hear, who had but a few minutes before shewn her such coldness and perfect indifference, and who now stood looking at her in a manner which

to her appeared one of insolent defiance—for to hide his emotion, he frowned till his eyebrows met—the idea that this man should now take advantage of her unprotected situation, and compel her, as it were by force, to wed him, in a moment changed every feeling of affection into that of unmitigated contempt. “May I ask, Mr. Arundel,” said she, in a voice of the calmest disdain, “may I ask if you were aware of the nature of Monsieur Danton’s communication?”

“I was.”

“And you approve of it?”

“I do.”

“Then, sir, I have only to tell you, that I would die ten thousand deaths such as I was threatened with yesterday, and for saving me from which I do not thank you, rather than marry a man capable of attempting to force me to it by so contemptible a subterfuge.”

In an instant Arundel became deadly pale, as he answered, his voice almost choked by passion—“I had hoped that my whole conduct, since I have had the honour of knowing Mademoiselle de Romainville, would have precluded her from thinking me capable of availing myself of what she terms a contemptible subterfuge; although I have long known that I have not to

expect common justice"—What more he might have added is uncertain, for his irritation was getting the better of him gradually ; but fortunately Danton thought it high time to interfere, rightly judging that the turn the conversation was taking was not calculated to promote his object. But long before this interruption the momentary feelings under which Gertrude had spoken had subsided, and she bitterly repented having given expression to them. Had there been no witness, she could have thrown herself at Arundel's feet to implore his forgiveness.

" I assure you, Madam," said Danton, " you do Mr. Arundel great injustice." Gertrude bowed her head in token of assent, for her heart was too full to allow her to speak ; " You do him great injustice. The idea was mine ; he adopted it as the only means of saving you ; I gave him a certificate and a letter to my friends, which fortunately was sufficient to effect our purpose. But you have both of you a powerful and inveterate enemy, who suspects the deceit ; and if he detects it, not only the lives of all those concerned in it, Arundel, myself, and many more, will pay the forfeit, but your own and that of your father will also, in all human probability, be sacrificed. I told Arundel yesterday the consequence, and said at the same

time, that the only way to avert it was by your marriage; and I must say, to clear him of all suspicion of connivance, that he showed the greatest repugnance to the proposal, and only yielded to my pressing instances." (Alas! for the consistency of the human heart! At these words Gertrude could not forbear casting a reproachful look upon her former lover). "The only thing necessary is your consent; I feel that I may seem wanting in consideration and delicacy to you; but the lives of many who have placed themselves in this danger to serve you, are at stake. It is for you to decide upon their fate."

"I consent," sighed out, rather than spoke, Gertrude; "and, before I say anything further, let me entreat your forgiveness, Mr. Arundel, for the wrong I did you. In the excitement of the moment I knew not what I said; your conduct was, as it ever has been, noble and generous."

"I have nothing to forgive, Madam," replied Arundel, proudly; "the words you spoke excited no feeling of anger in my breast."

"I trust, Mademoiselle de Romainville," said Danton, determined to strike while the iron was hot; "since you have so nobly, and with so good a grace given your consent, you will add to the

favour, by allowing the ceremony to take place without delay."

"When do you wish it, sir?" said Gertrude, colouring.

"Why, as it is settled, the sooner the better; by the new law you have only to appear at the Mairie and make your declaration. I desired my carriage to follow me hither, and with your permission, I will take you there now."

"Good God, sir! to-day?" said Gertrude, "and my father —"

"I pledge you my honour you shall see him within twenty-four hours; as for his consent, I, as Minister of Justice, will undertake to dispense with it."

"This is very sudden, sir," murmured Gertrude.

"Forgive me," said Danton, "if I continue to press it upon you; it is more necessary than you imagine. I received information this morning," continued he, turning to Arundel, "that Chauchat means to denounce us all to-night at the Jacobins. If I have the certificate of the Mayor in my pocket, I shall crush him triumphantly; if not, it may go hard with us all."

"I am in your hands," said Gertrude; "do with me as you please."

“ In that case, as soon as you are ready, we will depart.”

While she retired from the room for a few minutes, Danton said to Arundel, “ Upon my word, you use that beautiful girl cruelly ; who on earth could feel bitterness against so delicate, so sensible, so angelic a being, for a word spoken in a hurry ? Do be advised by me, and speak kindly to her : she loves you, and is dying to be allowed to shew it.”

“ Monsieur Danton,” replied Arundel, haughtily, “ have the goodness not to meddle with my conduct. I marry to please you ; as to the rest, it is my affair and not yours.”

Danton shrugged his shoulders, and at that instant Gertrude entered the room, and put a stop to any further remarks. Danton handed her into the carriage, and in a few minutes the trio were at the Mairie, where they found the Mayor alone. Danton explained to him the errand upon which they were come. This man was a sort of satellite of Danton’s, of whom he stood in considerable awe, although being sometimes admitted to his convivial parties, he thought himself entitled to treat him upon the footing of an equal.

“ Well,” said he, with a smile of self-appro-

bation, "I am glad to find that after weeding Paris of your enemies, you turn your thoughts to the increase of her population."

"Silence, sir!" cried Danton, in a voice of thunder; "I want none of your ribaldry here; I call upon you to perform your duty, without remark or comment."

Terrified at such a *sortie*, the Mayor begged pardon, and protested that he had intended no offence.

"Well then, proceed as fast as you please, and do not again make a fool of yourself," was the courteous rejoinder.

"But, I presume," said the magistrate, "from her looks, this young lady is a minor; do her parents give their consent?"

"Her father was imprisoned on suspicion of treasonable practices. I assume the office of her guardian, and my consent I imagine will satisfy you."

"Certainly, certainly;" and proceeding according to the form required by law, in a few seconds he declared Henry Arundel and Gertrude de Romainville man and wife.

"Now," said Danton, "take her home in my carriage. I will walk back to my hotel as soon as I have got the certificate."

It is difficult to say what feelings predomi-

minated in Gertrude's breast, when she found herself alone in the carriage with the man who was now her husband ; but she certainly experienced no slight degree of happiness at the thought that she had thus acquired a right to devote herself to him, and to endeavour to win back his estranged affections, thus atoning for all her seeming inconstancy and injustice. How her heart fluttered every moment, as she thought that he was going to address her ; but he still preserved a moody silence. Timidly she looked up in his face, but saw nothing there save an expression of gloomy determination. Then came another idea across her mind ;—was it possible that such a bare form, unsanctioned by any religious rites, could be considered valid ? At length the feelings excited by this doubt, became so strong and torturing, that at all risks she said, “ Surely such a mockery cannot be called a marriage ? ”

“ The law of France,” replied Arundel, without turning his head, “ considers it so to all intents and purposes. But tranquillize yourself, Madam. Although I do not consider it as a mere mockery, I still think that religion ought to sanctify all such unions. You need, therefore, be under no apprehensions that I shall avail my-

self of this purely civil ceremony, to offer any violence to your inclinations. Excuse me if I say no more at the present moment. This evening, if you will receive me, I will explain my intentions at full."

They had now arrived at Arundel's lodgings; and having handed her up stairs with ceremonious politeness, he was preparing to take his leave, when he was stopped by her joyous exclamation, "Oh! Mr. Arundel, here is a note from my father. He is quite safe. Read what he says." And with the feeling of other days, she put it into his hands. It was as follows:—

"My child, I lose no time in informing you of my safety. I have but now learned your present abode. I will say nothing about the impropriety of such a residence for you, as it was no doubt unavoidable; but you must yourself feel how desirable it is that you should quit it as soon as possible. Come to me, therefore, without delay. I am told it is not quite safe for me to appear publicly in the streets, or I would fetch you myself. If Mr. Arundel would accompany you, it would be adding one more to the obligations he has already conferred upon me, and would give me an opportunity of expressing the

sense I entertain of them. I hope to find the means of escaping to England in a few days. The bearer of this, in whom you may place implicit confidence, will conduct you to your anxious father."

But the letter was without date and signature; and the bearer, finding Gertrude absent, had left the note, saying that he would call for the answer in a couple of hours.

"I congratulate you, Madam, upon your father's safety," said Arundel, returning her the letter. "Of course you will follow his wishes, and join him as soon as his messenger returns. I have some business which I must attend to immediately; but I will come back as soon as possible. May I presume to request that you will not leave the house till you see me again?"

"Oh! Mr. Arundel, how can you suppose it? But you will accompany me to my father, will you not?"

"I should certainly be unwilling to allow you, at such a time as this, to go through the streets of Paris, with no other protection than that of a perfect stranger; but into the presence of the Marquis de Romainville I will never voluntarily enter."

“He is my father,” said Gertrude, in a deprecating tone of voice.

“Yes, he is,” cried Arundel, giving way all at once to the passion that he had hitherto succeeded in mastering.—“Yes, he is; and if life is dear to him, he may thank God for it; for had he not been so, one of us at least would not have been alive at this moment. What! Am I to be trampled upon, insulted, and slandered as I have been, and not feel it? Or does he think in his pride, that one soft word from him can atone for the outrages he has heaped upon me, or restore to me the peace of mind he has deprived me of for ever? I despise his present cajoleries as much as I did his former menaces.”

“Oh! Mr. Arundel, I assure you, you wrong him,” said Gertrude, with tears in her eyes; “he is most anxious—”

“Stop! Madam,” cried Arundel. “I will hear no more. My opinion on this subject is formed—my determination irrevocably taken. In two hours you will see me again.”

And with these words he rushed out of the house, leaving Gertrude more dead than alive. And in truth hers was a melancholy fate. Bound to a man she passionately loved, but whose conduct towards her manifested, to say the least of it, the most chilling indifference,

and who did not seek to conceal the feelings of hatred he entertained towards her father, what could she look forward to but a life of misery ! In vain she endeavoured to conjure up some ground for hope. Her desponding heart told her that all hope was gone. Wringing her hands in helpless despair, as this conviction forced itself upon her, she called upon Arundel as if he had been present, to take compassion upon her misery, and not totally to cast away, as unworthy of him, the heart that was so entirely, so devotedly his own. She was recalled to herself by the servant's entering the room, and announcing that the young man who had left the note for her had called again, and wished to know if he could be admitted. Hastily subduing, as well as she was able, her agitation, she answered in the affirmative ; and, to her surprise and pleasure, St. Firmin presented himself.

"Is it indeed you, Monsieur," said she, "who have brought me news of my father?" My happiness at hearing of his safety is, if possible, increased by your being the bearer of the intelligence."

St. Firmin blushed deeply, as he kissed her extended hand, and answered, "You have made this, Mademoiselle, the happiest moment of my life."

The low impassioned tone in which he uttered these few words, and perhaps an intuitive perception of the feelings which had inspired them, induced Gertrude to withdraw her hand with something like confusion; but she endeavoured to put an end to it by saying, "Your gallantry, Monsieur St. Firmin, makes you forget that you are addressing the daughter of a proscribed man, who, in all probability, will end his days in exile and poverty."

Her embarrassment had not escaped St. Firmin. Impelled by feelings he could not subdue, he fell at her feet, exclaiming, "Oh! do not profane, by so heartless an appellation, words dictated by the purest sincerity." He paused for a moment. "Yet forgive me. Forgive my temerity." And his voice sank to a whisper. "I have dared to love you. Nay, turn not away from me in anger. I ask—I hope for no return. I know you are too immeasurably my superior. I speak not of worldly rank or possessions, for those I may acquire; but of those qualities of mind and soul which we may adore humbly at a distance, without hoping to approach. For months I have loved you—have followed your walks, step by step—have passed night after night in your father's garden, in the hope of

hearing one sound of your voice—of catching one glimpse of your form ; and when the unfortunate hour arrived, in which you were driven from your home, and brought with your father, like convicted criminals, to the dungeons of Paris, I moved heaven and earth to obtain the command of your escort, in order, if possible, to alleviate the misery of your journey. Alas ! I did not think of myself. That journey, those days, those evenings passed in your society, completed my insanity ; for insanity I know it is. I have struggled against it ever since ; I had hoped, successfully ; but when you spoke to me, when you talked of your happiness receiving an increase through me, I yielded to the temptation. Nay, spare me,” continued he, as he saw Gertrude about to speak. “I read my fate in your eyes. I see I have offended past redemption. I deserve my punishment ; but spare me the pain of hearing it from your lips.”

“I must entreat you to rise before I answer you, Monsieur St. Firmin,” said Gertrude, mildly, but decidedly. St. Firmin obeyed. She continued : “I wish you had spared me the pain of this avowal ; for painful it must be to every woman of right feeling, to hear such a declaration from an honourable man whom she esteems,

and at the same time to know that she can never return it. I speak thus explicitly," continued she, seeing St. Firmin's increasing agitation, "because I am sure it is the most honourable course I can take. For all you have done for my father and myself, I am most truly grateful. If my esteem—my—my friendship can have any value in your eyes, be assured you possess them ; but let me add, it is upon the condition of your never mentioning this subject again." And then, with a wish to turn the discourse into another channel, she added, "But you forget how anxious I am to hear all the circumstances of my father's escape, and particularly how he met with you."

It was some time before St. Firmin could collect himself sufficiently to give the account required. It appeared that he had not heard of the massacres till late in the afternoon of the preceding day; and then, overwhelmed with anxiety and terror, he had rushed to the *Force* to learn, if possible, the fate of the Marquis and his daughter. In the *Rue St. Antoine* he had met the Marquis, borne along in triumph, and escorted, amidst shouts of *Vive la nation*, by some dozen half naked men, reeking with blood, and evidently under the effects of intoxication. St. Firmin had no difficulty in persuading them to

confide the Marquis to his care, anxious as they were to return to the scene of slaughter.

“From your father,” continued he, “I learnt that you were safe, but he knew no more than myself by what means you had been saved from assassination, nor what was your present place of refuge. As soon as I had conducted the Marquis to my own lodgings, I returned to the prison, to see if I could learn any thing about you; and there I heard all the particulars of your liberation, and was told that you were under the protection of Mr. Arundel; I came here last night, and learnt from the porter that you were recovering from the effects of the dreadful scenes to which you had been exposed, and that the physician who attended you, entertained no doubts of your being perfectly reëstablished in a day or two, provided you were left quite tranquil. With this cheering intelligence I returned to your father, whom I found, as you may suppose, in an agony of impatience to know what had become of you. Oh, Mademoiselle de Romainville! you cannot guess at my feelings when I learnt that another had saved you from certain death, and that I, who would die a thousand deaths to save a hair of your head

from harm, was at a distance, and ignorant even of the dangers which assailed you."

"Stop, Monsieur St. Firmin," said Gertrude; "I have already said I cannot listen to such language."

"Ah! now indeed I see there is no hope for me. Am I so utterly hateful to you?—or is it—oh, yes! fool that I am," exclaimed he, dashing his fist against his forehead, "now I feel the truth. You love another—you have no longer a heart to give."

"By what right do you thus question me, sir?" exclaimed Gertrude, indignantly; "I desire you will cease to insult me, or leave the room directly."

"Forgive me," cried St. Firmin; "forgive me that I sought for some alleviation to my wretchedness in the idea that it was not from any dislike to me that you deprive me of all hope, but because your affections were no longer in your own power. This, however painful, would still have been less bitter to me than the thought that I was an object of aversion."

"Monsieur St. Firmin," said Gertrude, "you are no object of aversion to me; I have already told you so, and if you were generous you would cease from persecuting me in this way."

But St. Firmin paid no attention to her, and had not even heard what she said. For a moment or two he appeared to be buried in thought; at length he exclaimed—

“Oh yes, now I see it all. Twice has Mr. Arundel saved your life; I now remember all we heard about your being rescued from the mob at Versailles, by the courage of an Englishman, and that must have been Monsieur Arundel. What but love, happy and requited love could have brought him to the *Force* so opportunely? Madam, you love Mr. Arundel?”

But Gertrude, to this abrupt interpellation, could make no answer; she hid her face in her hands.

“Hear me, Mademoiselle de Romainville,” continued St. Firmin. “I cannot obtain your love, I will endeavour to merit your friendship. I know Arundel—he commands the battalion to which I belong. He is noble and generous—esteemed and respected by all who approach him; if ever there was a man every way worthy of woman’s love, he is that man. In a few days probably we shall be sent upon active service, and remember, to whatever dangers he may be exposed, there will be one devoted friend by his side, who will share them with him if he cannot ward them off.”

Still Gertrude spoke not, but she offered him her hand, which he respectfully pressed to his lips. At this moment the door opened, and Arundel entered the room. Hastily Gertrude snatched away her hand by an involuntary movement, as if detected in the commission of some unworthy act, and St. Firmin started back a pace or two in surprise.

For an instant Arundel stood in the open doorway, as if petrified by what he had seen; then hastily coming forward, he said, in a voice almost inarticulate—

“Pardon me, Madam, for breaking in upon you thus abruptly; I was not aware you were engaged. Lieut. St. Firmin, to what good fortune am I indebted for the honour of seeing you in my house?”

But these words, and the manner in which they were uttered, had raised Gertrude’s indignation at the unworthy suspicions they seemed to imply, totally forgetting that appearances were certainly rather against her.

“This gentleman, sir,” said she, “brought me my father’s note, and was waiting for your return to lead me to him.”

“Indeed!” said Arundel; “may I request then the favour of speaking to you alone for a few

minutes. Lieut. St. Firmin, have the goodness to walk into the next room."

As soon as this request was complied with, he continued—

"Madam, you will not perhaps believe me when I assure you that the marriage into which we were forced, and to which act of compulsion you were good enough to think that I was a party, was as distasteful to my feelings as it was evidently repugnant to yours. Fortunately the laws by which we were united, afford the same facility for dissolving marriages which are disagreeable to the parties concerned, as for contracting them; here," said he, taking some papers out of his pocket, "is an act of divorce, legally drawn up and executed by me; it only requires your signature to complete it, and then you will be as free as air, and at perfect liberty to follow your own inclinations."

Gertrude did not attempt to speak, but gazed upon him as if her eyes were immoveably fixed in their sockets. He continued—

"I think your father said he wished to go to England; here are blank passports, signed by the minister for foreign affairs, which he can fill up with whatever name he thinks proper, and for any country; and this is a letter which I

must intreat you to have the goodness to give him. I have only one further request to prefer, and I hope you will not think I am taking an unfair advantage of your situation in making it. Some time ago, my enemies found the means of ruining my character in your eyes. A complete chain of proof was collected, to show how totally false were the accusations brought against me. The Queen did not think it advisable that you should see them; but, determined to vindicate my character as soon as I found out your residence, I repaired thither for the purpose of so doing; you no doubt remember all the circumstances which frustrated my intentions. I now place these papers in your hands; you will read them or not as you think fit. In requesting you to look them over, I have done all I owed to myself; whether you do so or not lies with yourself. There was a time when I should not have thought it necessary to produce proofs of the truth of my assertions, but as that time is past you will excuse the liberty I take; and now it only remains for me to take my leave of you. A carriage is waiting for you at the door."

"Oh, Henry! is it thus we part, perhaps for ever? Hear but one word," cried Gertrude, all her anger and pride giving way at these last words.

But Arundel, as if the very sound of his name, pronounced by her, had roused all his jealousy and madness at once, broke out with passionate violence—

“Yes, for ever—for ever! and would to God I had never seen you—never listened to a word from your lips! But me you can no longer deceive, however you may deceive others. Go, and be happy, if you can, with the knowledge that you have destroyed for ever the happiness of one who adored you;” and with these words, and without casting a look behind him, he rushed out of the room, and in another moment was in the street.

It was a long time before Gertrude summoned St. Firmin to attend her, and when he again saw her, he was shocked at her ghastly paleness and haggard appearance; but he did not venture to make any comment upon it.

“I am ready,” were all the words she uttered; and mechanically taking his arm, she left the apartment, and in a few minutes the carriage conveyed her to her father’s arms.

Passionately did he embrace her, and press her to his heart; and the tears fell fast from the old man’s eyes as he raised them in gratitude to Heaven for the recovery of his daughter. They

were alone ; for St. Firmin had withdrawn, that his presence might not check the first ebullitions of feeling. As soon as he had a little recovered from his agitation, the Marquis said,—

“ And Mr. Arundel, where is he ? I long to make his acquaintance.”

“ Oh ! my father,” said Gertrude, bursting into tears ; “ he is lost to me for ever !”

She proceeded, as well as she could, to give an account of all that had passed in the last twenty-four hours, only suppressing all mention of St. Firmin’s declaration, which the Marquis would probably have resented as a piece of unheard-of insolence.

“ My child—my poor child !” cried the Marquis, when she had concluded ; “ and Arundel, too, he is scarcely less to be pitied. Oh, God ! I feel I have grievously sinned, for I am the occasion of all this misery ; but I will yet mend my work. Cheer up, my Gertrude. I have hopes, well-founded hopes, that you will yet be happy—at least trust to me for doing all I can to let Mr. Arundel know the truth. I will humble myself before him if it is necessary. I have done with pride for ever. He shall yet acknowledge that my Gertrude is worthy of him—he loves you, my child ; his very violence proves the

strength of his passion—and when his doubts of your constancy are cleared up, he will be the first to acknowledge it.”

But Gertrude was not so easily consoled; she only shook her head, and said, “I know him better than you do, father.”

“Well, let us hope for the best; but where is his letter for me?—let me see it; perhaps we shall be better able to judge by that, of what his feelings really are.”

The letter was produced, but contained only these words,—“Inclosed, the Marquis de Romainville will find an order on Monsieur B. for five-hundred Louis-d’ors, which can be repaid at the Marquis’s convenience. The two letters, for Sir John Hammond, and his son, Mr. Hammond, are letters, which the Marquis may find useful, should he visit England.—H. A.”

“Good heavens! how I have wronged this man!” exclaimed the Marquis; “this is indeed a noble and Christian revenge. I will not leave Paris without seeing him. To-morrow I will call on him myself.”

But this purpose he was not able to carry into effect. Arundel, to whom the very air of Paris was become hateful, had solicited, and

obtained permission to join the army forthwith ; and at the very moment when Monsieur de Romainville was projecting schemes of reconciliation and future happiness, Arundel was already on his road to join Dumourier's army, to which he had been appointed.

The only person he saw, previous to his departure, were Danton, through whose influence he had procured the passports for the Marquis, and Robespierre, whom, with the patriotic enthusiasm which at that moment was almost universal in France, he had requested to make an offer to the nation of the whole of his annual income, as long as the war lasted ; being determined to live upon his appointments, and share in all things the fate of his brethren in arms. Robespierre again made him the most brilliant offers, and omitted nothing that he thought likely to seduce the vanity of a young man ; he even went so far as to promise him the command of the National Guard at Paris, if he would abandon his active military career, and attach himself body and soul to the party of which Robespierre was at that time the chief, and which was every day encreasing in numbers and importance. Arundel, however, had imbibed too thorough a disgust for political intrigues and

internal dissensions, to be shaken for a moment in his resolution.

“Well, then,” said Robespierre, “if you are quite determined, I will say no more; but if ever circumstances should induce you to change your mind, you will find me as ready to assist your views, as far as lies in my power, as I have hitherto been; and with this assurance, I wish you all sorts of good fortune in the career you have selected. Good guidance I am sure you will have.”

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN Arundel joined the army, it already occupied a camp at Grandpré, and various other posts in the forest of Argonnes, where they effectually prevented all the attempts of the Prussians to advance further into the heart of the country. In a few days, the battalion which he commanded, arrived from Paris, and he was immediately called into active service; the details of which, though of a harassing and dangerous nature, were not such as to offer him any opportunity of distinguishing himself. Day after day passed away in marching and counter-marching in every direction, enlivened occasionally by skirmishes, unattended by any important results, except that of accustoming the raw levies to steady discipline. At length the King

of Prussia, imagining that the French army was about to retire upon Châlons, and anxious to strike a blow which should decide the success of the campaign, made a movement, which had for its object to cut off the retreat of the French. On the next day, the 20th of September, took place the famous cannonade of Valmy, which, though hardly of sufficient importance in itself to merit the name of a battle, was followed by the greatest results. The Prussians, defeated upon all points, and convinced of the impossibility of penetrating further into the kingdom with an army which had lost one-half of its numbers by disease or the sword, began soon after their retrograde movement: and by the end of October, not a Prussian soldier remained on the French territory. On the same day on which General Kellerman stopped the progress of the Prussians at Valmy, the Austrians and Hessians attacked the division of General Dillon at Illettes; but after passing the whole day in manœuvring, retreated at the first discharge of a small battery, which had been constructed a few days before.

To Arundel's inexpressible annoyance, the part of the army to which he belonged took no part in the events of that celebrated day, which first esta-

blished the character of the revolutionary armies of France. They were no longer wild, disorderly bands, dangerous to no one, except their own officers. They began to feel the advantages of discipline, and willingly submitted to that strictness and severity, which on the day of battle insured their success. The attention which Arundel had paid to the troops under his command, had obtained for them the reputation of being one of the finest corps in the army; and both officers and men, justly proud of such a distinction, vied with each other in attachment to their commander, who, while he vigorously exacted the strictest order and regularity while on duty, was no less attentive to their general welfare and comfort; and was particularly careful never needlessly to harass the soldiers. To this, however, there was one exception. Ever since the scene which he had witnessed between St. Firmin and Mlle. de Romainville, he had taken a dislike, amounting to hatred, against that officer; and although he never permitted himself to commit an act of positive injustice, even against him, there are a thousand ways in which one in command can harass and torment his inferior, without giving an opening for complaint or reclamation. At first, it was almost unconsciously,

perhaps, that Arundel gave way to this feeling, which, by degrees, however, grew into a habit; and the sight of St. Firmin was sufficient to make him cross and morose to every one around him. But to the unfortunate victim of this antipathy, the effects were most galling. No efforts on his part could obtain for him one word of approbation; the alacrity and precision with which he performed the most harassing and annoying duties, were of no avail; and if ever he did afford an opportunity for reproof, it was conveyed in such harsh and contemptuous language, that it required the utmost command over himself to listen without reply. At length this sort of tyranny grew to such a pitch that he could bear it no longer; and one day he accosted Arundel, and requested that he would forward his application to the General, to be permitted to exchange into some other regiment, even though it should be with an inferior rank.

“This is a most extraordinary request,” said Arundel; “will you allow me to ask the motives of it?”

“Since you ask them, sir,” replied St. Firmin, delighted at having an opportunity of entering into an explanation, “I trust you will impute it to no disrespect, if I say, that it is because I

perceive I am, unfortunately, an object of dislike to you; and that my efforts to merit your approbation are in vain."

"If you have any complaints to make, there are means of redress open to you," replied his chief; "be assured I shall not shrink from doing every thing in my power to obtain for you an impartial hearing."

"No, unfortunately," said St. Firmin, "I can make no such specific complaint; it is your manner, as much as your language and actions, which, I fairly tell you, make life intolerable to me. I can bear it no longer; and I feel it the more, because I cannot help observing how differently you treat every one else. Or even if I had positive charges to make against you, what chance should I have of obtaining redress?—I, with no friends, no connections, and nothing but my sword to depend upon for bread, against you—powerfully supported by the most influential men in the republic, and already known and distinguished in the world.—No, sir; it is from you alone that I can hope for justice; either tell me my fault, that I may have a chance of correcting it, or allow me to leave the regiment."

A silence of a few minutes ensued.

“I have been wrong,” said Arundel, at length—“very wrong; you are a good officer, Lieut. St. Firmin, and I believe an honourable man. Friends we can never be; but as long as you do your duty as you have hitherto done it, you shall receive no more annoyance from me;” and he made him a bow, as if to intimate that their conference was at an end; but St. Firmin, who had guessed pretty accurately the cause of Arundel’s dislike, and was determined, if possible, to conquer it, quickly said,—

“And why not friends, Major Arundel? I have promised one who is much interested in your welfare, that to whatever danger you may be exposed, you should ever find a faithful friend by your side.”

At these words, a new light seemed to burst upon Arundel; grasping St. Firmin’s hand,—

“What mean you?” cried he. “I charge you by all you hold most sacred, to tell me truly, and without reserve, all that passed between Mlle. de Romainville and yourself.”

St. Firmin complied, and without concealing even, what he called, his own insane passion, he related the whole conversation he had had with her.

“I am cured of my folly, I hope and trust,”

added he; "my only wish is to prove to Mlle. de Romainville that I am not unworthy of the friendship she deigned to offer me; and how can I do so better, than by devoting myself to you? It remains with you to decide whether I am to be deprived of this happiness."

"You are a generous and noble fellow, St. Firmin," replied Arundel; "how can I withhold my friendship from one whom she thought worthy of hers? But alas! if you knew what a wretch I am, how infamously I have behaved to her, you would no longer desire it. I have lived years in the last few minutes; and now I see her conduct and mine, for the last two years, in their proper light. What she must have suffered, how much misery she must have gone through, from her father on one side, and from me on the other! Can I ever hope to be forgiven? To have doubted for a second such a heart as hers, and then, the moment that she was mine, to cast her away from me for ever! No! I am lost beyond redemption; my last act of brutality must have destroyed any lingering spark of affection. It is folly to doubt it—such an insult could not be forgiven by an angel from heaven. Idiot! mad-man, that I was—to cast away, to break to atoms the cup of happiness when I had it at my lips.

Oh ! what a triumph for her father to know that what he has been labouring in vain for years to effect, I have done for him in one short minute ! I am every way lost." And he certainly did look like one bereft of all hope, the picture of despair. St. Firmin, who perceived that his presence had been totally forgotten by Arundel, during these self-upbraidings, thought it time to let him know that he had a witness to his ravings.

"I know not," said he, "what may have been the former conduct of the Marquis ; but I can assure you, that no man could speak of another in terms of greater commendation than those in which he spoke of you, during the time he was under my roof. He repeatedly mentioned the obligations he was under to you ; and nothing could equal his disappointment, when he called upon you the day after his daughter was restored to him, and found that you had already left Paris."

"Did the Marquis call on me himself?" enquired Arundel.

"Yes, indeed he did ; and would not be satisfied that you had really taken your departure, till he had been himself admitted into your apart-

ment. I never saw a man show so much annoyance."

"Is it possible," said Arundel, half aloud, "that the Marquis should at length regret the injustice he has done me, and wish to atone for it? Tell me," continued he, addressing St Firmin; "does his daughter seem happy with him?"

"I never saw a parent and child more attached to each other," was the reply.

"Strange," said Arundel. "I cannot comprehend it."

"Perhaps you are not aware," rejoined St. Firmin; "that I am a native of Romainville, and commanded the escort which brought Mons. and Mademoiselle de Romainville to Paris. It was generally understood, previous to that event, that they were not on very good terms; but this was not much more than conjecture, for the Marquis never admitted any stranger into his house, and the servants were as reserved as their master; but certainly, after his arrest, she shewed him the most affectionate devotion."

"I suppose by this time they are safe in England," said Arundel.

"I saw them off the day before I left Paris; and a few days ago I received a line dated Lon-

don, from the Marquis, to inform me that they had arrived safe and in good health."

"Did he give you their address?"

"No, he did not," said St. Firmin.

"Well, I suppose that will not be very difficult to find out; and as soon as this campaign is concluded, I shall ask for leave, and go over to England. I must know my fate. What you have told me has placed me in a situation of suspense to which death would almost be preferable."

This was a determination, however, that he had no opportunity of carrying into execution. France was involved in a general war with Europe, and could not dispense with the presence of a single man who followed her banners. England was shortly after added to the list of her enemies, and all British subjects were required to leave the French service, under severe penalties: but Arundel's notions of honour and duty were too strict to allow him to obey the summons, notwithstanding all the exhortations and treaties of his English friends. He thought himself still bound to act against the other assailants of his adopted country; and the consequence was, that he found himself one fine day proclaimed an outlaw in his native land, and his property sequestered. His return to England was thus rendered impossible, unless he

made up his mind to abandon entirely the cause which he had embraced. His hopes too of hearing of the Marquis, through the medium of the Hammonds, were disappointed. His name was never mentioned in any of the letters he received from his sister, and, in answer to his inquiries, he learnt that the letters of recommendation had never been presented. The check for five hundred Louis had also been returned to his banker, enclosed in a short note from Monsieur de Romainville, merely expressing his thanks for the offer, and assuring Arundel at the same time that he was amply provided. In short, all his attempts to discover their retreat failed, and his only hope was, that some fortunate accident would enable him at length to ascertain what had become of them, that he might plead for pardon at the feet of her whom he had so grossly outraged.

The multiplicity of military operations in which he was soon personally engaged, and the various political events which at this period pressed upon each other in rapid succession, fully occupied his attention. The death of the King, of the Queen, the fall of the Gironde, of Danton, and finally of Robespierre himself, the defeat of the sections on the 13 Vendemiaire—excited in him feelings of dismay and astonish-

ment, at the sure and apparently inevitable fate which seemed to await in turn all the prominent actors of the Revolution ; and he could not but congratulate himself on his having withdrawn in time from the intrigues of the capital, to the comparative security of a camp.

There was another person, too, about whose fate he was most anxious, and this was de Beauvoisin. Companion of the flight of Lafayette, he shared the captivity which, contrary to every principle of law or justice, was inflicted upon him by the Austrian government. They were said to be alive and in good health, but it was impossible to communicate with them ; and the only guarantee that their friends had of their safety, was the uncertain reports that reached them from time to time of their welfare, while all attempts on the part of the French government to obtain their liberation had completely failed.

Arundel's history, for the next three years, would be merely a detail of the different military operations of the armies of the republic to which he was successively attached. It will be sufficient for our purpose to state, that the spring of the year 1796 found him a General of brigade in the division commanded by Massena, and which at that time occupied Loano, and the country around it, in the county of Nice. Here

the army had passed the winter months in a state of the greatest possible destitution. Few of the soldiers could boast of a pair of shoes to their feet ; while their uniforms, hanging about them in rags, were insufficient to protect them from the inclemency of the season. Nor were the officers in a much better condition. Their pay, which was distributed with the greatest irregularity, consisted of assignats, which at that time had scarcely more than a nominal value ; so difficult was it to persuade the inhabitants of the country to take them in exchange for any article of merchandize. Still the characteristic gaiety of the French soldiers had not deserted them ; and amidst those barren rocks, still covered with snow, the air resounded with their patriotic songs and lighthearted jests.

One evening, Arundel had been visiting the posts which were occupied by the brigade under his command, and was returning slowly to his quarters, stopping from time to time, to gaze on the scenery around him. It was the latter end of the month of March ; and although vegetation had not yet begun to show its powers, and the snow-capped mountains recalled the severity of winter, the air was yet warm from the heat of the sun, which, even at that season, had been oppressively hot during the middle of the day.

It was such an evening as revives hope within the breast of man, and makes him hail with joy and thankfulness the return of spring. Arundel felt powerfully its refreshing influence ; he stood in need of something to cheer his drooping spirits, for his thoughts were gloomy, and his position for the last two years had been most irksome to him. Robespierre's fall had proved a fatal obstacle to his advancement. Known at Paris as the Dictator's protégé, and, notwithstanding the extreme caution with which he had acted, suspected most unjustly of being attached to his doctrines, he naturally enough became an object of suspicion to those who had brought about the 9th Thermidor. That he had been denounced to the convention by one of the proconsuls, and defended by Robespierre, was in itself enough to stamp him at once as a dangerous man ; and he had to fight his way against a host of open and concealed enemies. Made a Colonel on the field of battle, at Jemappes, in those days of rapid promotion, he had only just obtained the rank of General, notwithstanding that he had exposed his life with a recklessness that savoured of temerity on every occasion where honour was to be acquired, or the service of the republic seemed to require it. At the pressing instance of Mas-

sena, after the battle of Loano, in the preceding autumn, in which he had most particularly distinguished himself, he had at length been made a general officer, and Massena had instantly conferred on him the command of a brigade, much to the annoyance of a number of officers, who whispered their displeasure at such a trust being confided to one who was known to be obnoxious to the ruling powers. Of these murmurs, however, Massena took not the least notice. A foreigner himself, he had forced himself up to the rank he then held in the French army by his bravery and military talents, and perhaps he sympathized with one whose career so nearly resembled his own. A thorough soldier, he was well qualified to judge of the pretensions of others, and he saw that in Arundel, which told him that his confidence would not be misplaced. Augereau also had taken a fancy to our hero, for what reason it is difficult to say, except that he too was an ardent admirer of Robespierre, and looked upon his fall as the death-blow of the republic.

Certainly no two persons could be more dissimilar in every respect ; and nothing but the knowledge of the excellent heart which beat under Augereau's particularly coarse and vulgar

exterior, could have induced Arundel to tolerate his attempts at intimacy with patience. But it is an unnatural position for a man to stand alone in the world without a friend. The human heart must expand, or be dried up; and how often are men forced, by this necessity, to give their friendship and their confidence to those from whom, in another and more fortunate position, they would probably recoil with disgust. Thus it was that Augereau and Arundel passed as much of their time together as the nature of service and the former's pursuit of his low pleasures allowed; and by degrees Arundel obtained an influence over him which oftentimes moderated the boisterous violence of his temper, and prevented his taking steps which would have been alike injurious to himself and others.

St. Firmin, who shared the disgrace of his friend, had only reached the rank of Captain, and had been appointed by Arundel his principal aide-de-camp. Well had he redeemed the promise he had made to Mlle. de Romainville. On more than one occasion had he saved his friend at the expense of his own blood; and by a singular sort of fatality, while Arundel came out of every action safe and untouched, poor St. Firmin rarely escaped without a wound of

more or less importance. Never did the feeling of friendship exist in greater force, in greater purity, than between these two ; in St. Firmin it amounted almost to a species of idolatry. He did not believe that any one so perfect as Arundel had ever existed since our first parents were driven out of Paradise ; and one really might have supposed that he felt the sincerest gratification in receiving wounds by his side, if he could by any means persuade himself that the fatal blow would otherwise have reached his friend.

Arundel, as we have before said, was returning slowly to his quarters, when at a short distance he saw Augereau and St. Firmin hastening towards him, and evidently anxious to join him. As soon as they approached, Augereau shouted out at the top of his stentorian voice—

“ We have at last a new commander-in-chief.”

“ Well, and who is he ?” asked Arundel ; “ though I am afraid, from your looks, I must congratulate Massena, and not you.”

“ Massena !—no, damn them ! You do not think Massena’s nomination would annoy me ; though I flatter myself—but that is nothing to the purpose ; no, it is neither Massena nor myself. Did you ever hear of a little Corsican, by name Buonaparte, who saved the five em-

bryo kings of the Luxembourg from our honest friends the sections, on the 13th of Vendemiare ?”

“ Yes, certainly ; he commanded the artillery at Toulon.”

“ Well, this mighty man is the commander-in-chief of the army of Italy. I think he will find it rather more difficult to get to Turin than to slaughter unoffending patriots in the streets of Paris.”

“ You and Massena,” said Arundel, “ have good reason to think yourselves hardly dealt with—there is no doubt of that ; but let us see what our new General can do before we abuse him.”

“ I don’t abuse him,” rejoined Augereau ; “ I only wish Danican had given him a better lesson when he made his first essay in generalship.”*

“ And you, St. Firmin,” said Arundel, “ have you anything to tell me ?”

“ Yes, citizen General,” replied the aide-de-camp ; “ there is a young officer just arrived, and waiting at your quarters to see you ; I think he must be a commissary-general, or some such thing, from his uniform ; he desired me to inform you that he wishes to speak to you directly.”

* General Danican commanded the Sections against the troops of the Convention, on the 13th Vendemiare.

“Did he not give his name?”

“No ; he said it was not necessary.”

“D—n his impudence!” exclaimed Augereau ; “if I were you, Arundel, I would sit down here, and send for him to come to you. I caught a glimpse of him; he is dressed out as fine as can be, in the uniform we Generals used to wear, as long as we had uniforms. I dare say he is only the courier of our new commander, and has borrowed one of his coats.”

“Or, perhaps,” said Arundel, “the commander-in-chief himself.”

“Oh, no ! Massena has only just received the dispatches containing the news of his nomination ; he will not be here for a week, at least.”

By this time they had arrived at the cottage in which Arundel had established his quarters. When he entered the room which served him for drawing-room, dining-room, and bed-room, it was so dark that he could only just distinguish a thin individual, apparently rather below the middle size, who was sitting over the embers of the dying fire, which he was endeavouring to rake together with the scabbard of his sword. He did not appear to notice Arundel’s entrance, till the latter addressed him.

“What can I do for your service, citizen?” said he ; “I hear you wished to speak to me.”

"I wished to renew my acquaintance with you, General Arundel," said the stranger, in a tone of voice that was quite unknown to him to whom it was directed.

"Excuse my not recognizing you, it is so dark; oh! here come lights," said Arundel, as a servant made his appearance with them, followed by Augereau, who never thought of ceremony; "even now, though your features are not quite unknown to me, I cannot recall your name."

"That does not surprise me, for I am not aware that you ever heard it. Have you forgotten the garden of the Tuilleries, on the 10th of August?"

"No, by heavens!" cried Arundel, warmly; "well do I remember you now, and long did I seek for you, to express to you my gratitude for your well-timed assistance. I am indeed delighted at last to have got the opportunity."

"What!" cried Augereau; "is this the young man I have heard you so often speak of? *Mille tonnerres de Dieu!*—I must make your acquaintance. I am General Augereau," and at the same time he seized the stranger's hand, and squeezed it with a fervour that made him wince a little. "Are you just come from Paris?" con-

tinued he: "have you ever seen anything of this young coxcomb—this Buonaparte, whom the Directory have thought fit to put over the heads of Massena and me?"

"I know him very well," was the quiet reply.

"Well, and what sort of a man is he?—when will he be here?"

"He is here," said the stranger. "I am General Buonaparte."

"The devil you are!" cried Augereau, starting back, rather abashed, perhaps for the first time in his life, at finding himself face to face with a person of whom he had spoken so disrespectfully.

"Yes," continued the other, "I am General Buonaparte; and if I am a coxcomb—which I do not think I am—be assured I know how to appreciate the merit and bravery of a man like General Augereau. But enough of this—I learnt that your brigade, General Arundel, occupied this position, and, as I cannot go farther till to-morrow morning, I must ask you for hospitality for the night."

"Such as it is, citizen General, it is at your disposal," replied Arundel; "but shall I not inform Massena of your arrival?"

"That is already done; I sent forward one of

my aides-de-camp, and expect him back every minute."

In fact, he had hardly ceased speaking before his aide-de-camp, Junot, returned, followed by Massena and a crowd of officers, anxious to pay their respects to their new chief.

"Citizens," said Buonaparte, as soon as the presentations were over, and silence a little restored, "the republic has confided to me the command of the army of Italy. I shall remain here a week, to complete those arrangements which are necessary to enable me to carry my future plans into effect. We must endeavour, during that time, to replenish our magazines, and perfect the discipline of the army; for that I depend upon your intelligence, and the patriotism of your soldiers. I know the difficulties we must encounter in endeavouring to supply the wants of the army, which are many, and unfortunately our resources are few. But to men of resolution, nothing is impossible. Tomorrow I shall see you again."

Long and various were the comments that were made by the different officers, as soon as they had retired from Buonaparte's presence, upon the manner in which they had been received; but all agreed in one point, that he resembled in nothing any of the generals to

whom the armies of the Republic had been hitherto entrusted. *Liberté, égalité, fraternité*, seemed to be words which found no place in his vocabulary. Every one appeared to feel that what he ordered, they must execute without murmur or remonstrance.

“*Tudieu, il y va rondement,*” said Augereau to Lannes, whose arm he had taken. “If he does as well as he talks, he will lead us far.”

“And why should he not?” said Lannes; “there is something about him that one is forced to respect, young as he is; I only wish he would begin by taking those confounded commissaries to task, who are starving us and enriching themselves.”

“Aye, that would be beginning at the right end, indeed,” cried Augereau. “I will warn that cursed scoundrel Lepeltier, that if he plays me any more tricks, I will try whether the commander-in-chief cannot put a stop to them;” and the very next morning he had an opportunity of carrying his threat into execution. Lepeltier was a low, ignorant man, whose sole object was to amass money by any means in his power, and who had contrived, by dint of bribing and promising, to obtain a situation of *commissaire des vivres* in the division of the army of Italy commanded by Augereau. Here, every

day offered him opportunities of indulging his rapacity, which he greedily embraced, perfectly indifferent to the wants and miseries of those around him. In vain did the General storm and threaten. Lepeltier pursued the even tenor of his way, without even appearing to take notice of the menaces of Augereau, or the murmurs of the soldiery, amongst whom he was an object of general detestation. Satisfied that the powerful influence he possessed in the Directory itself,—for it appeared that he was first cousin to Barras's valet-de-chambre—would be sufficient to shelter him from the consequences of his misconduct, he continued to fill his coffers at the expense of the army and the state, and treated every representation that was made to him with the most sovereign contempt. It happened, unfortunately for him, that on the very morning after Buonaparte's arrival, a case of peculation, more flagrant even than common, was brought under Augereau's notice, and the proofs were clear enough to have satisfied the most captious lawyer. Furious at this fresh piece of villainy, and with his temper not at all improved by having been obliged to breakfast on black bread, potatoes and sour wine, the General sent to desire Lepeltier to come to him directly. The

commissary, with the insolence of a purse-proud *parvenu*, sent back word, that he was then busy, but that if General Augereau would take the trouble of coming to his quarters, he should be very happy to see him. In a paroxysm of rage, Augereau rushed to the house inhabited by Lepeltier, and bursting into the room where he was sitting, found him quietly discussing a *dindon aux truffes*, which he washed down with copious draughts of Champagne. This sight redoubled, if possible, Augereau's wrath.

"*Sacrée canaille*," he roared out; "I will teach you how to behave to a General of the Republic;" and, suiting the action to the word, he seized the turkey by the two legs, and flinging it full at the devoted head of the commissary, laid him prostrate on the floor.

What further he might have done, there is no saying, for, luckily, some of his staff, who had followed him as fast as they could, when they saw him run out of his house without his hat, came up at this juncture, and contrived to pinion him and force him into a chair. By this time, Lepeltier had recovered himself sufficiently to rise from the floor, and a more ludicrous object never presented itself; his face covered with celery sauce and blood, which streamed in tor-

rents from his nose, and which he in vain endeavoured to stop, he poured forth a torrent of imprecations with a volubility that was perfectly overwhelming. Augereau was not slow in replying, and after a violent altercation, they both went to lay their complaints before the commander-in-chief.

Lepeltier was the first in the field; and his woeful appearance, which he had hardly given himself time to improve, fully corroborated the truth of his statement."

"This is a violent attack against an unoffending man, General Augereau," said Buonaparte, severely: "what excuse can you make for it?"

"Unoffending! Excuse! citizen General," replied Augereau, trembling with passion, "none! I am only sorry I did not break the scoundrel's head instead of his nose. A serious complaint is made to me against him; I send for him to come and justify himself: he returns for answer, that he is busy, and cannot come, but that if I like, I may go to him: and when I arrive in his quarters, I find Monsieur le Commissaire enjoying himself over a fat turkey and champagne, while, thanks to his robberies, the soldiers of the Republic are left to starve, or support themselves by plunder."

“That, indeed, alters the case. Why did not you obey the orders you received from your superior, sir?” said Buonaparte, addressing Lepeltier.

“Because I do not consider him my superior,” insolently replied that worthy. “I hold myself responsible to the administration at Paris, and to them alone.”

“Do you so?” said Buonaparte: “if that has been the case hitherto, it will be so no longer, at least not while I hold the command. General Augereau, I think you said a charge of a serious nature had been made against this man; what was it?”

“Why, citizen General, ten days ago, the commissaire bought fifty oxen of a farmer, in the valley of the Drôme, for the use of the army; but, finding that one of this man’s neighbours would give him a higher price for them, he sold them again, and pocketed fifty louis-d’or in gold by the transaction; the consequence of which was, that my division has had no meat for nearly a fortnight. Citizen Lepeltier being at length alarmed, I suppose, by the complaints of the troops, thought it time to provide fresh stores for their use, and not finding any oxen to be had, goes to the farmer to whom

he had sold the former ones, and compels him to part with them for half the price he had paid, and even that he only gave him in assignats. The farmer, naturally indignant at this bare-faced robbery, came to me this morning in hopes of obtaining redress."

"Is this true, citizen Lepeltier?" said Buonaparte.

"It is not," replied the Commissary, who began not to like the turn things were taking. "It is totally false. I never sold an ox bought for the use of the army, to a farmer or peasant, in my life."

"Have you any proofs, General Augereau?" asked Buonaparte.

"Certainly, citizen General," replied Augereau. "Come forward you there;" and three peasants were pushed forward into the circle by one of Augereau's aides-de-camp. Lepeltier's yellow complexion assumed a deeper hue when he saw them. "This is the man from whom the oxen were bought, and these two are the father and son to whom they were sold."

"Do you dare to say," cried Lepeltier, who felt the necessity of making an effort to save himself, "do you dare to say, that you ever bought an ox of me?" and he looked at him as

if he could with pleasure have struck him dead upon the spot.

“Oh no, good sir,” cried the old man, trembling in every limb: “I must have made some mistake; pray let me return home.”

“You infernal old scoundrel,” cried Augereau, “what do you mean by that? Repeat, directly, what you told me this morning, or I will have you hanged upon that tree.”

“Silence, citizens,” cried Buonaparte; “we shall never get the truth from this man, if you frighten him thus. Listen to me, my friend:—nobody here shall do you any injury, provided you speak the truth; if you do not, the consequences be upon your own head.”

But even this assurance had no effect upon the peasant, who seemed perfectly paralyzed by terror, and kept repeating, “It is a mistake, quite a mistake—let me go.”

At length his son, seeing from the looks of those around him, that their patience was not likely to last much longer, took courage to say:

“Gentlemen, my father is not much used to speak before company, but what he told the General is quite true. We did buy the oxen which belonged to our neighbour here—of that gentleman,” pointing to Lepeltier; “here is his

receipt for the money," and he produced a piece of paper, which he handed over to Buonaparte. "He seized them again yesterday, and gave us these assignats for them; they are even now in the camp, for I saw them this morning, and so did we all."

The two others made a sign of assent. Buonaparte opened the bit of paper, which he had hitherto held closed in his hand, and read aloud: 'Received of Michel Dumont one hundred and sixty louis-d'ors in gold, for fifty oxen: signed, Lepeltier.' "

Turning to the unfortunate commissary, he said—

"Have you anything further to allege in your defence?—is this your handwriting?"

"It is not—it is all false—a plot got up against me by General Augereau," replied the other, with the sullen doggedness of desperation; but twenty persons present spoke to the hand-writing being genuine, and every loop-hole of escape was closed. "I see I have no justice to expect here, citizen General," said Lepeltier, addressing Buonaparte; "I here give in my resignation, and shall see if I cannot get redress at Paris."

"Junot," said Buonaparte, "arrest that man. Lepeltier, you are convicted of one of the most

infamous crimes a man can be guilty of—that of profiting by the wants and miseries of others, to gratify your avarice—of neglecting your duty, of exposing the army to starvation, and all the horrors of insubordination, which such a state of things must inevitably produce. Make your peace with God, for your earthly career is closed ; you will be shot within an hour.”

Had a thunderbolt fallen from heaven, it could not have produced more surprise or consternation amongst those who were there assembled, than did the decree they had just heard. They had so long been accustomed to see the most barefaced acts of plunder passed by, if not unnoticed, at least without reprimand, that even Lepeltier’s voluntary resignation had struck them with surprise. As for that miserable victim of his own cupidity, he did not appear to have understood rightly the fate that awaited him ; he remained staring upon those around with fixed eyes and open mouth, unable to utter a word. Augereau was the first to speak.

“ I hope, citizen General,” said he, “ you will allow me to intercede for the poor devil ; he has had a good fright, and if he leaves the army, he can do us no further harm. I should be sorry if the joke was carried further.”

“Joke, General Augereau !” exclaimed he to whom this speech was addressed. “Do you call this a joke ? And how can I punish a poor starving soldier for robbing a hen-roost, if such a wholesale plunderer as this is to escape ? No, he dies ; and I trust the example I make of him will spare me the necessity of such a punishment for the future.”

“But, General,” said Augereau, stepping close up to him, and speaking in a tone of voice which was intended for a whisper, but which was audible to every one present ; “he has great interest at the Luxembourg ; you may get yourself into a scrape !”

“And what care I ?” exclaimed Buonaparte, aloud : “as long as I do my duty, no man on earth can find fault with me ; and I expect everybody else to do theirs.”

In the meantime, all the other officers had consulted together, and approaching the General-in-chief in a body, they asked for the unfortunate man’s pardon, urging that the same offences had been so long committed with impunity, that it was hard to punish them so severely without some sort of previous intimation that they would no longer be winked at ; but Buona-

parte was immoveable ; Lepeltier was taken away in a state of seeming insensibility, and soon after, half-a-dozen musket shots, and a roll of the drums, told that his mortal career had closed for ever.

CHAPTER VIII.

“WHAT do you think of our Commander-in-chief now?” said Lannes, as some of the superior officers were sitting round his table, making an excellent dinner upon joints of pork, dressed in every possible way, on the evening of the day on which the scene related in the preceding chapter took place.

“I am very glad,” said Arundel, “I was not in his situation ; but I would have acted exactly as he did.”

“By heavens, then !” said Augereau, “I would not. I feel almost as if I had butchered the man myself. I think it would have been but an act of common civility if he had forgiven him, when I, his accuser, requested it ; but he

has evidently never been used to good society." A general laugh greeted this observation, rendered more piquant considering the lips from which it fell.

"What is all this?" exclaimed Joubert, as soon as the mirth had subsided; "you and Arundel have changed characters; you, who in general are not much more inclined to pity the miseries of others than you do your own, plead for this bloodsucker, and Arundel, who is scarcely yet hardened to the sight of blood, seems anxious to shed it."

"That is easily explained," cried Massena; "this time, Augereau allowed his heart to speak, and Arundel his head. I think the latter right. This one example—and I confess I, for one, cannot bring myself to pity the fate of such a scoundrel—will do more to reestablish the discipline of the army than any thing else. The soldiers will see that they have a chief who will not allow them to be robbed with impunity, and who will not flinch from acts of severe justice."

Massena was right: the confidence of the soldiers in their new commander was established as if by magic; and when in a few days afterwards he passed the whole army in review, preparatory to his opening the campaign, the

enthusiastic reception he met with, convinced him that his authority was already firmly established over them, notwithstanding the murmurs which his youth and inexperience had at first excited against his appointment.

It was upon this occasion that he made use of those memorable words, so prophetic of the course he was on the point of commencing.

“Soldiers,” cried he, “you are naked and ill-fed. The government owes you much, and can give you nothing. The patience, the courage you have shown amidst these rocks are admirable, but they give you no solid glory, no imperishable fame. I will lead you into the most fertile plains of Europe. Rich provinces, large cities, will fall into your power. In them, you will find honour, and glory, and wealth. Soldiers of the army of Italy, shall I find you deficient in courage or fortitude?”

At the conclusion of this speech the air rung with cries of *Vive la République*. This language, so new to the ears of those to whom it was addressed, yet found an echo in their breasts; and the picture of ease and plenty which had been laid before them, was well calculated to inflame the imagination of men, who for

months had been dragging on life in the midst of want and privations of every kind.

But though Buonaparte had thus conciliated the good will of the soldiery, he had not been equally successful with the officers under his command—at least with those amongst them who felt themselves aggrieved by being placed under the command of one so young, and as yet totally unknown to fame. Augereau was the loudest in his exclamations against the system of favouritism, which had given them such a General-in-chief; and it required all the entreaties of his friends, to prevent his sending in his resignation. A violent republican, he was particularly indignant at the total omission of all allusion to the republic in Buonaparte's famous address, which we have just quoted.

“What does he take us for?” exclaimed he, to a circle of approving auditors, “when he addresses us as if we were still the soldiers of the tyrant? Is he too fine a gentleman to ter the word *Patrie* or *Republique*, without choaking? I think I could guess where he would have been at this moment, if my poor friend St. Just had been commissary here in the good old times, which I suppose we shall soon be ordered not to regret. *Sacré, mille ton-*

nerres de Dieu, he had better mind what he is about, or there are yet men in the army who will be capable of sending him back to Paris to tell his friend, King Barras, that we have not seen torrents of blood flow in the cause of the Revolution, to have the *ancien régime* quietly reestablished."

Nor was Massena much better pleased, although his prudence, and a due sense of what he owed to his superior officer, did not allow him to give vent to his displeasure in words. It manifested itself solely in the cold and reserved manner with which he met all the attempts of Buonaparte to win his confidence. In the younger officers, however, he found strenuous defenders. Arundel, Lannes, Joubert, and many others, whose names have since been enrolled in the temple of Fame, were content to be led by a chief, whose age did not exceed their own, and whose rapid career seemed to them a happy presage of what they might themselves expect.

The times were fast approaching which were to turn the distrust of the murmurers into admiration, and the confidence of his adherents into enthusiasm. As soon as Buonaparte had completed his arrangements, he broke up his camp at Loano and Albenga, and proceeded

to carry into execution the audacious plan which his genius suggested to him. In front of him were two hostile armies, each of them well disciplined, well provisioned, and superior in numbers to his own. The Austrian field-marshal, Beaulieu, had approached Genoa, with a view to cover that city, which Buonaparte appeared to threaten; while the Piedmontese army, under Colli, defended the passes that led to Turin. By a skilful manœuvre Beaulieu is deceived: his lieutenant D'Argenteau, is beaten at Montenotte, Dego and Millesimo: Colli is defeated at Mondovi; and the king of Sardinia thinks himself fortunate in being able to save his crown by the humiliating treaty of Cherasco.

It was now, for the first time, that full justice was done to the wonderful man who thus laid the foundations of his future power and fame. Every individual of the army, from the General to the common soldier, seemed to enter into his plans, and to be, as it were, electrified by the magical touch of his genius. Nothing appeared impossible to their excited imaginations; and the complete conquest of Italy was looked upon as the certain result of the campaign. Buonaparte, profiting by their enthusiasm, passed the Po, after having again deceived Beaulieu, and

subjected Parma and Placentia to his arms. Beaulieu, however, though out-manceuvred on all points, was still formidable ; and Buonaparte, now sure of his troops, determined if possible to bring the Austrian commander to a general action, which should decide the fate of Italy. His antagonist was too wary and prudent to be caught in the snare, and appeared to be equally determined not to risk a general engagement, until circumstances should enable him to do so with the certainty of success ; and in the meantime contented himself with disposing his forces in such a manner as to defend the approaches of the city of Milan, one great object of the conqueror's desires. But he had to do with one who was as prompt to execute the suggestions of his genius as his head was fertile in conceiving them. Buonaparte resolved to pass the Adda at Lodi, notwithstanding the strength of the position, and the numerous batteries by which the bridge was commanded. His advanced guard came up with Beaulieu's rearguard close to the town, which they entered with them, driving them out at the opposite gate ; but here their progress was stopped. The long narrow bridge over the Adda was defended on the other side by ten thousand Austrians, fighting under cover of

strong intrenchments, and covered by a formidable train of artillery.

As soon as Buonaparte arrived upon the spot, he reconnoitred the whole position, under a heavy fire of musketry and grape. In a moment his resolution was taken; a picked column of three thousand grenadiers was formed, who received with cries of *Vive la République, Vive Buonaparte* the few words which he addressed to them on the obstacles they had to overcome, and the imperishable glory that would wait on their success. Among his Generals, however, there were some who were not so sanguine as to the result; one of them even ventured to represent to him the dangers to which the army would be exposed, should the attack fail. "You do not yet know what can be accomplished with such soldiers," was the calm reply, and orders were given for the column to advance.

Headed by a band of officers, the best, the bravest in the army, who had pressed forward into the post of honour, many of them without having any command in the gallant column they led, but only following the dictates of their courage which prompted them to take a part in the most glorious achievement of the war, the formidable column advanced at a quick pace

upon the bridge, to cries of *Vive la République*, in which they were joined by the whole of the army, who remained on the banks, witnesses of their heroic efforts. In front, Massena, Lannes, Berthier, Arundel, Rampon, Marmont, and a host of others, whose achievements have illustrated the most glorious pages of French history, were to be found cheering on their followers, and pointing out the way to victory. In vain the cannon of the Austrians roared, in vain the quick discharge of their musketry carried death into the ranks of their opponents. The breaches they made were scarcely perceptible, so rapidly were they filled up. Not a shot was fired on the part of the French; they knew that the bayonet must decide the fate of the day. In a few minutes they had reached the other end of the bridge. The order to charge is given; like the thunder-cloud they burst upon the foe, the entrenchments are carried with the rapidity of thought, the cannons are taken, and turned upon their late masters, who, panic-struck, threw down their arms, and sought in vain to escape from the vengeance of the conquerors, who, maddened by the fall of so many of their comrades, and the obstacles they

had had to overcome, showed but little mercy on that memorable day.

Again, by a fate which appeared miraculous, had Arundel escaped untouched, although his clothes were in several parts pierced with balls, one of which had shivered the sword he held in his hand. His friends—for since the opening of the campaign a new spirit seemed to have pervaded the army, old jealousies were laid aside, merit was everywhere appreciated, and Arundel was now a general favourite, and his society as much courted as it had formerly been shunned—his friends, I say, had fallen on all sides of him, and he came out of every danger unscathed. How thankful he ought to have been to Providence, for that which seemed like a special interposition in his favour!—but, unfortunately, such was not the case. In the midst of universal joy and excitement he was ever serious, and apparently uninterested in what was going on. It was only in the moments of action that he appeared like his former self. Then, indeed, his eye would lighten up, his countenance assume a cheerful appearance, and his whole demeanour become that of a man whose heart and soul were engaged in what was before him. His companions, who had at first thought him

half mad, or at least the most unsociable of human beings, by degrees got used to his manner, and only regretted that one who was so universally liked, and who had shown himself to be so good an officer, should be so completely a prey to the malady which was supposed to be indigenous to his native country. St. Firmin alone seemed to understand and sympathize with him, but even his efforts could not win him from his melancholy.

The day after the battle of Lodi, Arundel received a sabre of honour, accompanied by a letter of thanks from the commander-in-chief, for the courage he had displayed on that occasion ; for it was by such honours, that skill and bravery were rewarded in the republican armies of France, and her children stimulated to fresh exertion : but so far from seeming elated by such a distinction, he appeared more than usually gloomy. His friend could not forbear expressing his surprise at seeing him so totally insensible to the honour he had so justly won. Giving way to the bitterness of his feelings, he exclaimed, “ And of what use are honours to one to whom life itself is a burden ? It is true, that when there is any thing to be done, when I am actively employed, I am quite alive to the excitement, the interest

of the moment ; but as soon as it is past, when I am forced back upon myself, I declare to you, in the sincerity of my heart, I envy the fate of those poor fellows, to whom existence was perhaps sweet, and who have been deprived of it when they were least prepared for the change. I am not old in years—I am only eight-and-twenty—but if I were to live to the age of a hundred, I could not be older in feeling than I am at this moment. My heart is withered, for after all, of what use am I to any one ?”

“ Oh ! Arundel,” replied St. Firmin, “ you should not speak thus, for I cannot believe that you feel what you say. I will say nothing about myself or your friends in this army, or even about those you have in your own country, and whom, you have so often told me, you so dearly love ; but is it nothing to be a General of the republic, to contribute to her victories, to lead her children to conquest, to assist in establishing the principles of liberty and justice in countries where hitherto they have hardly been known by name ? Remember the words Buonaparte once addressed to us. ‘ When you return covered with laurels to your own homes, your fellow-citizens will point you out to their chil-

dren, and say, He, too, was one of the army of Italy.' ”

“ Yes, my dear friend,” replied Arundel ; “ you are right in point of reason ; I know, without your arguments, how egoistical, how completely selfish I am become : but what has reason, what have arguments to do with the feelings of the heart ? Mine speaks to me a different language ; and following her dictates, I tell you, that at this moment I would resign all my honours, the glory and distinction you say I have obtained, and which, God knows, I have laboured hard for, I would cheerfully give up life itself, to see her but for five minutes, to hear her say ‘ I forgive you, I still love you : ’ but this is an idle dream. I cherished hope once, but now it has left me completely and for ever.”

“ I know,” rejoined St. Firmin, “ as well as you do, your feelings, and the power they exercise over you ; and, moreover, I know what you know also, though you will not avow it to yourself, though you say you have lost all hope, that you still cherish hopes—and why should I not say well-founded hopes, for such I am convinced they are—that you will yet meet Mlle. de Romainville, and that you will hear her say

the words on which you have set your happiness."

"Oh, hush, St. Firmin!—even if I were mad enough to give way to such a wild idea, is it acting the part of a friend to nourish it when it can only end in disappointment? For years I have carefully avoided the subject: but have you forgotten the length of time that has elapsed since I last saw her or heard of her?—Three long years, without being able to know even if she is in existence. And if she still lives, it is probably as the wife of another. But speak no more on the subject—I cannot bear it; by heavens! when that horrid thought forces itself upon me, I feel as if I were going mad. If you really love me, never introduce this subject again."

"Nay, but I must and will speak of it, if it is only to combat so absurd an idea. Do you think, that a love which she cherished through years of misery, and I may almost say persecution, is likely to give way, when it is, if not approved of, at least certainly tolerated by her father. Ah, no! think better of the constancy of woman—at least of such a woman as Mlle. de Romainville. You cannot hear of her, it is true, but do you think that the wonders of this campaign have not reached her ear?—or do you ima-

gine that the name of one who has played so prominent a part in it as yourself, has not been mentioned hundreds of times in her presence? Why even the English newspapers, which we have occasionally seen, and which lavish every sort of abuse and insult upon us, refer with pride to the distinguished part the head of one of their most ancient families has borne in our triumphs. Indeed, I am not sure that some of them have not gone so far as to ascribe our conquests entirely to your presence. I would stake my best horse, that at this moment she is thinking, with pride and satisfaction, that her heart has not been given to one unworthy of it. The wife of another!—do you think then that she forgets, as you seem to do, that she is the wife of Henry Arundel?”

“The wife!” exclaimed Arundel.

“Yes, the wife. She informed the Marquis of all that had passed between you.”

“God of Heaven!—and why did you never tell me this before?”

“I thought that if you wished to speak of it, it should come from you. Delicacy forbade my alluding to a circumstance so delicate, which you never entrusted to me; if I do so now, it is

because I cannot bear to see you in a state bordering on despair."

"And did she tell you this?" asked Arundel.

"No, I heard it from the Marquis," replied his friend.

"And what did he say to it?"

"He made no comment upon it at all; but from the general manner in which he spoke of you, it was easy to see that he did not regret it. He ever mentioned you with praise and admiration."

"And the divorce," cried Arundel, "the divorce—what did he say to that?"

"The divorce!—what divorce?" exclaimed St. Firmin.

"What! did he not tell you that when we parted, I put into her hands an act of divorce?"

St. Firmin seemed struck dumb with astonishment: at length he replied; "Are you raving? I heard nothing about a divorce; on the contrary, once or twice, when speaking to me about her, he called her Mrs. Arundel."

What a delicious sensation filled Arundel's heart as that word struck upon his ears. Was he then indeed the husband of Gertrude, acknowledged as such by her own father? And what had become of the fatal act of separation?

That it had not been made use of was clear, but was the Marquis cognizant of its existence? But after all, what did it matter? She, whom he had insulted, outraged, and cast from him, still retained her faith to him, pure and unsullied. He felt that his offence was forgiven, that he was still the beloved of her heart. From that moment he became a new man. Hope, to which he had so long been a stranger, filled his soul, and in the frantic expression of his joy, he embraced St. Firmin, calling him his saviour, and lavishing upon him every expression which grateful happiness could dictate.

Nor did his gratitude show itself only in words. At his urgent request, St. Firmin was promoted to the rank of Major, a reward his conduct throughout the campaign well merited, and which had long been promised him, but for which he was destined to pay dear. Two days afterwards, in an insignificant skirmish, he received a ball in his shoulder, which, without being mortal, was pronounced to be of a most dangerous nature, and to require more care and attention than could be afforded him as long as he remained with the army. Arundel, therefore, contrived to settle him in a very comfortable lodging in the village of Binasco, where about

two hundred more soldiers and officers, who had been wounded at different times, were also established, under the care of a surgeon and his assistant. Having seen that everything which could conduce to the comfort and recovery of his friend was at his disposal, he rejoined the army in time to play his part in their triumphal entry into Milan. Never had that city witnessed a more imposing spectacle. The conqueror of Piedmont and Lombardy, who in appearance seemed scarcely arrived at the years of manhood, surrounded by his gallant brethren in arms, preceded and followed by those victorious bands who had triumphed in fifty combats over an enemy always superior to themselves in numbers, entered the ancient capital of the Lombards, with the avowed intention of breaking the chains of slavery and oppression, under which its inhabitants had languished for centuries. With a grave, almost a severe countenance, the youthful chief alone appeared insensible to the acclamations which greeted his entrance; or, if a smile of satisfaction and gratified pride flitted across his features for a moment, it was instantly repressed, as unworthy of one who already felt himself called upon to run an unparalleled career of conquest and empire.

As soon as the ceremonies of his reception were over, he proceeded to organize such a government for the city and its dependencies, as should ensure the preponderance of the French interest. Day and night were spent in labour and consultation with those best calculated to assist him in such a task, and Buonaparte soon showed that he was as skilful as an administrator as he had hitherto proved himself to be as a General. Here, too, the army found the promises he had made them amidst the rocks of Loano, more than realized. For the first time, they received the full arrears of their pay. Their clothing was renewed, their arms and accoutrements repaired, and horses provided for the service of the artillery and cavalry, to replace those which had been lost in the course of the campaign. Everywhere, the French soldier was hailed by the people as a friend and liberator, and every class vied with each other in testifying their affection for their new guests. Some of the older Generals began to fear for the discipline of the army, if they prolonged their stay in this new Capua; but Buonaparte was not a man either to forget his duties in the midst of pleasure, or to allow others to do so. As soon as he had given some degree of consistency to the new government, he again set

forth in pursuit of the Austrian army, which, though so repeatedly defeated, was yet formidable from its numbers, and the reinforcements it was constantly receiving. Having, therefore, left at Milan a sufficient body of troops to blockade the castle, which still remained in the hands of the enemy, and to maintain tranquillity in the city, he proceeded on his march.

He had not advanced, however, two days, when a courier brought him the unexpected and disagreeable intelligence, that an insurrection had broken out in Milan, Pavia, and the towns and villages adjacent, having for its object the utter extermination of the French. Emissaries of the Austrian government had found many of the nobility ready to give a favourable ear to their suggestions, and they willingly lent themselves to a plan, the result of which would be the destruction of those through whose interference a republican form of government had been established, which completely deprived them of their power and privileges. The clergy, too, loudly applauded the project, and embarked in it with all the ardour which characterizes the priesthood of every country and every religion, when engaged in a political crusade. In their eyes, every republican was

a monster of vice and infidelity, and the influence they possessed amongst the lower orders of the people, was successfully employed in enlisting recruits for this holy warfare. The officer left in command at Milan, had taken every step that prudence could dictate, to put down the revolt; but his situation, placed as he was between the castle, which was still held by the Austrians, on one side, and the insurgents on the other, had become extremely precarious. Buonaparte saw that no time was to be lost, and vexatious as it was to be obliged to delay his march forward, he felt that to leave an insurrection in his rear would compromise not only the success of his future operations, but perhaps even the safety of his army. With a small, but chosen body of troops, commanded by Lannes, who had Arundel for his Lieutenant, he retraced his steps to Milan, where he made his appearance in an incredibly short space of time, to the utter discomfiture of his enemies.

The consternation of the rebels at his unexpected return was now as great as their former confidence and vain-glorious boasting. No resource remained but to implore the clemency of him they had so grievously offended. At the head of a deputation of trembling suppliants,

came the venerable Archbishop of Milan, Visconti, who was the better qualified to act as their mediator, that he had done all in his power to restrain their excesses. Buonaparte received them on horseback at the gate of the city ; and out of consideration for that part of the inhabitants who had shown themselves friendly to French rule, he pardoned all but the ringleaders of the revolt, while the terms he imposed, though hard, were only such as he considered necessary for the future tranquillity of the city.

From Milan he proceeded without loss of time towards Binasco and Pavia, where the revolt had assumed a more formidable appearance. The inhabitants of these two places, strengthened by the presence of those of the Milanese rebels who, either distrusting the clemency of the conqueror, or aware that their own conduct had been such as to deprive them of all claim to it, had taken refuge with them, and encouraged them to defend themselves to the last extremity.

CHAPTER IX.

THE setting sun was gilding with its last rays the snow-capped summits of the distant Alps, as a French officer, leaning upon the arm of a young female, strolled along the terraced gardens of a small villa, standing just outside the village of Binasco. The feeble manner in which he moved, as well as his emaciated appearance, showed that he was just recovering from a painful illness; but his eye brightened, and his cheek assumed a healthier hue, as the refreshing influence of the evening breeze by degrees overcame the oppressive heat of the atmosphere. At first sight, it was difficult to say to what class of society his companion belonged. She was dressed in the picturesque costume of the

country, and so far differed in nothing from the daughter of the peasant ; but a close observer would have remarked, that the materials of her dress were of the finest description ; while the expression of her lovely features, and the grace of her whole deportment, bespoke one whose place was rather in the palace than the cottage. The officer was St. Firmin, who, for the first time, had been permitted by his medical attendant to venture forth in the open air ; and supported by the daughter of his host, Count Lucarno, he had contrived to drag his steps to the end of this walk, overshadowed by the luxuriant vine, and looking down on the rich and well-watered plains of Lombardy, which stretched away for many a mile, as far as the eye could reach. As St. Firmin sunk down on a bench, somewhat exhausted by the exertion he had made, his beautiful guide looked anxiously at him, and said,—“ You are already tired ; I must not allow you to stay out any longer : you know the surgeon has invested me with full authority over you ?”

“ Nay, let me stay a little longer—it is so long since I have had a look at nature ; you do not know how refreshing it is to an invalid, to get out into the open air for the first time ; besides,

"I am so much better, that it can do me no harm."

"Are you, indeed, so much better?" asked she. "Oh! I trust in a few days you will be quite well?"

"I am only afraid of getting well too soon."

"Too soon, and why so?"

"Can you ask me, Teresina? Do you forget that the return of health is the signal for me to leave Binasco; and do you think I can do so without a pang?—And you," added he, taking her hand, "will you entirely forget the wounded soldier, who owes his life to your care, and the kindness of your family?"

"Oh! you know," answered she, trying to smile and speak cheerfully, while a tear trembled in her eye, "we poor women have so little to occupy our thoughts, that an event of this sort would serve us for conversation for the rest of our lives; but I am afraid you will forget even the name of Binasco, before you have been with the army a week."

"Do you judge me by your own feelings?" said St. Firmin; "if so, I am indeed to be pitied; but no, I am sure you do not really think so very ill of me as you have just said; you know," added he, in a whisper, "how devotedly I love you."

“I know this,” said Teresina, blushing, and struggling to avoid a kiss, in which, however, she did not succeed, probably because she was afraid of using all her strength against an invalid—“I know you very often say and do very foolish things, and make me very angry with you; and I know, moreover, that it is getting damp and cold, and you must not stay out any longer. Good heavens!” said she, looking towards the house, “there is father Anselmo coming towards us. I hope he did not witness your folly. I should never hear the last of it; for he would not believe it possible for you to have taken such a liberty, if I had not permitted it.”

“I am sure,” said St. Firmin, “I can undeceive him on that head, for you treat me as if I was an object of hatred to you.”

By this time, the monk, who had been hurrying on as fast as his advanced years and decrepid state would allow him, joined them.—“Fly!” cried he, to St. Firmin; “fly while it is yet time: the people, excited by some fanatical emissaries, are in arms on every side, with the avowed purpose of exterminating every French soldier they can find. Already your unfortunate companions have fallen victims to their rage; and it was only

by urging my mule to his utmost speed, that I have been able to get here before them."

The first words that the monk had uttered, struck his auditors dumb with astonishment and terror. St. Firmin sunk back upon the bench, from which he had risen at his approach; and Teresina, forgetting every thing, but the danger which threatened her lover, threw her arms round him, as if to shield him from harm.

"Murdered, did you say?" said St. Firmin, slowly, when father Anselmo had concluded; "murdered, my brave comrades—murdered in cold blood!"

"Yes, murdered!" replied the monk, somewhat impatiently; "and, unless you wish to be added to the number of the victims, you must instantly provide for your own safety by flight."

"Alas! my father," exclaimed Teresina, "you forget the state he is in; he is already tired by walking this short distance from the house."

"You say true," said St. Firmin; "I cannot escape; but, thank God, I am not afraid to meet death, though I could have wished—"

He looked at Teresina and stopped, as if afraid of allowing himself to dwell upon a subject that might unman him.—"Father," con-

tinued he, "give me your blessing, and take this poor girl with you to the house. I will await their coming here."

"Save him!—save him, father!" cried Teresina, throwing herself at the monk's feet in an agony of tears:—"save him, and I vow to devote the remainder of my life to the service of God."

"Would to heaven I could," replied Anselmo; "but you forget what a weak, infirm creature you are speaking to."

"Give him your robe, give him your mule—he may yet escape," replied Teresina.

"God be praised for the thought!" said the monk; "do you think you can ride?"

"And you, father," said St. Firmin, "you will be sacrificed."

"Not so," replied the monk; "me they dare not touch, in their wildest mood!"

"But I do not know the country; I should fall into their hands before I had gone a hundred yards."

"But I do!" exclaimed Teresina; "I know it well; I will conduct you, and answer for you if you are spoken to. You are too weak to go alone; you will want some one to guide you. The servants are not to be trusted. My father

is at Milan. I will do it all,—quick—lose no time.”

In vain did St. Firmin represent the impossibility of a young and delicate girl attempting such an office. Strong in her affection, and encouraged by the tacit approbation of Anselmo, she overruled every argument, and finally obtained St. Firmin’s consent to make the experiment. She ran into the house to make the alteration in her dress which such an undertaking required; and to her infinite delight she found that all the servants had left the house. The monk’s mule stood in the court-yard, fastened by the bridle. Hastily loosening it, she led it round the house into the garden, where by this time St. Firmin had assumed his disguise. He was soon seated in the saddle, and accompanied by the monk as far as a small door, which opened into a back lane, where father Anselmo left them, after giving them a parting benediction, the two adventurers set forth upon their travels.

CHAPTER X.

BUONAPARTE having quelled the insurrection at Milan, as has been already related, marched upon Binasco and Pavia, without a moment's delay. He was already within a short distance of the former place, when he learnt that all his wounded soldiers, who had been left in it, had been murdered, and that the insurgents were determined to defend themselves to the last. From Pavia the news was, if possible, still worse. A small garrison of two hundred men had been left in the castle, and these had surrendered to the insurgents at discretion, without firing a shot. Buonaparte's indignation knew no bounds, and he resolved to make such an example as should strike terror into the heart of every one

disaffected to French rule. They were now within sight of Binasco, the heights of which appeared covered with armed men. The General-in-chief instantly formed his plan of attack, and he had already assembled his officers around him to explain it to them, when their attention was attracted by an unusual disturbance which seemed to proceed from the advanced guard. Before they had time to enquire into the cause of it, an officer came galloping up to say that the body of a French officer, dressed as a monk, and of a young peasant girl, had been found in a small wood, close to the road side. A rude sort of bier had been hastily formed, and some soldiers were bringing them to the main body of the army, to see if they could be recognised. Every one, with Buonaparte at their head, advanced quickly to the front, where the bodies had been deposited. Arundel was the first to recognize St. Firmin, for it was he and Teresina who had been thus discovered. At this dreadful confirmation of all his forebodings—for when he had heard of the massacre of Binasco, he deemed it next to impossible that his friend should have escaped—he lost every feeling but that of a desire for vengeance for the death of the man he had so dearly loved. Throwing himself off his horse,

he rushed up to the litter, and taking St. Firmin's cold hand in his, pressed it to his lips, while he vowed that not one of the assassins should escape, a vow which was loudly responded to by all those who were witnesses of this melancholy scene. In the meantime, the Count Lucarno, who had been to Milan for the purpose of warning the French authorities, to whose cause he was warmly attached, of the hostile dispositions of the peasantry, and who was returning under the escort of their army to Binasco, had found out his daughter in the supposed peasant girl. Frantic with grief, he flung himself upon the body, and lifting it in his arms was horror-struck at finding her clothes all covered with blood, which was still slowly trickling from a wound in her side.

"Revenge, citizen General!" cried he, throwing himself on his knees before Buonaparte; "revenge for the blood of my child!"

"You shall have it—but send the surgeon here; it is just possible they may still be alive," was Buonaparte's answer. The hope which these words seemed to encourage, took possession of all present. None, however, dared to give expression to it; it was only to be seen painted on

their looks. The surgeon came—with breathless anxiety did every one wait for his decision.

“He is still alive,” said he, at length, after having attentively examined St. Firmin; “and with care may be recovered. Let him be taken to the rear; I will attend to him immediately.”

“And my daughter?” cried the Count, clasping his hands in an agony of suspense.

The surgeon made no immediate reply, but cutting away part of her dress probed the wound. A faint groan announced that animation had been only suspended.

“She lives,” said the surgeon; “but—”

“But what?” exclaimed her father; “ten thousand louis-d’ors are yours, if you pronounce her to be out of danger.”

“It is not in the power of science to say that with certainty at present,” replied the other. “She is young, and apparently strong and healthy; but I must not conceal from you that her wound is most dangerous, and till the ball is extracted, which will be an operation of considerable difficulty, and attended with much pain, I can give no opinion. In the meantime both of them must be kept as quiet as possible;” and at a sign from him, some of the soldiers took up the litter, and moved with it to the rear.

“Will it not be better to send them at once to Milan?” asked Buonaparte; “it will be impossible for them to follow the army on this expedition.”

“If we had the means of transporting them there, it would undoubtedly be better,” replied the surgeon.

“My carriage,” said the Count, “can take them both. I will myself accompany them, and lodge your officer in my own palace. I cannot understand, though, how they came here together;” and indeed the worthy man’s surprise was partaken of by all present.

“Never mind that at present, Count,” said Arundel, who at that moment came up, after attending their removal; “they are both in yonder farm-house, and the sooner the surgeon attends to them, and puts them in a state to undertake the journey, the better. St. Firmin has come to himself, though he is too weak to speak. The young lady is in the hands of the farmer’s wife, who has put her into her own bed.”

“Well, then,” said Buonaparte, “adieu, Count; we shall meet to-morrow or next day at Milan. Soldiers, to your ranks, and remember you have

this day to revenge the cowardly assassination of two hundred of your fellow countrymen.”

But there needed not such an excitement to induce the troops to do their duty. The preparations were quickly made. Arundel, with the division under his command, was directed to turn the position of the rebels, and getting into their rear, to render escape impossible. Lannes stormed the heights in front. In vain did the insurgents keep up a rapid and heavy fire against their opponents. In spite of all obstacles the French reached the summit of the hill, without a shot having been fired or a word spoken on their side; throwing themselves over the slight entrenchments which had been raised against them, they rushed upon the foe with their bayonets. In a moment they were broken, and flying in all directions; but few escaped, the greater part falling into the hands of Arundel's troops—and now came the dreadful moment of retaliation.

By Buonaparte's orders, the old men, women and children, were put on one side, and every man who had been taken in arms, or found amongst the insurgents, was shot, while Binasco itself was set on fire, and burned to the ground. Thence the army marched to Pavia, where, after

an ineffectual attempt at resistance, the magistrates and clergy came in a body to implore the clemency of the conqueror.

“Three times,” says Buonaparte, in his letter to the Directory, “had I taken up the pen to sign the order for the total destruction of that guilty town, and the erection of a column on its site, bearing the inscription ‘Here stood Pavia.’” The entreaties of the inhabitants, all of whom were not guilty, saved it, more especially when he found that not one of the French garrison who had surrendered was missing ; but the town itself was given up to pillage for twenty-four hours—a fate the most dreadful that war, in all its terrors, has to inflict.

After taking the most effective precautions against a recurrence of similar insurrections, Buonaparte returned with the army to Milan, and made every preparation for prosecuting the plans which the late events had interrupted. Arundel hastened to the palace of the Count Lucarno, and found that St. Firmin was recovering rapidly, and that the young Contesina was pronounced to be out of all danger. He now learnt the particulars of the event which had so nearly caused them both to be numbered with the dead. It appeared that, after having success-

fully passed through two or three parties of insurgents, to whom Teresina represented that the monk she was accompanying had been taken suddenly ill, and that she had been sent by her father to guide him and his mule in safety to his convent, St. Firmin insisted upon her mounting behind him, as the country appeared to be quiet. To this she reluctantly yielded, although beginning to feel the effects of fatigue, being aware how much such an extraordinary arrangement would excite suspicion, should they fall in with any more detachments of the rebels; and so indeed it proved. As they were passing a cross lane which intersected the road they were pursuing, they were called upon to stop, by what appeared to be a body of armed men, and one of them, rushing forward, attempted to catch at the bridle; but St. Firmin this time determined to trust to the speed of his beast, and giving him a dig or two in the sides with his military spurs, a species of weapon which the mule had never come in contact with before, succeeded in urging him to a pace that left his pursuers far behind; and he was already congratulating his companion on their escape, when a volley was fired after them, and one of the arms that were clasped tightly round his waist, let go its hold.

“It is nothing, dear St. Firmin,” said Teresina, in reply to his anxious enquiries. “I was only frightened: press forward, we are not yet out of danger.” Few minutes, however, had elapsed before she fell lifeless to the ground. St. Firmin, who a moment before had hardly had strength enough to keep his place in the saddle, was on his feet in a moment, and summoning to his aid all that remained to him of life, he dragged her into the wood where they were found, and fell insensible at her side.

“And now, my dear friend,” continued he, when he had brought his narrative to a conclusion; “you may wish me joy. Teresina is mine by her father’s consent; we are to be married at the end of this campaign.”

“I do, indeed,” replied Arundel, “from the bottom of my heart. May you both be as happy as you deserve to be. But I must leave you now, having much to do. I suppose you know we march in three days in pursuit of Beaulieu. I shall see you every day I stay here, of course, and hope you will find some opportunity of presenting me to your bride elect, in all due form, if she is well enough to receive me.”

Arundel’s quarters were in one of those vast palaces, with which Milan abounds, and

which had been deserted by its noble proprietors on the approach of the French army. It had, in consequence, been parcelled out amongst a number of functionaries, military and civil, with none of whom, however, had Arundel any acquaintance. He was rather surprised, therefore, at finding a note from Citoyenne Lariviere, begging him to favor her with a visit at his earliest convenience.

“Who on earth is this Mme. Lariviere, Auguste?” asked Arundel of his servant, who just entered the room.

“*Ma foi, citoyen General*, I do not know much about her ; her husband is a commissary, or fournisseur, or something of that sort. They are said to be very rich ; *la citoyenne* is very handsome, and young enough to be her husband’s daughter.”

“Well, never mind all that ; go with my compliments to Madame, and ask her if she will allow me to have the honour of visiting her in an hour’s time.”

“Certainly, General,” said Mons. Auguste, making some steps towards the door ; and then, as if he suddenly recollected something, he returned, and coming close up to his master, said in a mysterious tone of voice :

“I am afraid, General, you will not find it so easy as you seem to imagine. It is an excellent *ménage*; Madame seems to be very much attached to her husband.”

“Confound your impudence,” cried Arundel, who, however, could hardly refrain from smiling at his servant’s conceit: “when your opinion is required it will be asked for: now go and do my message.”

A favourable answer was received, evidently to Auguste’s astonishment; and at the appointed hour Arundel presented himself at the door of the apartment which was tenanted by Citoyen Lariviere. Upon giving his name, he was ushered into a drawing-room specially affeited to the use of the lady of the house, and found himself in the presence of Coralie.

“Good heavens, Coralie!” exclaimed Arundel, as soon as he recovered from his surprise; “what on earth brings you to Milan?”

“I knew you would be surprised,” replied she; “but first let me tell you, that you must forget entirely that such a person as Coralie ever existed. I am married to the best man in the world; and, though he knows all about my former history, it would not be agreeable to

either of us, to be reminded of certain circumstances connected with it."

"Really and truly married?" said Arundel; "well, I am delighted to hear it: and where is this husband of yours? I should like to congratulate him upon his good fortune;" and a smile played over his features, notwithstanding an effort to restrain it.

"Oh! Mr. Arundel—I beg your pardon—General Arundel I mean, that is not like you to turn any one into ridicule."

"Forgive me, lady fair," cried he "It is not, I am ashamed to say, the first time I have had occasion to ask your forgiveness; but I will try to make it the last; but come, tell me your history since I saw you last."

"And when was that?—ah! I remember; it is I who ought to implore your forgiveness, for all the misery I was the cause of."

"Silence!" cried Arundel, whose countenance blackened at the frightful recollection. "Silence! Let that subject never be mentioned between us. Tell me at once all about your marriage with this old,"—he stopped just in time.

"You forget you are speaking to this *old man's* wife," said Mme. Lariviere, for we must no longer call her Coralie, as she has forbidden it, laying

ing a stress on the words *old man*; “but I will not quarrel with you till you have heard my story, and then, if you laugh at him, I shall indeed be very angry. My banker emigrated soon after you left Paris; and as he behaved very liberally to me, I gave up my house, and took an apartment at Chaillot, where I had my daughter with me, and there I lived as quietly and as happily as I could in those terrible times. It so happened, that Mons. Lariviere, who is a gentleman of Languedoc—he was formerly Count de Lariviere—fell under the suspicions of the Committee of Public Safety from his connexion with Barras, whose cousin he is. An order was given to arrest him, which you know, in those days, was equivalent to a sentence of death. I met him one day, when he was wandering about without a roof to hide his head under. His melancholy manner struck me, and I contrived to enter into conversation with him. By degrees I won his confidence, and he told me his story, and the distress he was then in. I offered to conceal him, and he remained in my apartment five months, till the ninth Thermidor destroyed the power of his persecutors. Well, he went away, and for some weeks I saw no more of him.

“One day, when I had almost given him up for lost, he called upon me, and said, ‘Mme. Chalais,’ which was the name I had assumed, ‘you will be glad to learn that I am not only out of all danger, but that I have brilliant prospects before me. All my little property was seized and sold, as you know; but through Barras’s influence I have been named commissary-general to one of the armies, and I cannot fail speedily to realize a brilliant fortune. I hope you know me sufficiently to believe that I shall have no occasion to blush at the means by which it will be made. I have now only one wish ungratified, and it is in your power to make me completely happy; will you accept the hand of an old man who is sincerely attached to you, and will do all in his power to make you happy?’

“Oh! Mr. Arundel, what a temptation was there; for I had learnt to love the good kind-hearted man during his residence with me. I had only to keep my own secret, and secure for myself a respected position in the world: but thank God, I resisted it. I told him what I had been—I told him all. At first he seemed greatly shocked, but in a few minutes he recovered himself, and said, ‘Indeed I was not prepared for this disclosure; but it has not altered my opinion

of you. The woman who can have gone through such a course of life, and come out of it with her mind uncontaminated, can be no ordinary being. During the months I have lived with you, I have never heard a sentiment, not even a word, that would not do honour to the most elevated of your sex. To you I owe my life. My wishes are unchanged: will you accept of me for a husband? In short, we were married, and I can indeed say with sincerity and truth, that my life has ever since been one of unalloyed happiness. Do you think I ought to hear him ridiculed, and not defend him?"

"No, indeed," replied Arundel; "and believe me I have no longer any wish to do so;" but at this moment the person in question made his appearance.

"Mon ami," said his wife, "this is General Arundel, whom you have often heard me talk of, as being the only person who ever showed me true disinterested friendship, till I was happy enough to meet with you."

"I am very happy to make the General's acquaintance," said Monsieur Lariviere, without the least embarrassment, and with the manner of a courtier of the old school. "I have often

heard him mentioned, and always as good officer and a man of honour."

Arundel made a suitable reply to this compliment, and a short time after would have taken his leave ; but both Monsieur and Madame pressed him so urgently to stay for supper, that he could not find it in his heart to refuse.

"Apropos," said Madame Lariviere, "you have not seen my children; I will send for them, and you shall promise to tell me, without flattery, what you think of them."

"Nonsense, my dear," interrupted her husband; "what do you think the General can care about two squalling children?"

"Do not believe him, General," cried Madame Lariviere; "he is just as fond of them as I am; but like all men, he thinks it pretty before strangers to show his contempt for them—and it is very wrong of him, for I really believe they love him better than they do me. Ah! here they come. What do you think of them?" added she, as a beautiful little girl, about seven years old, entered the room, leading by the hand a round fat urchin, who was just able to toddle along with her assistance. "Do you not think," continued she, "that Adolphe is the very image of his Papa?"

Arundel could not exactly make out the resemblance between the fat chubby cheeks and snub nose of the son, and the spare, serious, and somewhat formal features of the father ; but he did that which is generally prudent, and always civil, to do in such cases ; he gave his unqualified assent to the proposition ; and, as if to relieve his conscience, he said, taking up the little girl in his arms and kissing her,

“ As for you, there is no mistaking who your mother is. I never saw so striking a likeness.”

The mother blushed and smiled, the little girl blushed and laughed, and having effected her escape, after a short struggle, ran to confide to her papa that she liked the strange officer very much.

“ Ah ! my child,” said Monsieur Lariviere, fondly stroking her head, “ I see you are like the rest of your sex—you are not proof against flattery.”

Supper was now announced, and the children dismissed. The conversation turned entirely on politics, and the projected movements of the army.

“ I had a long interview to-day with your General-in-chief,” said Lariviere, addressing Arundel ; “ and I must say, I have never met

with so clear a head in so young a man. He appears to understand every detail directly or indirectly connected with the service, as if by intuition."

"I hope you like him then?" said Arundel?

"To do business with, undoubtedly," replied his host; "and I suppose, I ought to add personally, for he said to me what no doubt he thought was a great compliment: he told me that I had proved to him what he had hitherto thought impossible, viz. that a Commissary-general might be a thoroughly honest man. But I confess that he deals too much in the *Je veux* and *Je ne veux pas* to suit my taste. He has much to do to justify the confidence he seems to feel in himself."

"And has he not done much?" cried Arundel. "If any one had ventured to prophesy, two months ago, the events which have taken place, and which are owing entirely and solely to Buonaparte, he would have been treated as a madman. This campaign has almost outdone the most extravagant fictions of the fabulous ages. With such a leader, and I may add with such troops, nothing appears to me—I will not say impossible—but improbable."

"Oh! of course," said Lariviere, smiling,

“ to *vous autres militaires* he seems little less than a demigod ; nor do I wish, in the least, to detract from his merit, or the praise he has so justly earned. What I mean is, that I do not exactly understand, how a man so evidently thinking that he is born to command, will ever stoop to the condition of a subject. But this is a question that time can only unravel, and which it is therefore useless to discuss. Let me turn to another subject. Should you be in want of any funds, pray make use of me as your banker. I know, in the course of a campaign, officers are seldom overstocked with money.”

“ Thank you a thousand times, my dear sir,” said Arundel ; “ but, since our first arrival at Milan, all our arrears have been paid up, and I have not had so much money in my pocket for a long time as I have at present. It did not come, though, before it was wanted, for we were all in a state of actual destitution. I know, for my part, I began this campaign with a shoe on one foot and a boot on the other.”

“ Good heavens ! General Arundel,” said Madame Lariviere, “ how terrible !—what you must have suffered !”

“ Not so much as you would think ; the constant excitement in which we were, did not

give us time to think of our bodily wants. At all events, by most of us they are now forgotten, or, if remembered, serve only to enhance our present enjoyments."

"But can I do nothing for you, in any way, General?" said Lariviere; "I remain here, and if, at any time, you want any thing, pray remember you have two warm friends at Milan."

"Yes," replied Arundel; "you can confer on me a great obligation. Major St. Firmin, a very dear friend of mine, remains behind, just recovering from a most severe wound; if you would occasionally visit him, it would take a great weight off my mind, as he will be left here without a countryman whom he knows near him."

Lariviere took down St. Firmin's address, and promised to attend to Arundel's wishes. The latter soon after took his leave; and in three days marched with the rest of the army out of Milan, in pursuit of the Imperialists, who had retired in the direction of Mantua and Venice.

It is not necessary to follow Arundel through the daily combats which took place, almost invariably terminating in the success of the French arms, and which eventually placed the whole of Lombardy at the disposal of the republic. He still

continued to serve with equal good conduct, and good fortune. On one fatal occasion, however, his good fortune deserted him entirely. It was the evening before the battle of Castiglione. Attended by a few of his staff only, he had advanced with too little precaution to reconnoitre the ground in front of his position. On a sudden, he found himself in the midst of a party of the enemy's hussars. Resistance was in vain—the small party attempted to fly, in which all except Arundel succeeded. Two shots, unfortunately, took effect, one in his side, and the other completely shattering his bridle arm below the elbow. Still he contrived to seize the reins with his right hand, and though growing every moment fainter from loss of blood, and the excessive pain of his wounds, he managed to keep his place in the saddle ; but it was all in vain. An unlucky shot struck his horse's shoulder—down they both came together, and before Arundel could extricate himself, he found himself a prisoner in the hands of the enemy. At first his captors were not aware of the importance of their prize, and having secured him, he was driven before them, after binding up his wounds as well as they could, to their nearest post, which fortunately was at no great distance. All re-

monstrance was in vain, inasmuch as the hussars understood no language but their own, and with this Arundel was unacquainted.

As soon, however, as the officer commanding the post made his appearance, Arundel informed him of his name and rank, and requested permission to send to the French lines for his baggage. This the officer took upon himself to grant, at the same time informing him that he must prepare to proceed immediately to Aloinzi's head-quarters, to whose corps d'armée he himself belonged. In vain Arundel petitioned to be allowed to wait till the return of his messenger, or at all events till his wounds were dressed. A general engagement, he was told, was expected to take place next day, and all prisoners, particularly one of his importance, must be sent to the rear, where alone he could find the surgical assistance his case required.

All hopes of a rescue were thus at an end ; and in consequence of the successive reverses experienced by the Austrians on the next and following days, Arundel was moved by degrees further and further into the interior, his wounds every day becoming more painful, and assuming a more dangerous appearance, from the little care he was able to bestow upon them, during the hurried movements of his forced march.

The ball had been extracted, *tant bien que mal*, from his side, it was true; but the wound showed no symptoms of healing, and his arm was in a most deplorable condition.

At length, one fine morning, he found himself at Inspruck, which, he was informed, was destined for his future residence; and where, having given his parole, he enjoyed as much liberty as he could have hoped for. Here, however, he did not long remain. Lord A., whom he had formerly known as ambassador at Versailles, and who now occupied the same post at the court of Vienna, no sooner heard of his misfortune than he applied for and obtained leave for him to come to Vienna, where his wounds would stand a better chance of being skilfully treated, than in a provincial town, like Inspruck.

By slow journeys he reached Vienna, and instantly placed himself under the care of the first surgeon of the place; and fortunate was it for him that he fell into the hands of one so skilful as Dr. C. The irritation and anxiety he had gone through since his capture, had produced so much inflammation, attended with other symptoms of a dangerous nature, that, for some days after his arrival at Vienna, his life was despaired of;

and when youth and a good constitution, unimpaired by excess, brought him through the crisis, it was to be told that he must lose his arm, and that it would probably require years of perfect tranquillity and care to enable him to recover entirely from the shock his health had received.

CHAPTER XI.

THUS ended all those brilliant hopes of fame and distinction which had lately filled his mind ; and when convinced of the sad reality of the total overthrow of all his prospects, Arundel—who had exposed his life on a thousand occasions with reckless temerity, who had at different times faced death in its most dreadful shapes with undaunted courage—Arundel hid his face under his pillow, and wept like a child.

The operation was performed with skill. The wound in his side gradually healed ; and with returning health, his dejection by slow degrees assumed the appearance of resignation. He could not think on the various dangers he had gone through in the last few years, and from which he had been almost miraculously preserved, and not

feel grateful to that Power who had dealt so leniently by him. He at once made up his mind to withdraw, at least for some time, from military life; and he embraced with gratitude the proposal made him by the Austrian government, through Lord A., to restore him to his liberty, on condition of his not serving against that power or her allies, during the continuance of the present war. From the British Ambassador he received continued marks of the most unremitting friendship and anxiety for his welfare, which he repaid with an almost filial affection and veneration.

He was still confined to his bed, when that nobleman called on him one morning, and said, "My dear Arundel, you now have it in your power to return to your own country, honoured and esteemed by all who know you. I am authorised by my government to say, that if you will return to England, your outlawry shall be reversed, your property restored to you; and, if you will give up the French service altogether, you shall receive a commission in the British army. If you decline this last offer, you must give your word of honour not to serve as long as war exists between the two countries."

"Alas! dear Lord A.," replied Arundel, "it

seems almost like mockery to talk to a cripple like me of future service ; but if ever I do regain health and strength enough to resume my profession, it must be in the service of that country beneath whose banner I have so often fought, and so rapidly attained my present rank. But I accept thankfully the second proposal, subject, of course, to the permission of the Directory. I cannot enter into such an engagement without their assent, which, however, I have no doubt of obtaining ; for I know that Doctor C. thinks the air of my native land will do more towards my complete recovery than any remedies he can suggest. I will obtain his certificate to that effect, and forward it to General Buonaparte, stating my wishes to him, and begging him to use his interest at Paris in my behalf. I shall have plenty of time before me ; for I suppose I cannot stir from my room for six weeks or two months."

"Well, then," replied Lord A., "that is settled. I shall inform the British government of your acquiescence in their proposal by this night's post."

"And I will endeavour," said Arundel, "to scrawl a few lines to my poor Ellen. I see by

her last letter she thinks me destined not to remain long in the land of the living."

"Oh! do not think that. Lady A. has written to her by every courier; and one woman is sure to persuade another that what she wishes is sure to come to pass."

"God bless her!" said Arundel, with emotion; "and you too. My Lord, I know not how I am ever to show you what I feel for all your kindness to me."

"My dear young friend," replied Lord A., taking him kindly by the hand, "only be as great an ornament to your native country as you have been to that of your adoption, and I shall be more than repaid for all I have done for you; which, after all, is little enough, God knows. You must get well and strong; and then I hope you will devote your talents to the service of the land which gave you birth, and which, you must allow, has the best claim to them."

Arundel made no reply, but looked at the bandages which covered what yet remained of his arm, and sighed.

"Come, now," continued Lord A., good-naturedly, "I see what your thoughts are running on: but is there no way of being useful but by the strong arm? Think how many there are

who would hold the distinction you have attained cheaply won at such a price."

"You are right," replied Arundel, endeavouring to rouse himself. "It is cheaply purchased. I have not disgraced my ancestors. Ellen's children will have no cause to blush."

"Ellen's! No; nor your own either," interrupted Lord A. Arundel smiled involuntarily, but shook his head. "Yes," continued his Excellency, "you may shake your head as much as you please; but that smile satisfies me I am right. I will bet you what you like you are married within six months of your arrival in England. What woman could say you nay? A General at eight-and-twenty, covered with laurels, and having lost an arm! You may set your heart at ease upon that point. I will answer for it you may marry whom you please. But I must leave you before you are quite tired. I hope in a week or two to hail you as a British subject to all intents and purposes."

In about three weeks Arundel received the following answer to his letter to Ellen:—

"I cannot tell you, my own poor dear Henry, how happy your last letter has made me. I almost forgot all your sufferings in the delightful

idea that in a few weeks I shall again have you near me. Charles insists upon going over to fetch you, and take care of you on the road ; and depend upon it, when once we have got you amongst us, you shall never leave us again. I wish you could have seen the joy every one felt at the thought of having you once more restored to us. Old Mabel cried for joy when I told her the good news ; and she passed the next two days in running all over the village, to tell every one that Master Henry was coming home. All the children are dying to see Uncle Arundel.” [And it may be here remarked, *en passant*, that they formed a host in themselves, Mrs. Hammond having marked each succeeding year by presenting to her lord and master a fresh pledge of mutual affection, to make use of a phrase which has often been used with less truth.] “ But I must not forget to tell you that you will find two persons whom you have never seen, but who seem to sympathize in the common happiness ; and these are Lord de Lacy and his daughter, Miss de Lacy. Only think ! He is the proprietor of Arundel Castle. It seems he quarrelled with his family, many years ago, and went to India, and returned with an immense fortune. On the death of his brother,

this year, who had no children, he assumed the title, and has been living ever since at the castle. I cannot tell you what good neighbours they are. As for Miss de Lacy, she is a perfect angel in everything ; but I will not describe her to you. You will be sure to fall in love with her, and then—but I will not fall into my old fault of building castles in the air. I will only tell you that she admires you so much—your picture, I mean—that she took it home to copy ; for she paints as well as she does everything else.

“ Sir John desires me to give his love. He will doubly rejoice to get you back ; for your own sake first—for you know how much he loves you—and in the second place, because, whenever we got the news of a French victory in which you were named as having taken part, the villagers would have a bonfire and rejoicings, which discomposed his loyalty and patriotic feelings very much. I have nothing more to say ; so adieu, my own dearest brother. Come to us as soon as you can, is the only wish of

“ Your affectionate

“ ELLEN.

“ P. S. Charles has made me open the letter again, to say he intends starting next week for Vienna.”

“Well, after all,” said Arundel to himself, “life is still sweet, when one has such affectionate hearts to cheer one through it. Poor Ellen and her angel! How little does she yet know me. Gertrude!—dearest, ever beloved Gertrude! something whispers to me that my endeavours to find you will not be in vain.” And with this hope, this thought, which never left him, night or day, he began, for the hundredth time that day, to calculate the weeks, the days, the hours that must elapse before he could prosecute his search after her.

In due course of time, he received a dispatch from the Directory, granting him unlimited leave of absence, and permission to fix his residence wherever he pleased; the whole couched in the handsomest terms, thanking him for his services in the cause of liberty, and regretting the occasion which had deprived the Republic of one of her bravest and ablest defenders. A letter to the same effect reached him from General Buonaparte, assuring him that whenever he found himself able and willing to resume his duties, he might depend upon instant employment. This was accompanied by a missive from his brother officers, expressing their grief at losing one whom they all esteemed, and requesting his acceptance

of a brace of magnificent pistols, as a joint token of their regard.

These testimonies of the universal esteem in which he was held, were as balm to his wounded spirit ; and the arrival of his old and much loved friend, Charles Hammond, tended so far to accelerate his recovery, that in a fortnight his surgeon pronounced that he could without risk venture upon the journey to England. Having taken an affectionate farewell of Lord A. and his family, thither they proceeded by short journeys, and arrived in London without Arundel's having suffered much from fatigue. There he found he should be obliged to remain some days, in order to complete the formalities which were necessary for restoring him to his rights as a British subject ; and he took the opportunity thus afforded him, of consulting the ablest surgeon London could boast of. The opinion of this gentleman completely coincided with that which had been given by his medical attendant at Vienna. His wounds were quite healed ; and every day gave him fresh strength of mind and body ; but still his constitution had received a shock, the effects of which time and tranquillity alone could efface. Nor did he neglect, as may well be supposed, to make every enquiry respec-

ting the fate of the Marquis de Romainville and his daughter ; but in this his efforts were fruitless. In vain did he apply to the Alien Office: in vain did he employ agents of every sort and description. He could gain no intelligence of them ; and at length he was forced to conclude that they were no longer in England. As a last resource, he resolved to apply to the Minister, in the hopes of obtaining his powerful assistance. Lord A. had advised him to wait upon him, whilst in London, to thank him for the lenient course Government had pursued towards him ; and this advice he at length, though rather tardily, adopted.

The Premier received him most graciously, and said many flattering things to him about the pleasure he felt at England's having at length regained one of her most distinguished sons. To all this Arundel made suitable replies ; and when he stated his anxious desire to find out the Marquis's present residence, Mr. —— readily promised him every assistance in his power.

“ If I understand you right,” said he, “ it is your intention to run down, for a short time, to the north ; in the mean time you may rely upon it, that every inquiry shall be made respecting the person you are so anxious about ; and if he

is in Great Britain, I think I may promise you that, in three weeks or a month at latest, we shall be able to give you the information you require."

With his mind thus, to some extent, relieved, Arundel became most anxious to accelerate his journey to Rosebank, and was delighted to find that in the course of the next week all the business that detained him in London would be completed. Hammond had already preceded him; and the abode of a great city, in which he had no acquaintance and no occupation, became more and more irksome to him every moment that he was compelled to pass in it.

It was on the evening of the day on which he had paid his visit in Downing-street, that a note was brought him sealed with a wafer, and the address written in a large business-like hand. The contents were as follows:—

"DEAR SIR,—Having a communication of the greatest importance to make to you, should like to know at what hour you can receive me to-morrow.

"I remain, Dear Sir, .

"Your obedient Servant,

"*Furnival's Inn.*

"*Oct. 1796.*"

"TIM. DOWLING."

What straws we catch at! Arundel instantly concluded that Mr. Tim. Dowling, whose name he had never heard before, and who wrote to him in such a familiar style, must have some communication to make to him respecting the Marquis de Romainville. What other subject on earth was of importance to him? There could be none; and at last he was about to reap the reward of his constancy and his sufferings. Hastily snatching up a pen, he wrote to say he would be happy to see Mr. Dowling on the following day at ten o'clock. What a night of impatient agony did he go through, as he heard each succeeding hour strike from every steeple in the neighbourhood, and duly announced by the hoarse drawling voice of the watchman. He rose from his bed unrefreshed by sleep, which had been a complete stranger to his eyes throughout that tedious night. It yet wanted three hours of ten o'clock. How slowly he dressed and breakfasted, endeavouring to annihilate the intervening time. At length the clock struck ten, and the last sound had scarcely died away, when a knock was heard at the door, steps were heard upon the stairs, and the waiter announced Mr. Timothy Dowling. In vain Arundel endeavoured

to master his impatience. The servant had hardly closed the door, when, interrupting Mr. Dowling in the midst of his apologies for the liberty he had taken, he exclaimed—

“Your business, sir, with me, relates to Monsieur de Romainville?”

“Mounseer who?” replied Mr. Dowling. “No, sir, my business relates to no Monseer, I assure you; it only regards you and me, and very happy I am to have at length been able to meet with you; for your long residence abroad has, I assure you, done us both considerable prejudice.”

Mr. Dowling was proceeding in this strain, in the monotonous nasal tone of a Methodist preacher, to whom, in appearance, he offered no bad resemblance, when Arundel, recovering from the sort of stupefaction into which the sudden annihilation of his hopes had thrown him, exclaimed—

“Excuse me, Mr. Dowling, my time is fully occupied; may I beg you will come to the point at once, as, I confess, I cannot divine what interest we can have in common.”

“Certainly, sir, certainly, sir; I will endeavour to explain myself as shortly as possible. My name, as you are aware, is Dowling, junior

partner in the firm of Turner and Dowling, Solicitors, of Furnival's Inn, till the spring of this year, when it pleased the Almighty to call to himself my late revered partner and father-in-law, Mr. Turner—an irreparable loss, sir, to all who knew him. I succeeded to all his business, and now carry it on in my sole name. Allow me, sir, to hand you one of my cards. Well, sir, you probably are aware that Turner and Dowling were the solicitors for Mr. Brown, who bought Arundel Castle. It was Mr. Turner who managed that transaction, and who, for the last thirty years, was the confidential agent of the purchasers. Indeed, I may say, my ever-to-be-lamented father-in-law carried his delicacy towards his client to rather an absurd extent; for he kept all the Brown business entirely in his own hands, and left me, his partner and son-in-law, in complete ignorance of every particular relating thereunto. Well, sir, Mr. Turner was hardly cold before my Lord de Lacy, the present proprietor, wrote to me, to desire me to send in any claims the firm might have against him to Mr. Jones, of the Temple, solicitor, and directing me to give up to that gentleman all his title-deeds, papers, &c. Rather unhandsome

treatment, Mr. Arundel, to say the least of it; but that was neither here nor there; so I set about looking over the deeds according to the list Mr. Turner had of them, and I discovered that amongst them, which will, if you please, put you again in possession of Arundel Castle, and the large estate belonging to it."

Here Mr. Timothy Dowling paused, probably to observe the effect his words would have upon his auditor; but although a flush certainly came across Arundel's face at this unexpected intelligence, he preserved his composure, and merely observed—

"You must explain yourself more clearly, before I can pretend to understand you."

"That I am perfectly ready to do, sir; but first let us understand each other. If, through my means or information, you regain possession of your patrimonial estate, you shall sign a bond to the effect that you will pay me, within one year of entering on possession, the sum of one hundred thousand pounds."

"One hundred thousand pounds!" exclaimed Arundel; "and pray, allow me to ask, where I am to find the sum of four hundred and eighty thousand pounds that was paid for the purchase of the estate, and which I shall have to refund?"

“I see, my dear sir,” said Dowling, confidentially, “I have not made myself understood. Your father had no right to sell. Without your consent he could give no legal title; you will réenter upon your property, not only without having to refund a farthing, but with a large claim for arrears of rent.”

“And Lord de Lacy—how is he to be indemnified?” asked Arundel.

“Why—hi—hi—hi”—chuckled out Mr. Timothy Dowling, “I am afraid he must be content to bear the loss, and well he is able to do so.”

“So that, with your assistance, I shall be able to rob your late employer of four hundred and eighty thousand pounds, of which you propose putting one hundred thousand pounds into your pocket?”

“Rob, sir!” exclaimed Mr. Dowling, somewhat amazed at the construction thus put upon his proposal; “rob, sir!—you are joking. All I shall advise you to do, will be done strictly according to law—aye, and equity also.”

“Well,” said Arundel, “all you have told me is so extraordinary, so totally unexpected, that you cannot expect me to give you an answer at

this moment ; if you will have the goodness to call upon me to-morrow at the same hour, you shall know my decision."

Mr. Dowling did not much like this delay ; but finding Arundel persist in his determination, he at length took his leave, hardly knowing what to think of one who seemed so little elated at the prospect of regaining such a brilliant fortune. In his own mind he concluded that Arundel meant to endeavour to reduce the terms he had stipulated for ; " But," said he to himself, " he will find himself mistaken. I will not 'bate one farthing. One hundred thousand pounds is little enough for a property worth eighteen thousand pounds per annum, which he cannot recover without me."

As soon as Arundel was alone, he did not hesitate for a moment as to the course he should pursue. He sat down and wrote to Lord de Lacy, giving him a full and particular account of the conversation he had just had with Mr. Dowling.

" It is possible," said he, in conclusion, " that what I have just had the honour of relating to your Lordship, may have its origin solely in Mr. Dowling's imagination ; but I do not think this likely, as he seems to me to be a man who

knows quite well what he is about. I trust your Lordship will do me the justice to believe, that I am perfectly incapable of taking advantage of that which must have been either an oversight or an act of intentional villainy on the part of your professional advisers. Mr. Brown paid not only the full value of the estate, but, as I have understood, considerably more than what it could have fetched in the market; and my honour and that of my father are equally interested in securing to you the undisputed possession of it. If, therefore, any act on my part is necessary for that purpose, you may rely upon my executing it in any shape, and at any time, that your attorney may think advisable. If I did not give Mr. Dowling, at once, the answer his proposal deserved, it was that I might have time to consult with Mr. Jones, whom he fortunately named as being your present agent. I shall see him to-day, if possible, before post hours, that he may be able to communicate with your Lordship without delay."

Having finished this letter, of which he took a copy, he went forth in search of Mr. Jones, whom he was fortunate enough to find at home. That gentleman, however, was very incredulous as to Dowling's assertion; and, mistaking Arun-

del's motive, said to him very drily, "I should certainly not advise you, sir, to spend much money upon such a wild-goose chase, if you have no better authority to trust to than Mr. Dowling."

"What do you mean, sir?" said Arundel, reddening.

"Why, I mean, sir, that I shall advise my client to resist your claim to the last."

"Before we discuss this matter further," said Arundel, "do me the favour to read this copy of a letter I have just written to Lord de Lacy, and then you will be better able to appreciate the motives which have induced me to call upon you."

Mr. Jones took the paper, as he was desired, and when he had perused it, he exclaimed, "Forgive me, General Arundel, for my having so completely misunderstood you. You will, I trust, make some allowance for a person, whose profession does not often show him the bright side of human nature. However, I still retain my opinion that this is some invention of Dowling's, for the purpose of extracting money from you. Mr. Brown's legal advisers were not men likely to commit so gross an error as to

allow their client to purchase such a property, without an undeniable title."

"Yes," observed Arundel; "but this Mr. Turner may not have been much better than his son-in-law, and may have purposely done something to invalidate the title, in the hopes of making money of it afterwards."

"Mr. Turner," replied Jones, "I believe to have been a perfectly honest man; he was for years my lord's confidential agent, and it was his earnest advice that the business should not be entrusted to his son-in-law at his death, of whom he seems to have had the very worst opinion."

"Well," replied Arundel, "be that as it may, it is yet possible that he may have good grounds for what he asserts. Life is very uncertain to all of us, particularly to one, who like myself, has had a hard knock or two, from which I am not yet recovered; I should like, therefore, to execute some deed which may preclude the possibility of Lord de Lacy's receiving any future disturbance in the possession of his property."

"Till we have ascertained the nature of the facts," replied Mr. Jones, "I confess I do not see how that is to be accomplished; but to lose no time, I shall send immediately for a friend of

mine, an eminent conveyancer, and request him to look over the title-deeds and documents connected with the estate in question, with me, and I will let you know the result as soon as may be."

And as soon as Arundel took his departure, he set about the examination with his friend, but nothing could they discover that seemed in the least to invalidate Lord de Lacy's purchase. They both made up their minds that Mr. Dowling was an impostor, and had only sought to practice on Arundel's credulity, and Mr. Jones had taken up his pen to inform our hero of the conviction at which they had arrived, when his friend discovered a small document, which had hitherto escaped their notice, and which proved to be a copy of the will of the Right Honourable Francis Arundel, bearing date 1743. Hastily running his eyes over it, Mr. Jones found, to his utter dismay, that it entailed Arundel Castle, and the property belonging to it, in the strictest manner, first on his son Francis, then on his grandson Henry, and on the heirs male of his body. There could be no longer any doubt. The testator was the present Henry Arundel's great grandfather, and he himself was the last in the entail. As the truth flashed on Mr. Jones's mind, he let the paper fall from his hand, and

uttering a long, low, ejaculatory whistle, sat like one turned to stone. His friend, who had read it over before he put it into the attorney's hands, said, "Yes, you see the truth, I perceive. Mr. Arundel's father had no right to part with an acre, without his son's joining him, and he, I presume, was scarcely born at the time of the transaction. Lord de Lacy's title is not worth one straw."

"Good God!" exclaimed Mr. Jones; "how could this have escaped the attention of his legal advisers?"

"That is a question you will have plenty of time to discuss hereafter," replied his friend; "at present, the most urgent matter for consideration is, what course you are to pursue. Mr. Arundel will know this in twenty-four hours, if he takes the trouble to find it out. My advice to you is, to trust implicitly to his honour, for your client is completely in his power."

"I dare not," rejoined Mr. Jones, "without consulting my principal; it is too great a responsibility for me to take on myself."

"Well, then, you must temporize; but I think you do unwisely."

"At all events," rejoined the attorney, "I act professionally, and as my duty dictates;"

and with these words he wrote a note to Arundel, stating that he could give no opinion on the matter, till he had received Lord de Lacy's answer to a question which was necessary to elucidate a particular fact connected with the transaction.

The next morning, with the punctuality invariably to be remarked in men who have the hope of concluding a profitable bargain, Mr. Dowling made his appearance at the hotel where Arundel had taken up his abode. As he entered the apartment, he could not repress a sort of complacent smirk, which was but little in accordance with his usual solemn demeanour.

"Well, General," said he, "I hope you have reflected upon my proposal, and determined upon what you mean to do."

"Sir," replied Arundel, "my mind was made up before you left this room yesterday, but certain prudential reasons induced me to defer my answer till to-day. I will now tell you, that you never made a greater mistake in your life, than when you supposed me to be a man to take advantage of an oversight, and rob a person of property he had an undoubted right to, in justice, if not in law. I wrote to Lord de Lacy by last night's post, to inform him of what had passed

between us, and to tell him that if his title was defective, I was ready to make it good. I had also an interview with Mr. Jones, to whom I made a communication to the same effect."

At first Dowling could not bring himself to believe that Mr. Arundel was in earnest; but when at length he could no longer doubt the truth, his rage knew no bounds. "And do you suppose, sir," exclaimed he, "that I will be thus imposed upon? that I will allow myself to be cheated in this way out of £100,000 with impunity? I will be revenged upon you for it, if—

"Mr. Dowling," interrupted Arundel, "I am not going to discuss the point with you, and as I conclude you have no further business with me, excuse me for saying I have neither time nor inclination to listen to you further."

But Mr. Timothy Dowling was not to be so easily got rid of. Increasing in violence in proportion to Arundel's coolness, the latter was at length obliged to ring the bell, and desire his servant to show him the door, a hint which the disappointed man of parchment did not take, till the servant, a powerful Alsatian, who had followed Arundel through all his campaigns, and knew no law but his master's will, seized him by the shoulders, and tumbled him down stairs with more expedition than was pleasant, or even safe.

Arundel had now completed all the business that detained him in London, and had written to announce his arrival at Rosebank for the early part of the ensuing week. Before he started, however, he received a letter, signed by Lord de Lacy, in answer to the one he had written. It stated that that nobleman, from all he had heard of General Arundel, was not surprised at the handsome offer he had made; but that being obliged, in consequence of a fit of the gout, to employ the pen of his secretary, he would not then go into the details of the business, of which he had been informed by Mr. Jones, but requested the General to call upon him, as soon as he came into that part of the world, which it was understood he would shortly do.

We will not attempt to describe the cordial welcome which awaited him at Rosebank from all its inmates, but at once accompany him to Arundel Castle, whither he proceeded the day after his arrival in the north, having previously informed Lord de Lacy of his intended visit. It was not without a pang of wounded pride that he found himself crossing the threshold of his ancestors, now the property of an utter stranger; but speedily mastering his emotion, he followed the servant, who

conducted him to the private room of Lord de Lacy. A tall gaunt figure, with rather a harsh expression of countenance, but which however might have arisen from the pain he evidently felt from time to time, lay reclining in an easy chair, carefully wrapped up in flannels, and with all the outward signs of being under the hands of his doctor around him.

“Excuse me, General Arundel,” said Lord de Lacy, for it was he, in a deep but by no means unpleasing tone of voice, “if I cannot rise to receive you, but you see my situation; pray be seated.”

Arundel said something about his regret at seeing him so incapacitated, and took the chair offered him without further comment, waiting for Lord de Lacy to open the subject upon which they had met to confer; but that nobleman apparently was in no hurry to break silence, and seemed solely occupied in scrutinizing every feature of Arundel's countenance, with a perseverance which at last became disagreeable to the object of it.

“My lord,” said he, finding there was no chance of the conversation being opened by his noble host, “I have waited upon you in compliance with your expressed wish, and I may add my own earnest desire, to remove any impe-

diment that accident or negligence may have thrown in your way, as an obstacle to the quiet possession of this estate. Will you favour me so far as to tell me in what way I can best effect the purpose?"

"Before we proceed further," said Lord de Lacy, "allow me to ask if you still retain the sentiments you expressed to Mr. Jones and in your letter to me?"

"If you knew me better, my lord, you would not have asked me that question; I have ever trod but in one path, that of honour, and I am not likely now to desert it."

"I do not doubt it; I will therefore tell you, without further preface, that you are the undoubted possessor of this house and the estate around it. It was strictly entailed upon you by your great grandfather, and your father had no right to sell it."

He paused, and seemed to watch with anxiety the effect this intelligence would have upon his hearer; but none other was perceptible, except perhaps the colour of his cheek deepened a little, as he answered with a calm steady tone—"I trust at all events it is in my power to make good that deficiency."

"Undoubtedly it is; but I confess to you," said Lord de Lacy, "though I certainly paid the full value of the property, I have my doubts as

to how far I ought to profit by your highminded offer. You must accept a fair compensation, and—”

“Stop, my lord,” said Arundel; “I must not allow you to proceed; I am here to perform a simple act of honesty, and I should consider any serious offer of reward for so doing as an insult. My father’s good fame too, perhaps, is at stake; for though I, and every one who knew him, must know how incapable he was of any action irreconcilable with the most delicate feelings of honour, the world, perhaps, would not be so lenient, and would attribute to dishonesty that which originated solely in ignorance. But I will go farther; in my opinion, the sale of this property was the wisest thing he could have done under the circumstances; and, had I been of age at the time, I should most undoubtedly have joined with him to enable him to carry his purpose into effect. It is, therefore, no more than right that I should complete it, now that I have the power.”

“By heavens you are a noble-minded man!” exclaimed Lord de Lacy; “would to God I had been blessed with such a son. Hear me,” continued he, after a few minutes’ silence; “we must not part thus; I am an old man, without a rela-

tion, except my daughter, who is the heiress of my large property—for Arundel castle does not constitute the quarter of what I possess. Accept her hand—become my son—live with me during the few remaining years of my life, and at my death you will inherit all my wealth, and make a better use of it than I have done.”

Arundel, though familiar with the continental mode of arranging marriages, could hardly refrain from smiling at this startling proposal.

“Even, my lord,” said he, “if I could consider the offer you make me as seriously intended, I confess, if ever I do marry, I should like to have some better security for my wife’s affection than the command of her father.”

“Nay, listen to me,” said the old lord, “for I am perfectly serious. My daughter is dearer to me than all in the world besides; her beauty, her talents, her good sense, I will not speak of; but I may be permitted to say that never had father a child who so completely justified his affection. Do you think I would attempt to force her inclinations? If so, you are much mistaken; or do you think I would confide her to a man whom I did not know to be worthy of her? You forget how much you have been before the eyes of the public of late years. I have felt the greatest interest in the career of

one who still reigns in the hearts of my tenants, although his connexion with them has passed away. There is not an act, I might almost say a feeling of your heart, that I am not as well acquainted with as you are yourself; and I know you would justify my choice. As for my daughter, she has also heard of you, and I am much mistaken if you would sue in vain. This much I can answer for, she has no other attachment."

Arundel's embarrassment was excessive, but he felt the necessity of putting an end at once to a scene which was painful to him.

"My lord," said he, "I can no longer doubt that you are in earnest, and I know not where to find words to express my gratitude for the very undeserved honour you have done me, and which I most deeply regret I feel myself compelled to decline."

"You refuse, then?"

"I do."

"At all events," persevered Lord de Lacy, who seemed determined to carry his point; "before you make up your mind, allow me to present you to Miss de Lacy."

"My mind," replied Arundel, "is already made up; nothing could induce me to alter it; and that which now, I trust, has nothing offensive in it,

might assume another appearance if withheld till after an interview with Miss de Lacy."

"Answer me but one question, and I will let the subject drop:—have you another attachment?"

Arundel thought this question on the part of an acquaintance of an hour's standing, *un peu fort*; but hoping, by his answer, to put an end to the discussion, he replied—

"I have."

"I should hardly have thought," resumed Lord de Lacy, "that the active life you have been for some years past leading could have left you time to fall in love."

"My lord," said Arundel, speaking quickly, "the subject is a painful one; and that your lordship may spare me further questions, I will tell you at once that I am devotedly attached to the daughter of an emigrant French nobleman. I have not seen her for years—I can find no trace of her present abode; but as long as I breathe I shall not abandon my search for her, still less give up the hopes of one day calling her mine."

"I thank you for your confidence," replied Lord de Lacy; "it is not misplaced. You think me no doubt a strange old man, but I feel interested about you; and, perhaps, before long, may be able to prove it in a way that will not hurt

your delicacy. And now let us change the subject. I have a request to make of minor importance, which you must not refuse me."

"Any thing in my power," began Arundel.

"Oh, it is quite in your power; you must dine here to-day, and I will send you home in my carriage, or give you a bed, as you best like."

Arundel was vexed, and tried to make an excuse about its being the second evening of his arrival at Rosebank after so long an absence; but Lord de Lacy overruled all objections, and his guest at last complied with a good grace, writing a note to Ellen, to explain this contretemps.

"Well, then," said the peer, "that is all settled; and as it is near dinner time I will ring the bell for a servant to show you to a room, where you can repair your toilet, and I shall endeavour to hobble into dinner."

In a few minutes, with the assistance of the servant, Arundel had renovated his outward man, and was conducted to the drawing-room. It was a large room, magnificently furnished, and with no other light save that of a bright fire; for the evenings were already cold, although the autumn was not yet over.

As Arundel entered the room, he saw, upon a sofa near the fire, a female figure, which he con-

jectured to be that of Miss de Lacy ; advancing towards her he said—

“I am afraid I must take upon myself the awkward task of making myself known to Miss de Lacy as General Arundel.”

By this time he was within a few steps of the sofa.

“Am I so completely forgotten then, Henry?” said a voice which thrilled through every fibre of his frame.

In an instant he was at her side—at her feet.

“Gertrude!” cried he ; “my Gertrude ! is it indeed you I see? Speak to me again, for I hardly dare believe my eyes.”

But Gertrude was in no condition to speak. Prepared as she had fancied herself to be for this interview, the altered appearance of her lover completely overcame her assumed fortitude. His mutilated figure, emaciated by long months of severe suffering, hardly offered a trace of his former self. Her love—her tenderness for him redoubled at this melancholy sight, and forgetting every thing else, she threw her arms round his neck and burst into tears.

“My poor Henry,” said she, as soon as she had a little recovered from her first emotion, “how much you must have suffered !”

“Dearest Gertrude!” replied her happy lover, “one word from you and it is all forgotten. Say you yet love me—say you forgive the madness, the brutality of my conduct when we last met.”

“Oh, Henry! you shall not speak thus. I have nothing to forgive; or if I ever had, it is long ago forgotten—let us not think of past miseries.”

“But will you not say you still love me?”

“I do—I do, God knows how truly.”

“Then indeed I am repaid for all I have undergone; the hope that has supported me through every suffering will be realised at last; we shall yet be happy, if indeed your father——”

“Her father,” interrupted Lord de Lacy, who had contrived to reach them unobserved, “has but one wish, which is to insure his daughter’s happiness. I think, General, you were a little hasty in refusing my offer this morning.”

“Your offer, my lord!” exclaimed Arundel, who till this moment had not cast a thought upon the extraordinary chance which had made him stumble upon Mademoiselle de Romainville in Arundel castle: “what had your offer to do this lady?”

“Simply this—that lady is my daughter, whose hand I offered to your acceptance, and which you refused.”

Arundel looked from one to the other completely bewildered ; at last he exclaimed—

“ Mademoiselle de Romainville the daughter of Lord de Lacy ! What then was the Marquis de Romainville ? ”

“ When Miss de Lacy was Mademoiselle de Romainville, Lord de Lacy was the Marquis de Romainville. Yes,” continued Lord de Lacy, seeing Arundel’s astonishment, “ I was the Marquis de Romainville, and it is with unfeigned contrition and sincerity, that I entreat General Arundel’s forgiveness for the injuries I inflicted upon him as such ; my only desire is to devote the remainder of my days to repairing, as far as I can, the errors I was guilty of, and the unhappiness I caused. Have I been wrong in calculating upon your forbearance and generosity ? ”

It needed not the pressure of Gertrude’s hand to dictate Arundel’s answer.

“ Oh, my lord ! ” cried he, “ how can I, who have so much to reproach myself for, who stand so much in need of forgiveness myself, withhold it from another ? And at such a moment as this I cannot think of the past—I can hardly yet appreciate the full extent of my present happiness. I can only feel your lordship’s present kindness, and the blessing of being assured of my Gertrude’s love.”

“Well, then, let us pass an act of amnesty and oblivion for the past,” said Lord de Lacy.

“Still I confess,” said Arundel, “I am as far as ever from understanding——”

“Oh! let us leave all explanation till afterwards,” interrupted Lord de Lacy: “my history would take too much time to relate now, but you shall know it all; and now, General Arundel, I think I may as well order dinner.”

“And why not call him Henry, papa?” said Gertrude; “I am sure he is as much your Henry as he is mine.”

“I am not quite so sure of that,” said her father, smiling; “but let me embrace your Henry and my son, for as such I have long wished to claim him.”

They were a happy party that evening, although at times Gertrude could hardly restrain her tears when she looked at the empty sleeve which hung by her lover’s side. Twenty times had he to repeat every detail of his last unfortunate adventure, and each time the relation of it called forth fresh expressions of sympathy and affection from father and daughter.

“This misfortune, and what occurred to you subsequently,” said Lord de Lacy, “we only learnt through the medium of the public prints

and your sister; but up to your last departure from Milan we were kept quite *au courant* of every thing that concerned you by that excellent young man St. Firmin."

"St. Firmin!" cried Arundel; "my most intimate friend in correspondence with you, and I knew nothing about it!"

"Nay, you must not be angry with him on that account; it was only under a solemn promise of secrecy from him that I entered upon the correspondence, and I must say he gave it so unwillingly that nothing but my Gertrude's entreaties prevailed upon him to undertake the task, and upon me to sanction it. But my daughter's happiness was at stake; I yielded, and well have you stood the ordeal. I knew when the war was over, or that you were liberated from your engagements, as you chose to consider them, to the Republic, I should be sure to find you out, and till that moment it was better for both of you that you should remain ignorant of our situation."

"I confess I cannot see that," said Arundel.

"Perhaps not, but I thought so," replied Lord de Lacy; "and as the circumstances are passed, it is hardly worth while discussing the reasons which led me to that conclusion; but be that as

it may, my plan has answered, and I do not repent it."

"Does my sister know all this?" asked Arundel.

"Not a word," replied Lord de Lacy: "she only knows us under our present name, but of course you may inform her of it all, as soon as you please; and now it only remains for me to say that I expect Mr. Jones here to-morrow, and we will then make all the arrangements which our altered position renders necessary."

What it was that Arundel took an opportunity of whispering to Gertrude, while Lord de Lacy was inhaling a long pinch of snuff, I really do not know; but it had the effect of making her blood rush to her forehead, though I rather think it was not from an angry feeling, for she did not attempt to withdraw the hand that had been clasped in his the whole evening. Lord de Lacy, who seemed to have forgotten his gout, was soon, however, drawn to a recollection of it by a most violent twinge, and having told Arundel that the carriage was at his orders whenever he desired it, retired for the night, after giving him a packet, which he desired him to read when he was at leisure.

"I, too," cried Gertrude, "have a present for you; shall I give it him now, papa?"

“ If you like, my child.”

“ Well, you must promise me not to open it till you are alone,” said she, turning to her lover.

Arundel gave the promise required, and she put into his hands a small paper parcel. The rest of the evening passed rapidly away, and it was at a late, or rather an early hour of the morning, when Arundel found himself at Rosebank. The family had all retired, and Arundel went up to his own room, and opened the two packets. The first one that claimed his attention, as may easily be conjectured, was the one given him by Miss de Lacy. Under the first envelope, was a second, directed thus:—“ For General Arundel; to be given him after my death.”—This superscription redoubled his eagerness to see the contents, and tearing it open, he found the act of divorce, with which he had gratified Mademoiselle de Romainville, on the occasion of his taking leave of her at Paris. It was still folded up and sealed as when he had given it her. This fresh proof of the undeviating constancy of her affection, which had remained unshaken through so many and such heavy trials, touched him to the quick, and with a feeling of the most bitter self-reproach

and repentance for the unworthy doubts he had allowed himself to feel, he threw the offending document into the flames, as one of the most odious testimonies against him. When he had a little recovered from the state of excitement which these thoughts had produced, he opened the packet given him by her father, and read the following narrative.

CHAPTER XII.

“ I HAVE preferred setting down in writing the narrative I promised to give you, rather than letting you hear it from my own lips, as there are some parts of it which would be equally painful to you to hear, as to me to relate. You are probably, by this time, aware that I was the half-brother of the late Lord de Lacy, whose title and estates I have inherited. My mother was the sole representative of the French family whose name I formerly bore ; but their large possessions had been dissipated by the last male de Romainville. My brother was many years older than myself, and when my father, after being divorced from the first Lady de Lacy, married a second wife, his son and

heir, though not more than twelve years old, was at no pains to conceal the annoyance it caused him, or the aversion with which he looked upon her who occupied the place that had been his mother's.

“Between my brother and myself, from the earliest period that I can recollect, there always existed the most rooted and bitter enmity. How it originated I cannot exactly say, though probably the circumstances I have already mentioned may account for it; but I remember perfectly well, how carefully it was fostered and encouraged by our respective attendants, who, for purposes of their own, no doubt, lost no opportunity of exciting our hatred to each other. Nor was this difficult; he was cold and haughty, and continually fancying that his position, as head of so ancient a family as ours, gave him a claim to respect and deference from me, whom he seemed to consider as an intruder, which I was by no means disposed to admit. My pride was at least equal to his, and the violence of my disposition was perpetually urging me to show him that I despised his pretensions as much as I hated himself. But I will not enlarge on so disagreeable a subject. He has been summoned before that tribunal whither

I must shortly follow, and may God forgive me my sins, as freely as I forgive him the injuries he continued to inflict upon me to his dying hour.

If I was unfortunate in that tie, which ought to be considered as one of the holiest upon earth, I thought it amply atoned for by the bonds of intimate friendship which I formed with a boy of my own age at Eton, and which was continued and improved by our both becoming inmates of the same college, when we removed to the university. This was your father—a man formed to command the admiration and esteem of all who knew him, and where he gave his friendship, to see it repaid with unbounded devotion. I have never been able to understand how such warm, such sincere affection could have existed between two beings so totally dissimilar as Arundel and myself. I was the creature of passion, obeying every fresh impulse and caprice, and treating every remonstrance with indifference and contempt. Your father was the only person who had the slightest influence over me; and, on more than one occasion, he rescued me from the censure and disgrace which my acts of insubordination but too frequently deserved. Much as I tried his patience and affection, they never failed; and I

ended by considering him almost in the light of one who had a right to exercise authority over me. You may easily imagine that our occupations were as different as our dispositions. While I employed all my time in every sort of dissipation, those hours which were not devoted to study were spent by your father in cultivating the acquaintance of the most distinguished members of the university, and of some families in the neighbourhood to whom he had obtained an introduction. In vain he endeavoured to wean me from the disgraceful companions whose society I loved. I had laid it down as a rule, to gratify every passion, every caprice, that my imagination could dictate; and though I ever listened to Arundel's reproofs with patience and respect, they seldom had on me any but a temporary effect. Certainly, if I could have been saved from the consequences of my folly by the efforts of friendship, I should not have been forced to become a wanderer and an outcast from my native land during the best years of my life. Still let me say one thing in my favour. I could fully appreciate the merits of my friend, and never, in my wildest moments, did I utter a word of ridicule against conduct so different from my own, or allow my associates to

make him the object of their jests. Thus passed away the greatest part of the time which it was intended I should pass at the university, and I was already within a few weeks of taking my final departure, when an event occurred that sealed my fate. I was one evening returning on horseback through the park of a gentleman of considerable property in the neighbourhood, when I saw sitting under a tree, but a short distance from the path I was following, a young lady apparently about nineteen years of age, who appeared to me the most lovely creature I had ever beheld. To jump from my horse and approach her was the work of a moment. At first she was not aware of my presence, but as soon as she saw a stranger coming towards her, she started up and endeavoured to withdraw: I was not, however, thus to be baffled. I soon came up to her, and in reply to her question of what my business was with her, I told her that it was to obtain a kiss from the fairest of created beings, and followed up these insolent words by an attempt to embrace her; a short struggle ensued, and I was on the point of obtaining my object, when I felt a powerful grasp laid upon me, and a voice, which sounded to me like thunder, cried out, ‘Down, down, de Lacy, on

your knees, and beg Miss Mowbray's pardon.' Involuntarily, and as if impelled by some power I could not resist, I did as I was ordered; and when I recovered from my confusion, I found myself standing alone with your father, his eyes fixed on me more in sorrow than in anger. I could not stand his glance, and endeavoured to hide my embarrassment by some ill-timed jest on his sudden appearance.

" 'De Lacy,' said he, evidently struggling with some strong emotion, 'as long as I thought there was a chance of your amendment, of your at last perceiving the degradation which you are daily and hourly heaping upon yourself, I bore much; my affection for you was too strong to be shaken, as long as a hope remained; but this last outrage upon an unprotected woman, and the heartless manner in which you allude to it, prove to me that your heart as well as your head is in fault; and from this moment all is at an end between us. Adieu, and may you never have to repent the loss of a true friend.'

" As he uttered these last words he turned away from me, but they had had the effect of bringing me to my senses, and it seemed as if a complete revolution had taken place in all my feelings.

“‘Arundel,’ cried I, throwing myself into his arms, while the tears that flowed down my cheeks testified my sincerity, ‘desert me not; from this moment I am an altered man—do with me as you like. I see how grievously wrong I have been, but do not think me quite incorrigible; I will prove to you that I am yet worthy of your friendship. I have begged Miss Mowbray’s pardon upon compulsion; lead me to her this instant, that, by voluntarily repeating it, I may convince her and you how truly I repent the insult I offered her.’

“Our reconciliation was complete, and from that hour I abandoned my former associates, and devoted myself exclusively to the society which Arundel frequented. But my passions, though diverted from their former course, broke out with greater violence in a new quarter. Admitted by Arundel’s intercession into the house of Sir Reginald Mowbray, the father of the young lady I had so grossly outraged, I soon fell desperately in love with her, and gave way to all the extravagances which the violence of my temper suggested. In vain Miss Mowbray told me repeatedly that I had nothing to hope for; in vain Arundel reasoned with me, and repeated the same thing; in vain the frigid

politeness of Sir Reginald himself endeavoured to make me comprehend how unwelcome were my daily visits to Mowbray Hall; I resisted all these evidences of my senses, and persuading myself that if I was once armed with my father's approbation, all difficulties would vanish, I wrote to my mother, to whom my slightest wish had ever been law, urging her by every argument in my power to procure it for me. In a few days the answer arrived; it was an order from my father to leave the university immediately, without waiting even to take my degree, and prepare to travel abroad for the two years which must elapse before I could attain my majority. Foaming with rage, I threw myself on my horse, and galloped over to Mowbray Hall. I rushed into the drawing-room where Miss Mowbray was sitting alone with your father, who had dined and slept there the night before. My wild looks startled them, but I soon explained the nature of my visit.

“ ‘ Yes,” cried I, ‘ for the time my enemies triumph, but in two years I return and claim you as my own. I ask no pledge—I listen to no refusal; for be assured no power in heaven or earth can prevent your being mine; and as for you, Arundel, to your friendship and care I

trust, to prevent any rival venturing to approach her.'

" 'Indeed,' said your father, laughing, 'I shall accept no such office.'

" 'But I,' cried I, my violence increasing with every word I uttered, 'take no refusal—no denial; look to yourself, and see that you discharge your trust faithfully, or you will have bitter cause to repent it.'

" Without waiting for an answer I left the room and the house, and in another hour was on my road to London, where my father was then residing with my mother and brother. On my arrival there I found Lord de Lacy reduced to a state nearly resembling imbecility, the consequence of a paralytic attack, and my brother regularly installed as master of the family. My mother, who at no time had possessed much determination or strength of mind, and was now, moreover, overwhelmed with affliction, had submitted without a murmur to this arrangement, and had contented herself with superintending the invalid's apartment. It was, therefore, no difficult matter for me to guess what hand had struck the blow which had, for the time, destroyed my hopes. My dislike to the author of it increased in proportion; nor was his reception

of me calculated to diminish it. As soon as my brother heard that I was in the house, he begged me to come to his room; and there, without the slightest show of affection or even friendship, he put into my hand, and desired me to read, a power of attorney, which my father had signed a few days before, constituting him his legal agent in every thing; in fact, placing him in his own position.

“ ‘ You see,’ said my brother, when I had perused it, ‘ I am the person to whom your obedience is now due; and I flatter myself that you will not embitter your father’s last moments by disputing it. You will to-morrow set out on your travels, for which purpose you will receive a liberal allowance. You are yet at full liberty to direct your steps to any part of the world you please; and you will not be required to return before you are of age. It is to be hoped that you will employ the next two years more worthily than you have done the last; for as yet you have proved only a disgrace to your family.’

“ To this fraternal speech I made no reply. For once prudence got the mastery over my passions. My father refused to see me; and at the earnest entreaties of my mother, I forbore urging him to grant me an interview, which he had evidently been tutored to refuse me.

“The next day I set out on my travels ; and hoping to calm the agitation of my mind by the rapidity of my movements, I hurried over a great part of the old world in an incredibly short space of time. The wildest parts of Africa and Asia, and which had been hitherto deemed inaccessible to civilized beings, were visited by me in turns. During this time, I kept up no correspondence with England. Even my mother was totally ignorant of my movements ; and at the expiration of my banishment, I returned to my own country, quite unprepared for the changes which had taken place in my position. Fortunately for me, the first person almost I met with in the streets of London, was a young man of the name of Turner, the son of my father’s steward, who, as a boy, had often been permitted to join in my childish amusements. He was much attached to me, of which, in after-life, he gave the most substantial proofs. He had just set up as an attorney in London ; and, anxious to learn all that could most interest me, after the first greetings were over, I invited myself to his house. Here I heard, for the first time, of the death of my father and mother, and, what shocked me more than either of these events, of the marriage of Miss Mowbray with your father. It is im-

possible to describe the paroxysm of frantic rage into which this intelligence threw me. That she, who had been the cause of my banishment, whose image I had treasured up as the idol of my worship, the hope of whose love had rendered light the hardships and privations which I had gone through, should, during my absence, have married another, and that other my most intimate friend, to whose care I had confided my dearest hopes, seemed to my distempered imagination an instance of treachery such as the world had never witnessed; and I swore a deadly oath—an oath which I recall with shame and repentance—that I would never forget or forgive it, till I had taken an ample revenge.

“It was with difficulty that my faithful friend could calm me sufficiently to attend to business which was of real importance to me. By my mother’s death, I became entitled to her very large fortune—upwards of £200,000., but my brother had, since her death, administered it as my guardian, and it was not unlikely I might find some difficulty in recovering it from him. Turner, knowing the hatred that existed between us, was most anxious that I should leave everything to him; but I was headstrong, and determined upon a personal interview.

What took place at that fatal scene, I cannot with any distinctness recollect; but the result was this: that, stung by his sarcasms on my disappointed love, and burning to avenge the many injuries I had received from him, I struck him to the ground with a stick I held in my hand. The sight of his blood brought me to my senses; and with a sudden revulsion of feeling I threw myself on my knees beside him, entreating his pardon and forgiveness. But those were words of which he knew not the meaning. Rising with difficulty, and without uttering a syllable, he rung the bell violently; and on the hasty entrance of his servants, he desired them to seize the man who had just attempted to murder him.

“My stupefaction at hearing such a charge brought against me deprived me of the power of resistance. For some hours I was kept a prisoner, strictly guarded, in one of the rooms of my brother’s house; and at the expiration of that time conveyed in a close carriage to what I soon found out to be a private madhouse. God! what I suffered in that abode of misery no words can describe. At times, the scenes I witnessed actually disturbed my reason, and brought me almost to the condition of the unhappy wretches with whom I was compelled to associate. What my brother’s ultimate intentions were I cannot

tell—probably to keep me there for life; but, fortunately for me, Turner, alarmed at my disappearance, made enquiries, which soon led him to a knowledge of the whole transaction. He saw Lord de Lacy, and threatened to appeal to the tribunals if I were not instantly set at liberty, and so wrought upon him, that at length he consented to it, stipulating that he (Lord de Lacy) should be the bearer of the intelligence.

“Accordingly, after a confinement of eight months, when hope was beginning to desert me, I was one morning summoned to the parlour of the director of the establishment, and there, to my terror, saw him whom I considered as my deadliest foe. But eight months’ imprisonment, and the treatment I had undergone—for even the lash had not been spared—had completely subdued my courage, and I actually shook with fear as I stood before him.

“‘Come forward, sir,’ said the master of the establishment. ‘Lord de Lacy wishes to speak to you.’

“Trembling, I obeyed. For some minutes my brother looked at me without speaking.

“At length he said, ‘I trust you have now recovered your reason, and are duly sensible of my kindness in having caused you to be con-

veyed hither instead of prosecuting you, and perhaps sending you to an ignominious death, for the savage assault you made upon me. Mr. * * * tells me you are now perfectly sane, and I have no objection to setting you at liberty, upon two conditions; one is, that you change your name; and the other is, that you leave the country. If you consent, sign this paper, and you are free.' Free! What man can know the value of that word, who has never been deprived of liberty, the most precious of the gifts of Heaven? I took the paper from his hands, and with trembling haste affixed my signature to it. Falling on my knees I burst out into an incoherent rhapsody of gratitude to Heaven, and thanks to my persecutor, who had at last relented, and for which he rewarded me with a look of most sovereign contempt, as he left the room. But what was that to me? I was free! In another minute I was in the arms of Turner, who had insisted on accompanying my brother, although he was not allowed to be present at the interview. By his care my health was soon reëstablished, and he had no difficulty in obtaining from Lord de Lacy my fortune unimpaired. By his advice I embarked for India, and entered into partnership there with

one of the principal merchants of Calcutta, named Brown ; I soon after married his daughter, the mother of my Gertrude. To all outward appearance, I had become a calm, steady man of business, with no other thought than that of making money ; but though dead to all other passions, I still nourished the desire of vengeance against those whom I considered as my bitterest enemies. Lord de Lacy, your father, and even your angelic mother, by turns excited my rage, as I thought on the days that were past. It was under the influence of this feeling, that on a rumour reaching me that Arundel Castle was to be sold, I sent instructions to Turner to buy it at any price, in the name of my father-in-law. The idea that I had dispossessed the head of the Arundel family of his last patrimonial possession, was balm to my soul, and I gloried in the thought that in a few years I should be able to establish myself in his place, and insult his fallen state with my splendour and magnificence. Soon after came the news of your father's death, and I wept with rage at the thought that I had thus lost one victim.

“ But soon afflictions came upon myself ; my father-in-law died ; I found myself in possession of almost fabulous wealth, but that could not restore my peace of mind. The next

year took my poor wife from me, who, although I had never loved her perhaps with the ardour of a first love, had by her gentleness and virtues wound herself about my heart. My little girl's health, too, seemed to suffer from the climate. India was become distasteful to me. I longed for change, and having wound up my affairs returned to England. Then it was that, for the first time, I came to Arundel Castle, with the intention of settling there; but when I found that your mother was so near a neighbour, I could not bear the thought of living so near one I had so passionately loved, and who I thought had treated me so ill. Fool that I was, still to be the victim of such a miserable delusion, to close my mind so wilfully to the recollection that she had ever rejected my proffered love, and that your father had refused to accept my confidence. Shall I confess that it is only within a few months that I have seen my conduct in its proper light? When, on the death of my brother, I took possession of his papers, I found amongst them several letters from your father to me, which Lord de Lacy had never taken the trouble of forwarding. In them his whole conduct was explained, in a manner that I think would have satisfied even me in my most froward mood. He

had long loved your mother before I knew her, and her hand was already promised to him, although circumstances of a personal nature rendered it necessary to keep their engagement strictly secret till he came of age. Every word of these letters breathed sentiments of the most ardent friendship, and awoke a corresponding feeling in my heart, to which it had long been a stranger. Thank God! he never knew how unworthy I was of such affection. The last letter he wrote me, a few days before his death, expressed nothing but sorrow for the obstinate silence I maintained towards him, and a fear that time and absence had made me completely forget him. But enough of this; my story is almost finished. I retired to France, and having procured, through the assistance of Turner, the documents necessary to establish my rank, I found the means of obtaining access to the King himself, to whom I told my story, and my desire to settle in his dominions. My secret was faithfully kept; even my daughter was ignorant of it; and I obtained letters of naturalization as a French subject. Having purchased the estate of Romainville of an ex-financier, who could not resist the temptation of making a large profit by his bargain, I assumed the title belonging to it,

by which alone I was known in France. The rest of my history you are acquainted with. Soon after my last arrival in England, Turner suggested to me the propriety of furnishing myself with every document necessary to establish my claim to the title of de Lacy, in the event of my brother's death, who was still unmarried, and in a very infirm state of health. Him I never saw. An indirect attempt at reconciliation, soon after my return, had been met with unabated scorn, and I never renewed it. At his death, which occurred in the early part of this year, I came into undisputed possession of the title and estates, thanks to the precaution of my faithful Turner, whom I had soon after the grief of losing. My tale is finished. My life has been a stormy one, but I trust I have at length reached the haven of peace, and that the remainder of my days will be blessed by witnessing the happiness of my children."

Such was the narrative which Lord de Lacy had put into Arundel's hands, and it served to explain in a great measure, though it could not justify, the conduct of the former, during the early times of Arundel's acquaintance with his daughter. His harshness and injustice were accounted for, though Arundel had some diffi-

culty in comprehending how a man of sense and education, whose more recent conduct proved the innate goodness of his heart, could have allowed himself to have been for so many years the prey of his ungovernable passions. The subject was not a pleasing one, and he turned with joy to one of a happier complexion. What a difference had twelve short hours made in his destiny ! His happiness was now secure ; no doubts, no uncertainty remained ; and his gratitude to Heaven was as unbounded as the blessings which had been thus unexpectedly poured upon him. It was rather late when he rose next morning, and when he went down stairs, he found breakfast was already over, and Ellen sitting alone in expectation of his appearance.

“ Well, Henry,” cried she, as soon as she saw him ; “ I need not ask you if your visit was an agreeable one. Its length speaks in its favour ; but you must tell me how you like Miss de Lacy ? ”

“ Of all things, I assure you,” said her brother ; “ she has no more ardent admirer than myself.”

“ Ah ! ” rejoined his sister, “ but you must know her as well as I do, before you can fully

appreciate her ; you will like her better every time you see her."

" I am sure I hope so," said Arundel, " as I mean to marry her."

" Now do not let him begin quizzing me," said Ellen, turning to her husband, who just then entered the room. " I know, Henry, you think I want to make a match for you, as I tried to do when you were last here; but you are quite mistaken, I assure you ; my ill success then has sickened me of such attempts for the future."

" But, my dear Ellen," said Arundel, " there is no occasion for any such attempts. I am going to marry Miss de Lacy."

" Well, I am sure I cannot make you out ; but at all events, if you are in earnest, I wish you success from my heart."

" My dearest sister," replied Arundel, " it is not success but joy you must wish me ; I tell you I am going to marry Miss de Lacy."

" What can he mean, Charles," said Mrs. Hammond to her husband ; " he must be out of his senses."

" I am sure I cannot tell ; some joke, I suppose, which he will explain, when he has laughed at us long enough," replied Charles, who, wonderful to say, was rather out of temper, his bai-

liff having just informed him of the death of a favourite cow in childbed.

“ Well, Ellen,” said Arundel, “ I cannot explain what wants no explanation. I have told you a simple matter of fact ; if you will not believe me, I cannot help it. Tell me what evidence you want to corroborate my assertion, and I will see if I cannot get it.”

“ Oh ! I believe you,” said his sister ; “ at least as well as I can, but I am sure you are laughing at me.”

“ Will Miss de Lacy’s assurance that I am only telling the truth, satisfy you ?”

“ Oh, yes,” said Ellen, laughing ; “ but I am afraid I must wait a long time for that.”

“ Well, we shall see ; in the meantime, will you drive out with me in your phaeton ?”

“ With pleasure ; will you order it, Charles, and I will be ready in a minute.”

The carriage was ordered, and in about half an hour, Arundel handed his sister into a pretty little low carriage, drawn by two white ponies, which, for the satisfaction of my female readers, I beg to assure them, possessed long flowing manes and tails. A postilion, and a steady old groom, by way of outrider, completed the equipage, which was a perfect one in its way.

“And now, Henry,” said his sister, “where shall we go; I put myself completely under your direction.”

“Do you so?” replied her brother; “then we will go to Arundel Castle;” and before Ellen could recover from her surprise, they had already taken that direction. “For Heaven’s sake,” said she at length, “what are you going to do?”

“Going to do!—why pay a visit to Lord and Miss de Lacy, to be sure. “I think,” added he, smiling, “I cannot do less after their hospitality to me yesterday. Besides, you must allow that it is but natural I should wish to see as much as possible of my future bride.”

“But I hope you will not say a word that could induce Miss de Lacy to suppose we had been talking about her, as we have been,” said his sister, who began to be a little nervous at her brother’s unusual spirits, and the furious pace at which he kept urging the postilion to drive.

“My dear Ellen,” replied he, “what can you take me for? Do you think I would be so indelicate as to say a word that could cause Miss de Lacy one unpleasant feeling?”

Ellen felt a little reassured by these words, and the quiet way in which they were uttered.

For a moment she was silent, endeavouring in her own mind to explain his extraordinary conduct to her satisfaction, but a violent jolt soon turned her thoughts to her own safety.

“ I wish, dearest Henry,” said she, “ you would let James go a little slower; we have plenty of time.”

But her prayer was in vain, as was also the respectful suggestion of the old groom, that the ponies were little used to galloping—that he feared their wind would be broken; and indeed the sweat, running in streams down their fat sleek sides, bore sufficient evidence to the unwonted nature of their exertions. But Arundel was inexorable.

“ Ellen, dearest, you must indulge me for once, and if I kill your ponies I will give you a pair a thousand times prettier.”

And so saying, he urged them to fresh efforts by sundry pokes with his stick. Henry Arundel, it was fortunate for you that in those days Mr. Martin had not entered upon his legislative duties.

In a shorter time than the distance was ever travelled over before, or in all human probability ever will be again, they arrived at the castle, the doors of which flew open to admit them, and

Ellen ascended the hall steps, hardly knowing whether to rejoice at having escaped with whole bones, or to be apprehensive of what next Arundel might take it into his head to do, for, by this time, she had made up her mind that he must be, if not totally out of his senses, at least under the influence of monomania as far as regarded rapid motion. She had little time, however, for thought, for they were immediately ushered into a drawing-room, in which sat Lord de Lacy and his daughter. The former, whose gout had quite vanished, rose to receive them, and the latter, hastily advancing to greet Ellen, said—

“Dear Mrs. Hammond, this is indeed kind.”

But before Ellen could say any thing in reply, to her horror and amazement, she saw Arundel slip by her, and take Miss de Lacy’s hand, which he pressed to his lips.

“I have brought my sister with me,” said he, “to hear a confirmation of my happiness from your lips, without which she refuses to believe it.”

It is difficult to say which of the two ladies blushed deepest at this address; Ellen felt ready to sink into the earth at this fatal confirmation of her brother’s insanity, but before she had time to say a word to excuse it, she found herself

locked in Miss de Lacy's arms, and could perceive the old Lord shaking Arundel most cordially by the hand.

"I think, my dear," said the former, "you had better conduct Mrs. Hammond to your own room, and leave this young gentleman with me, as we have much to talk about."

This suggestion was adopted, and by the time they were again summoned to the drawing-room, Ellen was informed of all those eventful particulars, which had at length terminated in the realization of her brother's dreams of happiness.

Nor was the interview between Arundel and Lord de Lacy less satisfactory. Without further alluding to the past than to agree to bury it in complete oblivion, they both gave a free course to their joyful anticipations of the future. Lord de Lacy's feelings of esteem and admiration for his future son-in-law had long been such, that it only required a personal knowledge of him to ripen them into affection; and Arundel only remembered that he saw before him the father of his Gertrude, the man who was about to bestow upon him the most precious of all gifts, the hand of his only daughter. Charles Hammond, who had been summoned to join them, and to whom his wife had imparted the joyful intelli-

gence in a short note of eight pages, which she found time to concoct while the lovers were repeating for the hundred-thousandth time vows of eternal love, arrived to dinner; and Arundel, when he at last found himself surrounded by all he loved upon earth, and with the certain prospect of seeing every wish dearest to his heart speedily gratified, could not refrain from exclaiming, that the sufferings he had endured, the hardships, the agonies of mind he had gone through, had they been increased a hundred-fold, would have been more than repaid by such a moment. Little more remains to be told.

The settlements made upon his daughter by Lord de Lacy were of the most princely description. Arundel Castle and all its dependencies, with many a broad acre besides, were restored to the heir of its ancient lords; and when Henry Arundel and Gertrude de Lacy stood at the altar of the village church, to exchange before heaven and man those vows which bound them together for life, and which had so long been registered in their hearts, the immense concourse of people from every part of the country who crowded around them, and the joy silently depicted upon every countenance or venting itself

in prayer for their mutual happiness, sufficiently manifested the satisfaction universally felt at the prosperity which, after so long a lapse of years, once again shed its beams upon that ancient house.—ESTO PERPETUA.

CONCLUSION.

It would hardly be fair, however, to conclude this tale without giving some further slight account of the principal personages who have figured in it. Lord de Lacy was gathered to his fathers a few years after the marriage of his daughter, but not before she had presented him with two living proofs that his honours were in no immediate danger of being extinct. His kindness of heart and universal benevolence had won for him golden opinions from all sorts of men; and whatever the errors and failings of his youth and manhood had been, he amply expiated them by the solid virtues of his later years. He died mourned and lamented by all who knew him; an epitaph which, when deserved, speaks more for the worth of its object than volumes of laboured panegyric.

At his death, Mrs. Arundel, or rather Lady de Lacy, for his title descended in the female line, became the possessor of all his immense wealth; and even for that which had been confiscated in France, she was offered, many years afterwards, an indemnity out of the funds devoted to that purpose under the Restoration, but which, with her husband's approbation, she declined receiving. A more gratifying proof of the estimation in which his services in the armies of France were held had been offered to her husband, by the wonderful man who had attained the throne of that country which they had both so long considered as their own. On the creation of the Legion of Honour, one of the first persons to whom that proud distinction was awarded, was General Arundel; "a name," said the patent, "which was still held dear by Frenchmen, as belonging to one who had been among the first to lead the armies of the Republic to victory and fame."

Arundel and Lady de Lacy are still alive, surrounded by a numerous family; and are amongst the very few who, after forty years of marriage, can safely say that each succeeding year of their wedded life has found them still more sensible of its blessings.

Charles Hammond and Ellen pursued the even tenor of their way, happy and contented, and died a few years ago within a month or two of each other. Sir John and Lady Hammond had long since departed this life, and Arundel was left guardian to such of his nephews and nieces as were not yet of age—a trust which, it is needless to say, he discharged with the most scrupulous fidelity.

De Beauvoisin was released at the same time as Lafayette from the dungeons of Olmutz, by the peace between France and Austria, and returning to his native country, rose rapidly in her armies. He was killed at the battle of Austerlitz.

St. Firmin married his Italian Countess, and being disabled by his wounds from pursuing his military career, returned to France. His admiration of the talents of Buonaparte made him one of his most ardent partizans ; and on the creation of the empire, his devotion was rewarded by his being named a senator. With Arundel he always kept up a regular correspondence ; and during the short peace of Amiens, paid a visit to Arundel Castle with his wife, where the cordiality of their reception proved that time had effected no change in the

feelings of their hosts. It is but right to add, that if St. Firmin's enthusiastic admiration of glory had induced him to abandon his first love, the Republic, for the more splendid pageantry of the Empire, he was amongst the very few who remained faithful to the Emperor to the last, untainted by the examples of those who, after basking in the sunshine of his prosperity, deserted him at the approach of the hurricane which swept him from the first throne of the universe, to a distant grave in the midst of the Atlantic.

It only remains to speak of one who played an important part in one portion of our story, and for whom we have always entertained a strong feeling of interest. Coralie, or we should rather say, Madame Lariviere, returned to France with her husband, who had acquired an ample fortune. There he repurchased, for a comparatively trifling sum, his patrimonial estate, on which he resided till his death. Respected by her neighbours—for her conduct since her marriage has ever been above reproach, and none knew her former history—Coralie was soon admitted to the best society of the province, of which she proved the brightest ornament, and

over which she soon obtained a complete ascendancy. Her husband died before the restoration; and owing, in a great measure, to her influence, her son was elected, as soon as he attained the proper age, deputy for the department to which they belonged. Of liberal politics, he took a considerable part in the revolution of 1830, and was mainly instrumental in placing on the throne of France its present monarch. Too independent to take office, he is, however, on excellent terms with the court; and it is whispered by those in the secret, that, on more than one occasion, he has been called to the private councils of the Citizen King. Of late years his mother has resided almost entirely at Paris, where her ample fortune enables her to keep a large establishment, and give the best dinners in that dinner-eating metropolis—a circumstance which, no doubt, contributes greatly to her son's political importance. Her daughter married, during the empire, the representative of one of the oldest families in the Faubourg St. Germain, to the fortunes of which her marriage portion proved a very agreeable addition. Unfortunately, the present state of society at Paris prevents her seeing much of her mother or her brother, whose politics are diametrically oppo-

site to those of her husband and his family ; but it is to be hoped that a few more such marriages will produce a healthier state of things, and heal, by the ties of domestic affection, the wounds produced by political enmity.

THE END.

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